

WARHAMMER

BRETONNIA



WARHAMMER ARMIES







BRETONNIA



By Mathias Eliasson
v.1.22





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Special Thanks To: All the players that have contributed with feedback and ideas.

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INTRODUCTION

Welcome to Warhammer: Bretonnia, your definite guide to Bretonnia, the most chivalrous and honourable realm in the Old World. This book provides all the information you'll require to collect and play with a Bretonnian army in games of Warhammer.

WHY COLLECT BRETONNIA?

The Bretonnians are a powerful army formed around a core of brave knights supported by scores of lowborn peasants. They are a warlike and valiant people who willingly seek out battle as a way of securing personal honour and pride. Any who invade their domain face the fury of their powerful knights; and few foes can match them on open ground. The knights range from the youngest Knights Errant, eager to prove their worth, through to the Knights of the Realm, defenders of the land. Rarer still are the Questing Knights, wandering warriors engaged in the quest for the Grail, and the legendary Grail Knights themselves, who have succeeded in their quest and sipped from their goddess' Grail, becoming imbued with fey power and longevity. Some knights ride to battle borne upon the backs of noble pegasus, flying high above the army to descend on their foes. When the knights of Bretonnia march to war, their men-at-arms march beside them, as do a levy of peasant bowmen drafted into service.



The aim of a Bretonnian army is to ride down the foe, using their knights to crush all who would dare stand before them. The peasants' role is to support the knights by peppering the foe with arrows and to crew the mighty trebuchets. Regiments of men-at-arms march into battle to protect the flanks of their knightly lords, and to lend their weight of numbers to the fight if the knights' charge does not rout the enemy. All the while, the Blessing of the Lady of the Lake protects the knights from harm, surrounding them with a protective, mystical shield that wards off blows and deflects arrows and cannon balls alike. A well-constructed and orchestrated Bretonnian offensive will often smash straight through the foe, allowing the knights to wheel back around for a second, devastating charge.

HOW THIS BOOK WORKS

Warhammer army books are split into sections, each of which deals with different aspects of the titular army. *Warhammer: Bretonnia* contains:

- **The Land of Chivalry.** This section describes the history of Bretonnia, from its founding by Gilles le Breton over one and a half thousand years ago, through centauries of terrible invasions and strife, to the current reign of King Louen Leoncoeur. Also included is a map of Bretonnia and details of the many heroic battles fought as Bretonnia's armies have struggled to protect their realm from the predations of its enemies.
- **The Muster of Bretonnia.** Each and every troop type in the Bretonnian army is examined here. You will find a full description of the unit, alongside the complete rules for any special abilities or options they possess. This section also includes the Virtues of the Chivalric Knight, detailing vows and honours that are only available to the Bretonnians, and the Blessed Heirlooms of Bretonnia – magical artefacts that are unique to the army – along with rules to use them in your games.
- **Bretonnian Army List.** The army list takes all of the characters, warriors, monsters and war machines from the Muster of Bretonnia section and arranges them so that you can choose an army for your games. Units are classed as characters (Lords or Heroes), Core, Special or Rare, and can be taken in different quantities depending on the size of the game you are playing.

FIND OUT MORE

While *Warhammer: Bretonnia* contains everything you need to play the game with your army, there are other books and updates to be found. For the other books in the series and the latest rules updates, visit:

www.warhammerarmiesproject.blogspot.com







THE LAND OF CHIVALRY

Bretonnia is a land of honour and martial tradition. Its Knights, the epitome of chivalry, are brave and resolute, resplendent in their shining armour, prepared to mete out justice to evil-doers with lance and sword. They worship the Lady of the Lake, noble goddess of these fair lands who would grant her blessing to her beloved champions.

Bretonnia is a feudal, traditional land of Knights and Peasants. The Knights of Bretonnia live by a series of vows – these vows uphold the virtues of honour and chivalry. To lose honour is just about the worst thing imaginable to a Knight of Bretonnia, who would rather die with honour than live without it. Individual heroism is very important to the Bretonnian Knight, and tales of Paladins fighting Dragons and of Heroes facing off against countless foes are the kind of things the people of Bretonnia dream of.

In times of war, each of the noble lords of the realm summons his retinue of thousands of loyal knights – a truly majestic sight in their shining armour and proud heraldic liveries. The charge of the cavalry of Bretonnia is an avalanche of steel that drives everything before it with lance, hoof and blessed blade. As the Bretonnian army marches to war it is accompanied by hordes of lowborn peasants wielding spear, sword and bow. The Knights' prowess at arms is without question for few would dare the strength of their arm and the irresistible power of their charge.



THE BRETONNIANS

The land of Bretonnia is steeped in legend and myth – it hosts a culture founded on the most heroic of ideals. From this realm come the noble Knights of Bretonnia. Charging into battle in the name of the Lady of the Lake and their king, they are a fearsome force to behold. When the Knights are used in combination with the loyal Men-at-Arms commoners, the Bretonnians can stand against any foe that threatens their homeland.

The Knights of Bretonnia are feared and respected throughout the world. They are warriors of valour and honour, forever guarding a land founded upon the most heroic of ideals. In the name of the Lady of the Lake and for the glory of duke and king, they sweep aside evil on the field of battle, for none can stand against their glorious charge.

Bretonnia is a feudal society. The Peasants serve the Knights in return for protection, while the Knights are obligated to provide military assistance to their Lords in return for certain rights (to own land, to levy taxes, and to receive aid and command military forces in times of war). At the top of this hierarchy is the King. Beneath the King are the Dukes. Beneath them is another layer of nobility – Earls and Barons. The King, Dukes, Earls, and Barons are also each the Lord of a number of Knights, who are the lesser nobles. Each Knight (including the higher nobles) has a force of Men-at-Arms, chosen from the most physically able of

the peasantry. In return for serving a Knight's standing military force, Peasants are given a small tract of land for their family. In theory, all commoners can be called upon by a Knight to serve him in battle. However, since many who do not already serve as Men-at-Arms are either simple-minded or physically impaired in some fashion, these types of Peasants usually serve only as bowmen levies. In addition to this earthly hierarchy, the lands of Bretonnia are also ruled over by spiritual and mystical leaders – the Fay Enchantress, her Damsels, and the Grail Knights – who are all devoted to the Lady of the Lake.

Unlike the Empire, Bretonnia is populated almost entirely by Humans. Dwarfs come from the mountains to trade, and the High Elves have an enclave at L'Anguille, but you can spend days travelling through the heart of Bretonnia without meeting either. Halflings are even rarer, and those that are there have come from the Empire.

Whilst Bretonnians, like all Humans, vary a great deal among themselves, there is one feature shared by so many that it is regarded as the national character. Bretonnians live for the moment and pride themselves on this fact. This does not mean all Bretonnians are wild hedonists, partying constantly, though some members of the nobility do fit this image. Rather, it means that, for a Bretonnian, what matters is what you do now, not what you may or may not be able to do in the future. A dedicated Bretonnian craftsman might labour long into the night to make the shoes he is working on now as good as they possibly can be. Bretonnian knights choose their actions to ensure that they are always acting honourably. A Bretonnian peasant concentrates on getting through today, rather than storing up worries about tomorrow.

Bretonnians do not worry about the consequences of their actions. When those consequences come, they deal with them in the same spirit; few Bretonnians waste time whining about the unfairness of life. Indeed, most Bretonnians look down on those who make provision for the future. No one knows what the future will bring, so failing to do the best you can now in order to have reserves for a future that might never come is little more than an excuse for shirking. This does not mean that Bretonnians eat the entire harvest over the course of a month; they are neither suicidal nor idiots. On the other hand, they might eat well on a holiday and then poorly thereafter because the stocks have been reduced. Very few Bretonnians would reduce their intake before the holiday, so as to have enough in reserve for a feast.

More generally, Bretonnians tend not to invest for the future. Large buildings are constructed for immediate display, not to increase the wealth of their owners. Similarly, programs of social reform are unpopular





because their benefits are entirely in the future and distract from doing good now. A Bretonnian would rather feed the starving than campaign to remove the causes of starvation.

This attitude has been blamed, particularly by Imperial citizens, for Bretonnia's relative backwardness. Whilst the Imperial armies fight with musketeers and cannons, the Bretonnians still rely on mounted knights and trebuchets. Similarly, printing has taken the Empire by storm, but most books in Bretonnia are still written by hand. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that the individual products of Bretonnian craftsmen tend to be superior to those produced in the Empire. A Bretonnian swordsmith lives to make the best swords he can, not to make as much money as possible. Adventurers are almost the epitome of the Bretonnian mindset, and Bretonnian adventurers are therefore much more common than one might expect.

There are exceptions, particularly among the merchants of Bretonnia. Indeed, many Bretonnians with an inclination to plan for the future find themselves drawn into trade almost against their will, as they find they have a surplus to sell at a time when other people are desperate. As a result, merchants in general are poorly regarded by most Bretonnians, but are far, far richer than their compatriots.

SOCIAL STRUCTURE

Bretonnian society is divided between nobles and peasants. The division is enshrined in law, and the laws governing the two classes are very different. The notion that all people are basically equal seems laughable to most Bretonnians.

Every Bretonnian is born into one class or the other, and it is almost impossible to change. A noble is someone who can show that all his ancestors for five

generations were nobles. As the names and pedigrees of all members of the nobility are recorded in the Registers of the Peerage, this is merely a matter of showing all your ancestors are in those registers. Everyone else is a peasant. Thus, in particular, the children of a noble and a peasant are peasants. Since a peasant cannot inherit a noble fief, landed nobles never marry peasants.

The relations between nobles and peasants influence all aspects of Bretonnian society. The basic relationship, however, is simple. Peasants live to serve their lords. The nobles, in return, should protect the peasants and provide justice. Lords do, however, have other duties than to their peasants, most notably to their own lords, and these other duties are generally regarded as more important.

Almost all nobles regard all peasants as their inferiors. Exceptions are incredibly rare; and even then, the noble is likely to recognise no more than a handful of peasants as equals. Many peasants regard the nobility as their superiors, but exceptions are much more common in this direction. Peasants who regard all nobles as useless parasites on society are found across the kingdom.

Nobles can be stripped of their title by order of the King or the Fay Enchantress. This equally affects all of their descendants, so this is not done lightly. The King and Fay Enchantress can also raise a peasant to the nobility, but in this case, they must both agree. In theory, the Lady of the Lake could raise anyone she wanted to any position she wanted, but she never has.

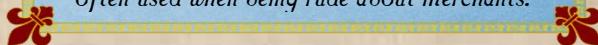
In the whole of Bretonnian history, only three peasants have been raised to the nobility. The children of an ennobled peasant are not themselves nobles, as their grandparents, on at least one side, are peasants. Thus,





BRETONNIAN LANGUAGE

Though Breton is similar in some ways to Reikspiel, suggesting some common, albeit ancient, heritage, it is wholly a distinct language. Certainly, the Bretons have borrowed words from their imperial neighbours and vice versa, but Breton has evolved in different fashion, making communication between these people challenging. This has led to bigotry, and exaggerated parodies of the Imperial speech are often used when being rude about merchants.



unless they were also ennobled, by the agreement of the King and Fay Enchantress, the noble line would die out immediately. Such additional ennobling has never happened, and all of Bretonnia's noble lines can trace pedigrees back to the foundation of the kingdom. No records are kept from before the time of Gilles the Uniter.

All male nobles are expected to become knights, and the overwhelming majority do so. Female nobles are not allowed to become knights and are expected to keep house for their husbands, being a fine ornament to his household.



The divide between men and women is the second major divide in Bretonnian society, for the two sexes are far from equal. Men are required to be polite to women at all times. Insulting a woman is a terrible breach of etiquette, and men who violently attack women are punished particularly severely. Men should stand when a woman enters the room and should always let her go first, unless climbing stairs, in which case the man should go first. Women are served first at meals and given the more comfortable rooms in inns.

Of course, these requirements only apply within a class. Noble men are not required to show this level of courtesy to peasant women, though some do and are well regarded for it, as long as it doesn't get out of hand.

On the other hand, women are not allowed to own property, to travel without a male escort, or to undertake most trades and professions. Despite the trappings of courtesy, men are firmly in charge. The Grail Damsels are the most obvious exception to this.

Most women live with the constraints, and a significant number even believe that they are right. Some, however, decide they want to fight or own a shop. In order to do this, they must disguise themselves as men. No one knows how many disguised women there are in Bretonnia at any one time, but solely among the nobility, a Knight is found on his death in battle to be a woman at least once per year.

VOWS OF BRETONNIA

The social order of Bretonnia is determined by a series of creeds and tenets laid down hundreds of years ago in the time of Gilles the Uniter, and formally recorded by his son Louis. Each stratum of Bretonnian society rigidly adheres to their particular code. However, due to the antiquity of the original documents, much can be misconstrued by the opportunistic or the foolish.

The lower orders of Bretonnian society, very few of whom are literate, will gather on the first day of each month to have their credo read to them by a squire or chamberlain.

The peasants of Bretonnia live hand to mouth, toiling in the fields day in day out in absolute, destitute poverty. Most will not survive to see middle age, and theirs is a thankless role – yet without their produce and taxes the knights could ill afford to live in the manner to which they are accustomed.

The knights themselves are given to copying out their vows in painstaking illuminated scripts that they treat with reverential care. The knights recite these vows before an image or token of the Lady which, depending on the knight's status, can range from a candlelit sketch to a gilded triptych. To break any aspect of their vows is the worst crime imaginable to these noble warriors.





No knight would willingly bring dishonour on his name, but should he be forced to betray his creed by foul circumstance he will often immediately take up the Questing Vow. The ascendance from one rank of knighthood to another is of the utmost import to the knights of Bretonnia. As such, no Grail Knight would willingly be led by a mere Questing Knight or, Lady forbid, a Knight of the Realm. Exceptions are rare, and in other matters a knight will generally bow to one of a more senior order.

THE FEUDAL SYSTEM

Mention Bretonnian politics to most Old Worlders and they think of knights swearing oaths of fealty, feuds between noble families stretching back generations, and the pomp and circumstance of the royal court. These are certainly important features of the realm, and it is true that peasants are excluded from all formal power.

However, that exclusion does not mean peasants actually stay completely out of politics – not by a long shot. The invisible politics of Bretonnia, the web of relations and responsibilities between Lord and peasant, are as important, tumultuous, and vicious as the showy relations between members of the nobility.

Noble politics take place within the feudal system, an archaic political system that was found across the Old World several centuries ago. Now, Bretonnia is the only land where it remains. The feudal system is based on oaths of loyalty between individuals and has no abstract conception of the state. Whilst Bretonnians do think of themselves as a nation on a par with the Empire, there is no legal substance to “Bretonnia” beyond “all people who ultimately owe loyalty to the King of Bretonnia and the lands that they hold.”

Peasants form the foundation of the feudal system and are required to serve and obey the nobility. They do not swear oaths, as peasants are not thought to have the



honour to keep them. Instead, they are told their duties and forced to fulfil them, by violence if necessary.

The nobility are bound together by vows: the oaths of fealty. A lesser noble makes a vow to a greater, promising military service in return for sustenance. Nobles fall into five main classes, which are roughly equivalent to ranks. Many nobles fall into more than one of the classes; Louen Leoncoeur, for example, is both King of Bretonnia and Duke of Couronne, and his rank is determined by his higher title.

At the top is the King. The King is sovereign, which means he is not bound by the law. He can make laws as he wishes, and anything he does is legal, because he does it. If the King were corrupt, Bretonnia would face serious problems. However, Louen is a shining example of chivalry, as were most of his predecessors, and so the King’s power serves as a check on abuses by the lesser nobility, even when those abuses abide by the letter of the law.

Below the King are the Dukes. A Bretonnian Duke has royal power within his dukedom, but he is still subject to the King. That means a Duke acting within his own dukedom cannot break the law, unless he disobeys a direct order from the King himself. Unlike royal power, the power of the Dukes has been abused, most

A TURN FOR THE BETTER
Sir Gilbert urged his weary mount into the dreary looking village. The roads here were terrible, and he had a hard time believing this was the route to the Chapel of Shields Burning. But the lord he had stayed with the previous night had been quite emphatic.

At last, he reached what looked like an inn. Crude emblems were painted on the door. Typical peasant superstition, thought Gilbert. The knight banged his gauntleted fist on the door, but no one answered. Gilbert kept pounding, but something about this was horribly familiar. He lowered his right hand to his sword and looked around cautiously.

At last, a voice came from inside. "Go away!"

"You will open this door this instant," the Bretonnian said, lacking any measure of optimism. "I am Sir Gilbert de Arnaud, Knight Errant..." He got no further, as the door flew open.

"My most humble apologies, lord knight. I had not realised." The innkeeper was literally grovelling in the mud. "The finest room is, of course, at your disposal."

Sir Gilbert sighed contentedly. It was good to be home.





notably in Mousillon. There is no current Duke of Mousillon to avoid having someone hold such authority in such a corrupt area. All Dukes hold their land directly from the King. Louen also holds the Dukedom of Couronne from the King, and thus holds it from himself. Legally, he is two different people.

In theory, the King can create as many Dukes as he wants, though the title is meaningless without land. In practice, only the fourteen great fiefs descended from Gilles and his Companions are held to be worthy of this status.

Barons are nobles who hold land directly from the King but are not Dukes. They are subject to royal law and royal command but not to the laws or commands of any other noble, including the Dukes. Thus, a barony is legally independent of the dukedom in which it is found. There are not many barons in Bretonnia.

Below the Barons are the lords, nobles who hold land from a lord other than the King. They are subject to royal law, the ducal law of the dukedom where they hold land, and the laws of their immediate lord. Even the vassals of Barons are subject to ducal law; the baronial immunity is not passed down. The lords form the overwhelming majority of the landed nobility of Bretonnia.



The bottom rank of the nobility are the knights. Knights hold no land and often serve nobles in return for food and lodging. It is important to note that all nobles are also knights; it is only those knights who hold no other title who are at the bottom of the scale.

FAMILIES AND INHERITANCE

Family is very important to the nobility. First, unless all your ancestors are noble, you are not a noble. This means the nobility are careful about whom they marry. Second, fiefs are inherited. Most lords cannot simply deprive one of his vassals of his fief or refuse to accept a deceased vassal's son. The Dukes and King can do this, but very rarely do; it is one of the few things capable of uniting all a Duke's vassals against him.



A dead noble's property all goes to his eldest son. The noble cannot leave it to anyone else, and he cannot give away fiefs before he dies. As a result, the other children of the nobility must struggle to find their place in the world. Daughters try to marry heirs, whilst younger sons might try to carve out their own fiefs by strength of arms or even marry rich peasants, trading the nobility of their children for the comfort of riches.

Noble women cannot become knights. The eldest daughter of a noble with no sons does, however, inherit his fiefs. She is the lord of those fiefs, but she cannot enforce the lord's rights herself. Instead, her husband must do this on her behalf. When the lady dies, her titles pass to her eldest son, as do her husband's on his death. If the husband dies first, which is not uncommon, the eldest son takes on the husband's role as defender of his mother's rights, but he does not actually become the lord until his mother dies.

Heiresses are by far the most popular noble brides, as they substantially strengthen a family. They are also rare and sometimes have their own ideas about whom they would like to marry. Marriages to noble daughters with no inheritance are equally political, expressing alliances between two families. In those cases, the eldest daughter is most valuable: If her brothers die before her father, and her father dies before she does, she becomes the heir. Nobles who are relying on such an event may try to help it along.

Marriages normally take place between equals. However, nobles may also grant a part of their fiefs to other nobles, in return for those knights' services. This is subinfeudation, and it is central to the system; in theory, the King subinfeudates the whole country. A noble may also increase his power by petitioning a lord to grant him a fief. As a lord cannot simply claim a fief back once he has granted it, such grants are rare.

There is no law that says that a noble may only have one lord. Some have several. The extreme is Baron





Marsaq, who holds land from the King, the Dukes of Aquitaine, Bastonne, Bordeleaux, and Quenelles, and three other lesser nobles. He is a greater noble than the final three, despite being their vassal for some lands. Such situations are difficult if conflicts arise between a noble's lords, and the Barons Marsaq have a reputation as diplomats that has been built up over several generations.

COURTS

A court centres around a noble lord. The aim of the courtiers is to convince the lord to favour them with wealth, power, or lands. A few courtiers have entirely altruistic aims, but those are rare exceptions. Most of the truly noble knights of Bretonnia stay out of court as much as they can, relying on their fiefs to support their acts of chivalry.

All members of a court are of lower rank than the central noble, which means courts are larger the more powerful the noble is himself. Anyone petitioning the lord for a favour becomes part of the court, so at lower levels the court includes peasants. However, peasants never become courtiers, individuals who spend their lives in the court, fighting for the lord's favour.

The heralds brought a list of the Dukes and Barons who had attended the King's muster. Some he knew of old, other names were new; sons who had inherited their fathers' domains. The King knew little of their worth. That night, he summoned them to his tent. There was heated debate in the council of war. Young Baron de Foppe, who happened to command the biggest retinue, was clearly an inexperienced fool, but Baron le Bon, a brilliant knight, had a greatly diminished following, having recently returned from an arduous quest. Baron de Foppe was demanding the place of honour on the right of the battle line. The expression on the face of Baron le Bon said it all.

The King spoke: "Baron de Foppe, it is my wish that you command on the left of the line, for although your rank and nobility entitles you to command on the right, the danger to the left of the army is so great, being exposed as it is to attack from the flank, that this place must be taken by the greatest contingent." Delighted with this flattery, Baron de Foppe concurred. Then turning to Baron le Bon, the King said "Baron le Bon, my oldest and most trusted friend, since Baron de Foppe cannot be spared for the right flank, I choose you to command here, where your experience will outweigh your lack of troops."

Baron le Bon smiled, knowing full well the mind and wisdom of the King.

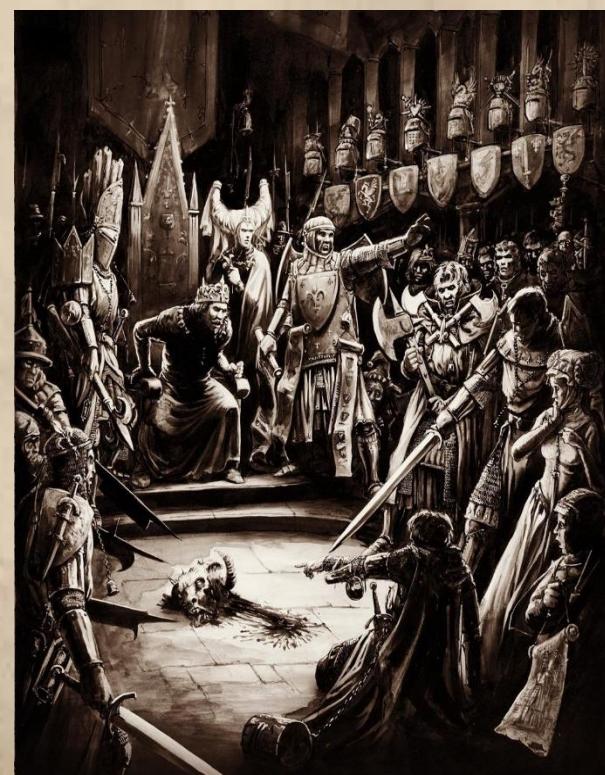
Courtiers fall into three main classes. First, there are the landed vassals of the lord in question. These nobles can often get away with ignoring the court, as they are secure in their fiefs, but many still find it useful to be aware of their lord's plans and personality. Second, there are the household knights of the lord. The knights have a definite function, and if they are good at it, they are unlikely to be dismissed on the basis of rumour. On the other hand, their positions are not secure, and many of them spend a lot of time manoeuvring to be granted a fief.

Finally, there are the younger siblings of nobles associated with the court, generally its leader and his vassals. These courtiers have no position beyond the simple favour of the lord, and it is here that the politics get most vicious, extending as far as assassination. The courts of a corrupt lord are as dangerous as an Orc-hold, and even a paragon of virtue can find his court twisted by evil, but subtle, advisers. Adventurers can easily find themselves caught up in the schemes of such people.

The Royal Court

The court of King Louen Leoncoeur sits in Couronne in the winter months. In the summer, the nobles disperse to their fiefs or to wage war. By long custom, the King speaks only to nobles and rarely to nobles of less than baronial rank. All of the King's personal servants are Barons, powerful due to their constant access to the King. The only time the King speaks to a peasant is when raising one to the ranks of the nobility.

King Louen is devoted to his country, and has declared he is willing to hear of abuses and injustices committed by any of his subjects, no matter how powerful. Peasants who can find a noble, no matter how lowly, to





plead their case can appeal directly to the King. Still, the King has limited time, and there are more abuses than he could hear, much less rectify. Convincing the courtiers that a particular petition should be heard would be a worthy adventure. Happily, if the King hears a case, he always judges justly. Some say the Lady of the Lake inspires him directly with wisdom.

THE PAGEANTRY OF WAR

Bretonnia does not have an army. That is, there are no soldiers serving a career as paid warriors in the service of the state. Instead, it relies on the feudal service of its knights. When a lord must take the field against an enemy, he summons his vassals to provide their military service. They, in turn, summon their vassals, and most lords bring peasant men-together and normally do not even have a central chain of command, but Bretonnian military tactics are sufficiently simple and uniform that they can work together well enough nevertheless.

The feudal levy's main weakness comes in long campaigns. Lords and knights must return to their fiefs to serve as rulers or to defend their own homes, and most lords can only hold the levy together for 40 days. Of course, things are different if it's the lord's own lands under attack in the first place.

When an important place, such as a mountain pass or the route to a Goblin stronghold, needs defending, the King or a Duke grants a fief in that place to a powerful warrior and makes him a Marquis. The lord is then responsible for constructing fortifications, raising troops, and dealing with the menace. This works well

for the first generation, but the first Marquis's heir is not always up to the job. Some even resort to calling on baseborn adventurers for help.

Finally, the King, and only the King, can declare an Errantry War, which summons most knights to fight and prove their virtue.

The greater mass of each Duke's army is comprised of Knights of the Realm. Organised in a strict feudal hierarchy, these battle-tempered warriors take to the field clad in baroque suits of armour overlaid with rich liveries that are emblazoned with their family heraldic devices. Alongside these proud horsemen ride rash and headstrong young noblemen eager to prove themselves worthy of becoming a full-fledged Knight of the Realm. All Bretonnian knights are mounted on the fastest of chargers, animals of heroic proportions; intelligent, fiery and strong. Some say that in their veins runs the blood of the Elven steeds that were left behind by the retreating High Elves in ages past. The Bretonnians protect their horses with a heavy padded leather caparison – as effective as the metal barding used by other races, but considerably lighter. The weapon of choice for a knight is the heavy wooden lance with which these warriors spend much of their time training in the joust. So skilful are these knights that they can hit a target the size of a damsel's bracelet while charging at full tilt. Indeed, the lance is more than just a weapon to these chevaliers. The knights of Bretonnia fight in wedge-shaped lance formations that enable them to pierce the ranks of the enemy like the weapon for which they are named, capable of breaking apart even the legendary battle lines of the Dwarfs.





The Bretonnian cavalry is unstoppable upon the open field, but it is also invariably in control of the skies above. Formations of knights mounted upon Pegasi and Hippogriffs will challenge and engage the skyborne lords of the enemy force before diving down to impale the rank and file of the foe.

The dukes and barons can also call upon the Men-at-arms that normally garrison their castles and even the shabby peasants that till their fields, men who smell so pungent that their odour is a weapon in its own right. Such men are employed where the terrain is not suitable for horses, or used as expendable fodder to pin an enemy long enough for the knights to deliver a decisive charge.

THE FAVOUR OF THE LADY

Whilst a Bretonnian knight fights in a noble and pious manner he is rewarded by the protection of the Lady of the Lake. Imbued with this divine energy, he is almost invincible. His armour will deflect shot and baleful curse, his lance will pierce through steel and bone, and his charge will smash asunder the tightest pike block or most solid shield wall.

Before the battle, even as the enemy begins its advance, the Bretonnian army remains where it has arrayed itself for battle. The knights dismount, thrust their swords into the ground and kneel before them in silent prayer. The morning mist coalesces into the image of a lady of great beauty and terrible power. From the resplendent chalice she carries, a lambent golden light flows over the faithful, infusing them with



her supernatural power. The knights rise renewed in their ancient pact, strong with faith in her blessing, invulnerable in their virtue and duty. They mount their noble steeds, lower their visors and gallop towards the enemy, gaining speed and unstoppable impetus as they spur into full charge.

The favour of the Lady is not only manifest in visions and arcane wards, but also in the form of the magnificent Knights of the Grail. They are her champions, the few pious warriors who succeed in their personal Quest for the Grail and are allowed to drink from the chalice as a reward, becoming the pinnacle of chivalry in the mortal world. Grail Knights are always few in number but, as proven by Gilles in centuries past, each of these supreme warriors is able to slay hordes of lesser creatures with ease. In their wake come processions of devoted battle Pilgrims bearing reliquaries fashioned from the remains of legendary warriors and the draconic beasts they vanquished.



CIVIL STRIFE

Bretonnia is not an entirely peaceful land, quite apart from the assaults launched by the Orcs of the mountains and the beasts of the forests. Battles between nobles also disturb the land. Nobles who wish to do so may settle certain kinds of dispute by force of arms rather than in court of law. They may not resort to war against their feudal superiors or against anyone with legal authority over them, but such opponents are generally too strong to fight anyway.

There are three recognised justifications for war. The first is the recovery of lands stolen by the other noble. The second is the destruction of a notorious traitor; whilst the traitor's lord is expected to take action, any noble is allowed to do so. The final justification is an injury done to the honour of the noble's family.

Serving Chaos or allying with Greenskins is regarded as treason, and such accusations have served as an excuse for many assaults. Theft of land has no time limit attached, and if an attack is successful, the victim can always claim that the land taken was stolen, and counterattack after gathering allies.

The final justification, injury to the family's honour, allows a noble to declare war over being seated in the wrong place at a feast, and this has actually happened. Sometimes such wars degenerate into feuds lasting generations, with the acts of each side providing the other with all the excuses it needs for war.

The best of Bretonnian nobles only use this right to move against lords who are clearly traitors, and gathering the evidence to convince them is often a job for adventurers. Less scrupulous lords can also create work for adventurers when an innocent noble needs help defending himself from an overbearing neighbour.





MERCHANTS AND TRADE

Merchants occupy an anomalous place in Bretonnian society. Almost all of them are peasants, as very few nobles deign to sully their hands with trade. Successful merchants are often far wealthier than the nobles they serve, however. Trade is vital to Bretonnia, both moving goods around within the country and drawing in foreign goods, primarily in return for Bretonnian wine. So, concerted action by the merchant classes could cause serious problems for the nobility.

As peasants, merchants are bound by the same laws as other peasants. In theory, they would be forced to hand most of their income over to their lords. In practice, the way that Bretonnian law defines income was defined with agriculture in mind, and whilst it catches much of what craftsmen produce, almost all of a merchant's profits are invisible because a merchant does not actually make anything. Bretonnian conservatism and subtle, but intense, mercantile lobbying has kept things this way. Some of the cleverer nobles have worked out that they actually get more in bribes than they would from the taxes, as the taxes imposed on most peasants would destroy almost any trading venture.

All merchants recognise the need to keep the nobility sweet, leading to a constant stream of gifts. These gifts are presented as humble acknowledgements of the noble's great superiority and are always lavish, high-quality items, such as gold plates or fur-lined, embroidered robes. If the noble is poor and more in need of bread, meat, and firewood, the merchant arranges to buy the gift back for cash. This purchase, of course, takes place without any fanfare. A merchant living in the Dukedom of Quenelles is reputed to have given the lord of his village the same golden chalice every festival for the last ten years, buying it back the following day and sustaining the lord despite the general poverty of the village in question. In return, the lord allows the merchant to operate as he wishes.

Most merchants rely entirely on gifts, but all but the poorest have to hire guards to protect their shipments and warehouses. The guards of the richest merchants



form private armies, which can be turned against nobles who threaten them with violence. Of course, the merchants have to ensure other nobles stay out of the fight, as they could not win a battle against the whole of Bretonnia. Such conflicts are rare, but the combination of gifts and guns means that the wealthiest merchants are effectively above the law, so long as they do not threaten to upset the social order.

Most merchants respect those limits, knowing social anarchy would be bad for trade. Some do seek to better their position within society through closer alliances with the nobility. The younger children of poorer nobles are sometimes willing to marry into a wealthy merchant family, trading social position for wealth. The merchant family is then expected to support their noble relatives financially, whilst the nobles provide legal and political support for the merchants.

PEASANT POLITICS

If merchants are officially excluded from politics, run-of-the-mill peasants are even more so. They cannot afford to offer expensive gifts to the nobility, nor do they have private armies. In most cases, a peasant's primary concern is growing enough food to feed his family.

This does not mean peasants have no involvement with politics at all. Peasants oppressed by their lord or his bailiff are not uncommon in Bretonnia, and they sometimes try to appeal for help in their plight. An individual peasant would never be heard by a nobleman, so these appeals are conducted as a group, ideally representing the whole village. Some lords treat these groups as attempted rebellion and hang the ringleaders.

The peasants thus try to organise themselves to avoid picking anyone out as a ringleader. This might involve reciting their grievance in perfect unison (after hours of practice), slowly walking in a ring in front of the noble, so that no one is at the front, or finding a naive outsider, such as a good-hearted adventurer, to serve as a lightning rod. The techniques are never completely effective, as a lord determined to hang someone to restore order can just choose at random.

As a result, peasants try to avoid involving the nobility in disputes as much as possible. This might seem difficult, but problems for peasants are only rarely caused by the lord personally coming to the village and beating people up. Most often, the problems result from conflicts with other villages, abuses by bailiffs, or excessive taxes being demanded on a poor harvest.

Conflicts between villages arise over many matters, but rights to use common resources, such as grazing land, rivers, or forests are by far the most common. Each village in the dispute chooses an ambassador who meets the ambassadors from the other side at a neutral location, often a deserted area half way between the villages, to work out a compromise. The ambassadors then have to convince their village to agree.



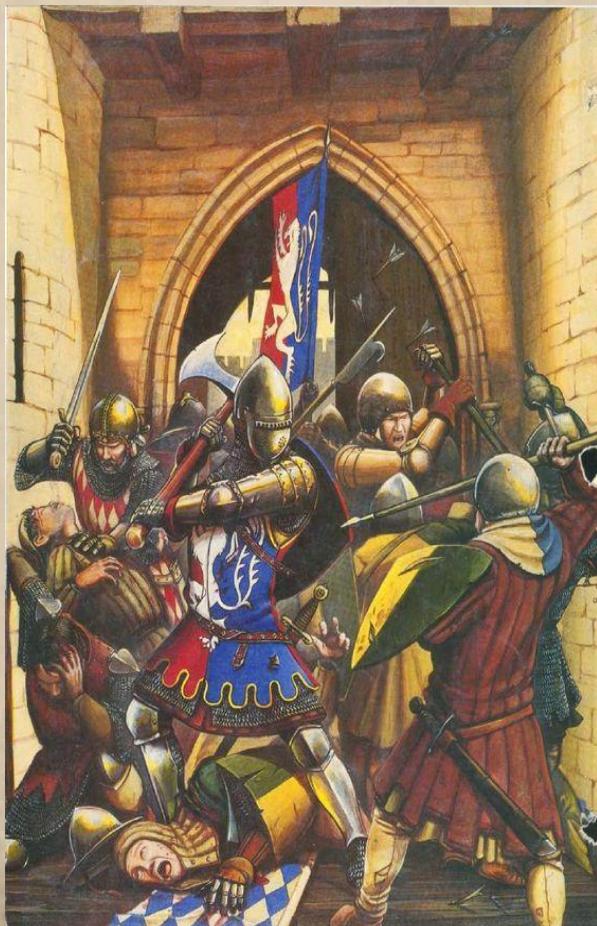


When the sides cannot agree, it is traditional to resolve matters with a formal combat. The two villages agree on what victory will mean for each side and then agree on a place and time for the combat. The number of combatants, weapons allowed, and the conditions for victory are also decided at this point. Fights to the death are rare, as the deaths might have to be explained to the lord. Most villages respect the results of such combats because the alternative is getting the nobility involved.

Corrupt bailiffs are more of a problem because only the lord can remove them. Villagers may negotiate directly with the bailiff if that seems likely to succeed, but that is unusual. Normally, they try to make the bailiff seem corrupt. This involves hiding goods from him when he does the tax assessment and then planting the “excess tax” in the bailiff’s house. Particularly bold peasants may appear before their lord to thank him for the protection leading to the large harvest, which will make him wonder why the taxes are so low.

Of course, most bailiffs are aware of this strategy, so the manoeuvring between the bailiff and villagers can get very elaborate. Many bailiffs choose to reach an accommodation with the villagers, defrauding the lord and splitting the profits whilst presenting a united front. This can get very messy if the lord finds out.

Excessive taxes present the most problems. Even if the bailiff is on the side of the villagers, they simply cannot hand over that much without starving. If an appeal to



the good nature of the lord is out of the question, the villagers resort to having the taxes “stolen by outlaws” as they make their way to the lord. Most lords pursue the outlaws, rather than demanding that the village make up the difference.

One result of these practices, and of the existence of village courts, is that many lords believe there are no problems among their peasants, and that they truly live idyllic lives, without the sorts of troubles that afflict the nobility. Thus, even those nobles who are inclined to help the peasants rarely feel that there is any need.

Peasant Uprisings

From time to time, the peasants rise in revolt. These uprisings almost always surprise the nobility because the peasants have hidden the problems until they became unbearable. Thus, most nobles believe the revolts are inspired by greed or base ingratitude, and even the virtuous ones have no hesitation in using force to put them down. No peasant uprising has ever succeeded because all the nobles help to put it down. They cannot countenance such a threat to their authority.

By far the most common cause of an uprising is insupportable taxes. If the taxes demanded by a lord condemn the peasants to starvation, they have nothing to lose by rising in revolt. Indeed, given the Bretonian attitude, dying in battle is better than dying of starvation, so even if they lose, their condition improves. These uprisings are brutally suppressed; many of the surviving peasants are executed. As a result, the food stores are often sufficient to support the survivors.

The next most common cause is manipulation by other nobles. Peasant revolts never succeed, but they do distract a noble and draw his forces away, making an

FARABUS, FOOTMAN OF THE STOOL
The Footman of the Stool is responsible for attending the King whilst he answers the call of nature and emptying the chamber pot afterwards. As a result, this position is always held by a Baron the King trusts implicitly, and as it guarantees access to the King several times per day the Footman of the Stool is a powerful courtier.

Farabus was a brave Grail Knight, until his left leg was crushed by a Daemon that died under his sword. The King granted him his current position as compensation, and Farabus serves loyally. The Baron fully appreciates the importance of his job, but recently the jokes that always circulate around the court have begun to grate on him. He does not want to leave his job, but he does want to teach the jokers a lesson.





attack by another noble more likely to succeed. Some nobles simply promise better conditions once they have taken over; a small number even keep that promise. Others rely on manipulating their enemy into demanding excessive taxes or sabotage the harvest to make normal taxes unbearable, so that the peasants rise on their own account.

Foreign agitators and revolutionary sentiment are often blamed for uprisings, but in truth, they are hardly ever responsible. Foreign powers that wish to weaken Bretonnia have more effective means available than stirring up the peasantry, and political agitators are just rare.

ON THE ROSE OF BRETONNIA AND ITS THORNS

The history of Bretonnia has been one of constant struggle and war. War against the enemies without – greedy aggressors who violate the sanctity of the Land of the Lady, intent on plunder or conquest. War against the enemy within – the debased children of the Dark Gods who slay and burn in the name of their evil patrons. But the most bitter of all wars are those where knight fights against knight, duke against duke.

Fostered by mistrust, vain pride, betrayal, lust and, above all, greed, this internecine strife has been the curse of Bretonnia more than any other enemy. Only the rule of a strong monarch can stop the bickering amongst the dukes, settle their quarrels and direct the powerful energy of a united Bretonnia against the real enemy. When this happens, the nation's knightly armies ride out on noble crusades, whether within the borders of the realm or to far-off lands.

Throughout the centuries, vast hosts of knights have crossed the mountains into the Empire, Estalia, Tilea, the Border Princes and the Badlands, or have embarked upon great galleons that have carried the warriors and their steeds into faraway lands – Norsca, Araby, Albion and even the mysterious Land of the Dead. There, in the burning heat of the Nehekharan desert, gallant knights have done battle with the Undying Legion of the Tomb Kings, glorious formations of horsemen crashing through endless regiments of skeletal soldiers until the crusaders' bright liveries were entirely obscured by powdered bone and the dust of ages. Entire Orc and Goblin tribes have been slaughtered by the crusading Bretonnians without mercy, the force of galloping horse and heavy lance more than enough to slay the enemy elite before the rank and file is driven into the sea. Monumental Bretonnian fortresses have been built in these foreign lands in order to control remote provinces the name of the King, but even the devout knights of Bretonnia cannot be everywhere at once.

History has proved again and again the truth of the ancient Bretonnian adage "The realm and the King are one". Truly the lands have withered and suffered under the rule of corrupt or weak rulers – one only has to look as far as the cursed city of Mousillon to see the truth of this – but has thrived when led by a strong King who enjoyed the favour of the Lady of the Lake. A shining example of such a man, one whose virtues rival those of Gilles le Breton himself, is the current ruler of Bretonnia, King Louen Leoncoeur. Under his enlightened but firm guidance, Bretonnia is once again a power in the Old World, its armies of knights as far-reaching and implacable as they have ever been.



Lord Henri de Fois spurred his steed to the crest of the rocky dune and looked across a wide expanse of golden sand.

The silence of the desert was deafening, a shallow breeze blowing over the plain below was gently disturbing the surface.

"The sun is fading," Henri remarked to his standard bearer. Valdair, who rode up alongside him.

"Tis as well, this heat can fashion visions and worse out here in the desert."

"Yes, it has claimed much over the years." Henri gripped the sword at his waist. It had been his grandfather's, Theodoric de Fois. It was the only memory he had of the man now, the only thing that could be salvaged from the battlefield all those years ago.

He had been told it was a sun-scorched eve much like this, when the blood of Bretonnia was spilt and its loyal sons put to flight and slain.

He stared out upon the plain as his ancestor had done all those years before and felt his anger rise, with a bitter yearning vengeance.

"This day will be different," Henri promised, with a clenched fist, framed by the sun like some avenging shadow. "We will bring my grandfather back to the land of his forefathers and take our revenge against the abominations that ended his life."

"The expedition should be returning soon," Valdair remarked impassively.

The wind had begun to rise and brought with it the heat of the desert lands.

"Let us hope they make haste. Look!" Lord Henri pointed to the distance.

The wind rose to a keen roar, sand kicking up into a swirling tempest.

"Something stirs!" Valdair cried above the massive din of the sandstorm, shielding his face with a steel gauntlet.

Henri looked on into the raging storm and did not flinch.

Slowly and steadily the skeletal remains of warriors long dead began to emerge. With the practiced efficiency born of an eternity of servitude the Undead legions ranked up into formation and made ready with shield, spear and sword. The hulking forms of the Ushabti heaved themselves forth towering alongside the Skeleton legions: chariots were pulled free by kicking skeletal horses, sand cascading off weather-beaten, ornate carriages. Other steeds joined them, charging from the desert as if horrifically born.

A lone figure emerged from within a cohort of the eternal guardians, their gilt armour tarnished with age. The eyes of the Tomb King flared bright like balefires. Within them the hate and malevolence forged across ages could be seen.

As the gaze of the Tomb King swung over to regard Henri, the Bretonnian Lord felt a sudden shudder. There was recognition there – did the nefarious Undead thing know Henri was the descendant of Theodoric, his grandfather?

Henri matched his gaze and stared back grimly.

Valdair held aloft the Banner of de Fois, resplendent in the dying windstorm, fluttering defiantly.

A mighty host suddenly emerged from behind the Lord and his banner bearer.

Questing Knights reined their steeds into position, forming up into the Bretonnian Lance formation. Joining them were Knights of the Realm and eager Knights Errant who were champing at the bit to earn their spurs. Beyond them were the peasants, grim and ready to serve their noble Lords under the watchful gaze of the wealthy and glorious Pegasus Knights.

A great surge of pride swelled with Henri. He looked down upon the horde before him and was filled with vengeance. He held aloft Theodoric's sword and cried:

"Sons and daughters of Bretonnia, to battle!"

Henri smashed another Skeleton with his mighty greatsword, bone fragments and age-old tomb dust scattering over the sand.

All around him, the Undead horde was crumbling as the ravages of time were visited upon them with the weakening of the magic that bound them to the mortal world.

Ushabti were reduced to nothing but blackened sand, spirited away on the breeze until nothing remained of the Undead constructs, horse and chariot dilapidated before the eyes, carriages splitting, and horses decomposing until there was nothing left.

Slowly but with inexorable finality, the horde sank beneath the sands from whence it had come.

Last of all was the Tomb King himself, his eyes still burning with rage and promised vengeance as he was enveloped by the dunes.

"Victory!" Henri cried and gazed across the sands to see the Grail expedition bring forth the body of his grandfather.

His armour was tarnished, worn and eaten away age and desert parasites. The man and his were now little more than a skeleton with greyish strips of flesh sunken into the bone and withered away, paper thin and desiccated. Ironically, Theodoric looked every inch the walking dead, such was the nature in which he had been posed by the triumphant Grail pilgrims, their saintly patrons waiting silently nearby, massive and otherworldly upon their steeds.

Henri approached his grandfather and, dismounting, drew his sword and laid it upon the sand at the feet of the Grail pilgrims.

"Set him down," Henri ordered and the Battle Pilgrims reverently eased the corpse of the dead lord and his steed upon the sand and backed away.

Henri knelt before him and, removing his helmet, bowed his head.

"Grandfather," he whispered, emotion in his voice.

Henri looked up into the hollow eye sockets of Theodoric.

"Your honour is restored. One final journey, my liege, and your will rest in the lands of your forefathers for eternity."



THE DARK AGE OF BRETONNIA

Bretonnia derives its name from one of the primitive and savage tribes of peoples that settled west of the Grey Mountains after the High Elves abandoned the Old World. The High Elves had fought a long and exhausting war against the Dwarfs. Finally, with new threats looming over their own distant homeland in the west, the Elves abandoned their colonies in the Old World, leaving behind them the ruins of their great fortresses and palaces along the coast. They also left behind a kindred of their race who refused to go. These Elves established the secret realm of Athel Loren hidden deep in the Forest of Loren, which endures to this day.

The Dwarfs gained little from the retreat of the Elves. Their own homeland in the Worlds Edge Mountains was devastated by earthquake and volcanic eruption. Soon afterwards, many of the strongholds in the Old World fell to Orcs, Goblins and other enemies. Even to this day there are no more than one or two Dwarf strongholds west of the Grey Mountains.

Thus the western part of the continent was left open for settlement by new peoples. Into this wilderness came tribes of Orcs, Goblins and men, among them the warlike and noble Bretonni. Ahead of them lay many centuries of struggle against the Orcs and Goblins for possession of the best and most fertile lands. During this dark time the Bretonni learned how to forge metal weapons, ride horses into battle and build strongholds of stone.

BEFORE THE KINGDOM

Bretonnia's story begins three and a half thousand years ago, when the Bretonni, brave and warlike horsemen, crossed the Grey Mountains and settled in the lands that would become Bretonnia. These tribes faced centuries of constant warfare with the Greenskins who overran the land, but the tribes slowly established themselves, driving the Orcs and Goblins back. Attempts to penetrate the Forest of Loren were less successful, leaving only a handful of survivors, all driven mad by the Fay magic of the place. Within a few hundred years, the Forest of Loren was believed to be a place of power outside the realm of men.

TOMBS OF THE HORSELORDS

The primitive Bretonni buried their lords in underground chambers, accessed through a deep vertical shaft and marked with a few tall standing stones, placed close together. These lords were buried with some of their finest treasures, and the tombs defended with traps and magic. Over the millennia, most of their locations have been forgotten, but the tombs survive.

Even while Sigmar was welding the tribes east of the Grey Mountains into an Empire, the Bretonni were still divided under the rule of several independent dukedoms. These often fought each other when they would have been better off uniting against the Orcs. The dukes and their Knights dominated the fertile valleys and plains, while the Orcs and Goblins infested the forests, hills, mountains and wilderness regions. It was impossible to travel from one duke's territory to another without going through land controlled by the Orcs.

When Sigmar Heldenhammer was unifying the tribes of the Empire, he called upon the Bretonni to join his alliance. The leaders of the twenty tribes refused, however, disdaining to bow to a foreigner. Sigmar fought the Greenskins without the Bretonni and forged his Empire. The Bretonni were to remain feuding tribes for almost another thousand years.

All this was to change around the time of Gilles le Breton, the legendary 'leader of battles' who forged the Bretonnians into a single nation and laid the foundations of the kingdom of Bretonnia.

PRELUDE TO UNITY

The number of Bretonni tribes fell over time, as the stronger took over the lands of weaker, and isolated tribes fell to the predations of Orcs, Chaos, and Undead. In the year -208 (770), the lands of the Bretonni were divided into sixteen areas, each controlled by a major tribe, led by its Duke. These areas form the basis for the current Dukedoms, though two, Cuileux and Glanborielle, have been absorbed into other regions. Cuileux was the first to fall, in -48 (930).





A massive horde of Orcs, led by the warlord Gragabad, poured out of the Massif Orcal and overran their lands. The horsemen of Cuileux rode out in a last, desperate battle, and though the Greenskins fell like wheat before the scythe, there were too many, and the knights of Cuileux perished to the last man.

In the wake of this disaster, the armies of Quenelles and Brionne rode forth and routed the weakened Orcs. The two Bretonni armies faced each other but had no stomach for war over the lands of Cuileux. Instead, the two Dukes chose to duel, the winner taking Cuileux as part of his dukedom. The lord of Brionne was cut down, and Quenelles was expanded.

The destruction of Cuileux marks the beginning of the wars that culminated in the unification of the kingdom. In -46 (932) Balduin, the young Duke of Brionne, led his armies to victory, defeating the hordes of Gragabad and slaying the warlord in single combat. In the battle, Gragabad's great axe became lodged fast in Balduin's shield, and the lord fought the entire battle with the axe in place. Afterwards, the axe was adopted as the symbol of Brionne in memory of this event.

This victory did not stop the Orcs, however, and around -30 (948) the northern lands were overrun by Greenskins, Beastmen pouring from the Forest of Arden and Norse raiders striking from the sea. The northern tribes were driven back into their strongholds, reduced to defending their castles whilst enemies roamed across their lands at will.

In this time of sorrow, many proud tribes of the fair sacred land were hewn and slaughtered as cattle. Score upon score of greenskin armies ravaged and raged like a thunderstorm deep into the verdant heart of the land. In the north, virtue fared little better; barbarians once more beset great river and coast to burn, rapine and pillage. The hated, twisted beasts of the dark forests harried forth from their darkened groves, and great pyres of Bretonni flesh turned day to night with black char-smoke. Death too rode unfettered throughout the once-fair lands, those that would do his foul works unchecked and possessed of great rage.



All did seem lost for the Bretonni, and the land itself wept and wailed in heart-grief as all was choked away. Greatly sought upon was the safety of the castle strongholds, and the swordsmen of the fair nation did stand aghast as their lands were consumed.

THE LEADER OF BATTLES

In -26 (952) Gilles of Bastonne, heir of the Duke, slew the red wyrm Smearghus, deep in the forest of Chalons. Though sorely wounded, he managed to drag the beast's severed head back to Castle Bastonne, where it still hangs above Gilles Gate, named in his honour. Gilles took to wearing the dragon's skin as a cloak and adopted the beast as his personal heraldry.

In -4 (974) Orcs poured from the mountains and forests in numbers never seen before or since. The Bretonni were unable to come to each other's aid, and the Dukedom of Glanbrielle was utterly destroyed, its lands later taken by Carcassonne. In the following year, the Duke of Bastonne was killed repelling the attack on his lands and was succeeded by Gilles le Breton, the Unifier.

The young lord Gilles refused to concede his land to the darkness. Upon a mighty charger he rode out against the foe, those faithful to his sword and to the lands upon his heel. Many of his proud knights fell and joined the land, but before the tip of Gilles' lance the canker devouring Bastonne was cleansed.

In the Imperial year 977 or thereabouts, it is said that Gilles le Breton began to unite the Bretonnians into a single nation. What is known about Gilles is a mixture of fact and fable. Knowledge of reading and writing has never been widespread in Bretonnia and the early history of the realm was not written down until

SCIONS OF CUILEUX

The knights of Cuileux all died in their last battle, but some had children at home, and the arrival of the armies of Brionne and Quenelles meant that the Orcs had no chance to wipe them out. Thus, descendants of the Cuileux army still live in Bretonnia. It is possible that a village has maintained a tradition of marrying only among the descendants of those knights, and since Bretonnian kings through the ages have paid tribute to the sacrifice of the noble knights of Cuileux, that means that those peasants are all, legally, nobles.





centuries after the events. For a long time the story of Gilles was a legendary saga sung by travelling troubadours touring the castles of Knights, reciting the 'Chanson de Gilles' in which his exploits are celebrated.

UNIFICATION

According to the 'Chanson de Gilles', the Orc and Goblin tribes hatched a conspiracy to conquer and enslave the Bretonnians. The Orcs struck all the dukedoms at once, so that none of the dukes could come to the assistance of any other. Indeed, the dukes hardly had time to gather together Knights to defend their own dukedoms.

Brave though they were, the Knights of that time were unable to turn back the Orcs and many fell defending their castles and domains in small hastily gathered armies or even alone. The dukedoms of the north were overrun. To make matters worse, Chaos raiders crossed the Sea of Claws and began ravaging the northern coasts, attacking with uncanny timing and accuracy.

At roughly the same time, Settra's fleet appeared once more off the western shores. No sooner had the Orcs and Goblins rampaged through the region, than the Undead hordes completed the desolation. In the east and south, restless Goblin tribes came down out of the Grey Mountains to pillage and burn.

Gilles, Duke of Bastonne, had been quicker than the other dukes to gather his Knights together into an army. This army had already fought several battles against the Orcs and was now patching its wounds beside a small lake in the margins of the Forest of Chalons. Here Gilles was joined by several other dukes with the tattered remnants of their armies. Their own



lands had been devastated and so they had ridden to fight beside Gilles in one last battle against the enemy. As night fell, the bellowing of Orc warhorns could be heard in the distance. The next day would decide the fate of Bretonnia. The Knights shared what little food and wine they had left and snatched what rest they could.

Visions spoke unto Gilles of the multitude of enemies that stood poised to destroy the lands of his peers, and three days hence Gilles avowed to ride forth with his surviving knights. For should the mighty warhosts of the greenskinned beasts flow into one great tide, the lands of the Bretonni would be doomed.

Gilles gathered his armies and led them towards Bordeleaux, aiming to stop the hordes of Greenskins from joining up and forming a single army that could sweep Humankind into the ocean. Thierulf of Lyonesse, a friend since childhood and blood-brother, and Lord Landuin of Mousillon, the finest knight in history; joined him; their lands were also under intense pressure, and they hoped, at least, to die gloriously at Gilles's side.



THE FAITHFUL REWARDED

The twilight sky bore witness to them as the knights camped under the eaves of the Forest of Chalons, whilst before them the campfires of the Orc horde outnumbered the stars of the sky. Gilles and his companions withdrew a little way into the woods, camping in the peace beside a small lake to plan their battle, prepared to give their lives as one the next day.

When dawn came and the sunlight woke them, they saw that the lake was enshrouded in a swirling mist. They put on their armour and prepared to fight the last battle. The horses were led to the lake edge to drink and the Knights knelt to drink beside them.

As they took counsel, a ghostly vision came to them. The scene was suddenly bathed in a bright light, and the air filled with the scent of summer meadows. A maiden of surpassing beauty and fey power, clothed in shining white and bearing a golden cup from which light spilled like water, rose from the mirror sheened waters of the lake and walked across them to the knights. They knew full well that the sublime apparition was no mortal creature, for not a ripple disturbed the waters and the Lady's clothes were perfectly dry.

On reaching the shore, she stood before Gilles and his companions. The Knights were awestruck by the vision, and all were filled with a strange calm. In her hands the lady held a gleaming chalice overflowing with light which cascaded down like liquid into the water of the lake.





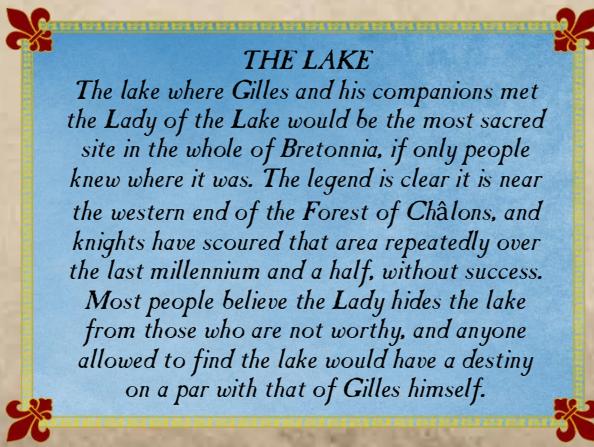
"Rise and drink, Gilles le Breton, first King of Bretonna. Drink of honour and chivalry and of strength." Gilles stood and drank from the offered Grail. As the shining liquid touched his lips, weariness fell from his bones and his eyes began to glow with a faint light.

Gilles quickly took up the tattered war banner that hung from his lance and held it out towards the vision. With the words, 'Lady, bless my banner!', he dipped the blood-drenched rag into the lake. When he raised it again, the entire host of Knights gasped. They now beheld a new gleaming banner bearing the image of the Lady of the Lake as an awesome, avenging goddess. Where before the image of Smearghus had writhed, now the Lady's fair likeness gazed forth. The Lady spoke to him again.

"Go forth in my name, Gilles le Breton. Go forth and in this sign conquer." The Lady then turned to Gilles's companions.

"Rise and drink also, Landuin and Thierulf; Companions of the Grail. Drink that you may follow your lord." As soon as heard saw this other Knights began dipping their weapons in the water saying 'Lady, bless my sword', 'Bless my lance' and 'Bless my warhorse?' The knights drank also, and the bodies of the Companions became suffused with unearthly strength and light. Their eyes glowed with lambent flame from within, and their weapons and armour shone with new power. Thus did Gilles, Landuin and Thierulf transcend the mortal clay and earn sanctity to become the first of the Grail Knights, the famed Companions of the Grail.

Rays of the sun lit the waters of the lake and the vapours began to fade, The Lady of the Lake melted back into the water and disappeared. The other dukes turned and looked at Gilles bearing the banner of the Lady of the Lake. One stepped forward and said, 'You bear her banner, you must lead us this day!' and immediately knelt presenting his sword to Gilles in the manner of a Knight Errant to a true Knight. Then the other dukes and Knights did likewise, acknowledging Gilles as their leader for this battle. The three rode out of the forest to rally their troops to meet the dawn and the horde before them.



THE TWELVE GREAT BATTLES

Gilles led the Knights of Bretonnia in twelve great battles against the horde of enemies that threatened to destroy the Bretonni, and every one was a victory. The battles took place over the course of two years, -1 to 0 (977 to 978) and over the whole of Bretonnia. Each is the subject of more epic poems than a scholar could read in a Human lifetime.

At this time Gilles became known as 'Le Breton', a title acknowledging his uncrowned authority throughout Bretonnia. Wherever his army appeared, Knights who had been desperately besieged in remote and isolated castles joined Gilles. In every village, new Knights Errant were created and swelled the army. The Orcs and Goblins were driven from the valleys and plains of Bretonnia and pushed into the mountains and forests.

The Great Battles form the material of the national epic of Bretonnia, and many knights try to visit each of the battlefields at least once during their period of errantry. Once a knight sets out on the quest for the Lady of the Lake, it is not unusual for him to find that the events of his quest somehow mirror the events of the Great Battles, his meeting with the Lady occurring on the eve of his last and greatest struggle.

The First Battle

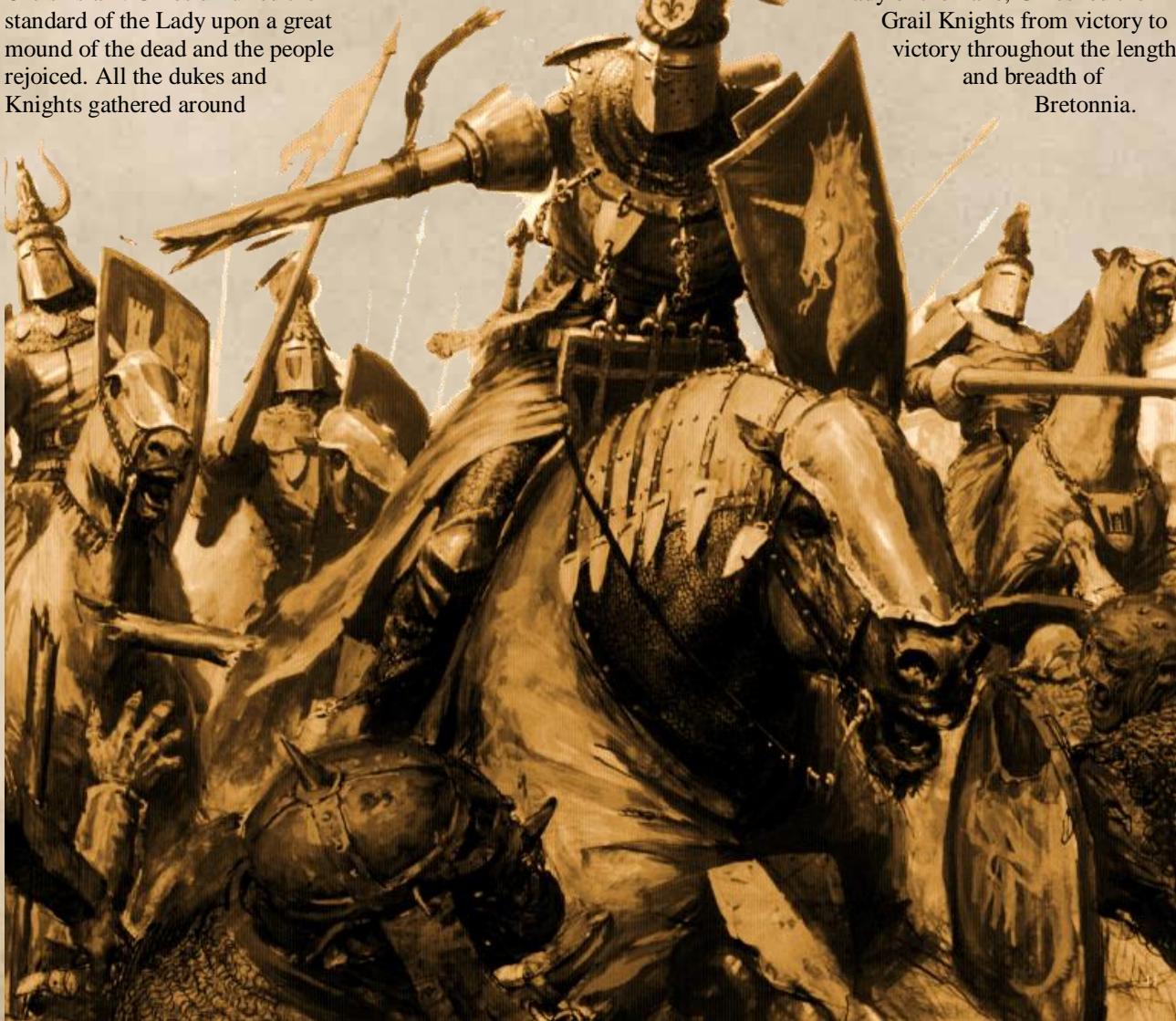
The morning after his encounter with the Lady of the Lake, Gilles le Breton led his army against the Orcs besieging Bordeaux. The enemy arrayed upon the field was like a living sea of such number that all hope seemed lost. The roar of the approaching enemy was heard from all sides, fouling the air with their war cries and drumming. The Knights hurriedly took up their





weapons and mounted their warhorses. They gathered in a battle line around Gilles and the banner. The Orc horde darkened the horizon ahead of the Bretonnian Knights. Steadily and without flinching they rode on as the arrows dropped around them. Then the moment came to charge and the Knights plunged into the midst of the Orc horde. The first ranks of the enemy crumbled before them. The entire horde reeled like some great beast pierced by the hunter's lance. The Knights cleaved through wave after wave of enemy and burst forth into the open plain beyond. Gilles and his Companions rode forth as vengeful gods of war and parted the tide of greenskins. Victory after victory was won; a hundred score fell before their terrible wrath. The three Grail Companions did as much slaughter as the rest of their army combined, and all around them the enemy began to scatter in flight.

The verdant fields ran crimson and black, and the greenskins, trapped between sword and sea, fled howling into the tide to be claimed by the cold claw of Manann. Few escaped the fury of the blessed knights, and the lands were saved. As the sun began to set the Knights ceased their pursuit and rode back to the sacred lake. Here they gathered once more and rested as the rooks and ravens descended to feast on the Orcish slain. Gilles unfurled the standard of the Lady upon a great mound of the dead and the people rejoiced. All the dukes and Knights gathered around



Gilles and together they vowed to serve and honour the Lady of the Lake. They also vowed to stay together as an army and free Bretonnia from Orcs and all her other foes. Gilles was proclaimed 'Leader of Battles', with the authority to command the army and the entire resources of all the dukedoms until Bretonnia was freed.

With this deed, Gilles had won the first of his famed Twelve Great Battles, and with it the allegiance of Lord Marcus of Bordeleaux and Lord Fredemund of Aquitaine who joined Gilles with their armies. That day, the first-forged bonds of brotherhood that were to unite the Bretonni were the true prize.

After the victory feast, the Lady of the Lake appeared in the private chamber where the lords were gathered, and Marcus and Fredemund both drank from the Grail. Marcus turned that chamber within his castle into the first Grail Chapel, a site still of unparalleled sanctity today.

This moment marked the origin of the Grail Knights and also the Kingdom of Bretonnia. In the years that followed, under the banner of the Lady of the Lake, Gilles led the Grail Knights from victory to victory throughout the length and breadth of Bretonnia.





The Second Battle

Gilles' victory was a beacon of hope in the bleak and dire night, and his Companions were an inspiration to soldier and seneschal alike. But what road should they take, asked Landuin, and Gilles replied south. The knights followed the coast, the seas calming at their passage as they rode through the surf towards embattled Brionne. As the Companions rode south to the relief of Brionne, they found their way blocked by the army of the bloated Orc warlord Brogtar. They came upon the rearguard of the great horde of greenskins, their lords borne aloft on long-necked Wyverns. Upon sighting them, Fredemund sounded his clarion horn and summoned a mighty flock of falcons that struck terror into the black hearts of the enemy and tore at the wings of the Orcs' beasts, driving them to the ground. The knights fought deep into the heart of the greenskin horde, where Landuin struck down the bloated Orc warlord, and Fredemund slew his monstrous mount. Thus was the Second Great Battle won.

The Third Battle

The Companions came to Brionne to find the castle besieged, wrapped around with countless Greenskins. The knights drove through the besiegers from behind, scattering them like chaff. Lord Balduin of Brionne sallied forth across his oaken drawbridge with the last of his knights, and they met Gilles in the midst of the Orc armies. As they clasped forearms as brothers, the Lady of the Lake was suddenly beside them, and Balduin drank from the Grail as Orcs screamed and

died around them. Although the knights were outnumbered three hundred to one, the Bretonni tore through the greenskins like a scythe through wheat in harvest and Gilles and Balduin hailed well met in the midst of the battle. The Orcs could not stand and were driven from the field. Thus was the Third Great Battle won.

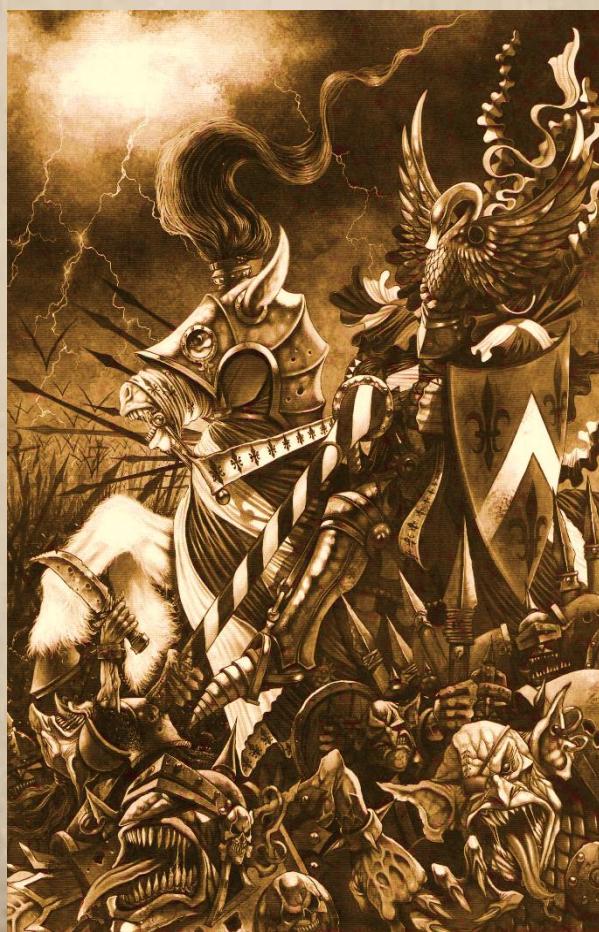
The Fourth Battle

Urged ever on by nightly blessings and visions from the Lady of the Lake, the army ventured across the River Brienne and spurred their chargers a hundred-league east through the shattered lowlands of Carcassonne towards the land of Quenelles. The grim lord Lambard of Carcassonne spied the banner of the Lady and came to their side, but he was not yet a Grail Companion. As they raced through day and night the Companions clashed swords with greenskins borne upon great wolves that snapped hungrily at their steeds. The Companions held true, and after several weary nights the shadow of great Quenelles fell upon them, but rejoice was denied: they were greatly vexed to sight the borders of the fair Forest of Loren aflame, assaulted by the Orcs. Though each were bone-weary and in sore need of succour, the divine power of the Lady flowed strong; and the Companions made haste unto the greenskins that hewed and put the ancient forest to flame. Some of the knights were afraid to venture there, wary of the wrath of the Fay, but Gilles urged them on, declaring that the Fay would look kindly on those coming to their aid.

His words seemed true, as weariness fell from the knights like a cloak. A night of blood and fire came upon them, and the Companions fought tirelessly with skill unmatched and awesome majesty. The dark was lit by shining sword and eye ablaze, and the wrath of the goddess was such that her champions could not fall. In the heat of battle the very trees rose up to aid them; bough joined blade as the ancient forest came to the Companions' aid, to choke and bind, to smite flesh and break bone. The fay-spirits of that haunted forest flitted and glimmered beyond sight amongst the branches, appearing briefly to strike down a hundred, nay, a thousand Orcs that dared do harm to their realm, before vanishing once more. Thus did Gilles become friend to the fay, and won his Fourth Great Battle.

Under the shadow of the trees, they met with the army of Rademund the Pure, Lord of Quenelles, and as the last Orcs fled, the Lady of the Lake granted all the defenders peaceful sleep. When they awoke, their wounds and fatigue were gone, and both Rademund and Lambard shone like the other Companions. The Lady, they said, had come to them in their dreams, and none could gainsay them.

According to legend it is said that after the fourth battle fought on the edges of the great Forest of Loren, Gilles encountered Elves from deep within the wood who had also been fighting the Orcs. Gilles and the Elven chiefs exchanged gifts of magical weapons and promised everlasting friendship.





The Fifth Battle

Suffused with the vigour of a spring dawn, the Companions rode northward to lend their swords to beleaguered Parravon. So it came that the eight Companions rode upon once-handsome Parravon, carved from stark mountainside by the River Grismerie, only to find after seven nights of long travel that it stood in wrack and ruin. Fell giants aloft in the peaks above hefted and rained boulders down upon the city below. Borne aloft on his faithful Pegasus Glorfinial, Lord Agilar of Parravon wheeled through the air above the city the better to take the battle to lofty crag and distant aerie, and smote the foe.

The Goblins of the Severed Hand defiled the streets and citizens below, setting great flame and taking fair maidens into slavery. Through cobbled streets charged the Companions, cleansing alley and courtyard, riding down enemies without number beneath iron-shod hoof and casting twisted, lumpen bodies into the flames. The charge of Gilles's army swept the Goblins before them, leaving the city clean and clear. Thus was the Fifth Great Battle won.

The Sixth Battle

That day, Agilar gladly promised his lance to Gilles, and the blossoming coterie of Companions galloped on northwars until, as the sun set, they came upon the land of Montfort, where they found that fortress besieged. There they saw the towering Lord Martrud and his kin give their all to fend clear a dozen tribes of fierce Night Goblins who gushed forth from the mountainside in a number like unto a black and unstoppable flood. Axe Bite Pass, the dark vale upon which Castle Montfort broods, was carpeted in a carriion feast of a thousand dead.

Lord Martrud's army fought heroically, but they were greatly outnumbered. The Companions rode out into the ride of black clad fiends and did lay about themselves mightily, until tragedy struck. With a war cry that shook the very mountains, Gilles led his forces in a charge, but was struck down by a cowardly bolt through the chest, launched by one of the Goblins' dishonourable machines. His Companions rallied about him and fought their way through to Montfort, where they were welcomed by Martrud.

Weeping, the Companions bore their lord aloft into the castle. A night of dark grief and desperation came, the Companions as unquiet ghosts around Gilles' death-pallet as leaches and surgeons were heard to dolefully proclaim that dark night to be his last. Gilles lay in a fever-dream, and the Companions feared for his life, taking turns to watch over him. At length, the privilege was granted to the Lords Agilgar and Maraуд, the newest of their number. Whilst they watched, a fair maiden appeared in the room and bathed Gilles's forehead with liquid taken from a Grail she bore. She then bade the attendant lords drink from the cup, and thus they became true Grail Knights.



When the lords returned their gaze to Gilles, his eyes were open, his breathing normal, and with a great roar he pulled the bolt from his own chest where light streamed out, sprang to his feet, and led his army back onto the field of battle. Grim and wrathful, Gilles was like unto a divine sky-warrior as he rode forth once more. As soon as he passed the gates, he was assailed by three Wyverns that descended upon him from the black-bellied skies, which he slew before taking another step, one felled by the very bolt that had struck Gilles lodged in its eye. Taking heart from their leader, the besieged struck out once more, but such was the number of their foes that it still took a week to lift the siege and drive the Goblins back into the mountains. The Night Goblins fell away into their dank caverns and dark chasms to lick at their wounds as dogs in their misery. Thus was the Sixth Great Battle won.

The Seventh Battle

Gilles was not content that his enemy should flee from under his sight. Gathering his army, Gilles led his Companions after the retreating foe. Plunging into the everlasting night of the caves, he took the battle to the lightless passages beneath the earth. On and down and on and down they galloped, ever deeper through the labyrinth, their only radiance the flame that licked from their blades and blazed from their eyes. They slew all the Trolls and the dark creatures of the depths that barred their way, delving ever downward into the dark heart of the mountain where man was not meant to tread. And they knew no fear. The armies fought their





way to the halls of the Goblin kings, slaying them and breaking the unity of the Goblin tribes for good. Within those dank and foetid halls, the Goblin kings were cut down from their thrones and skewered upon lances like hogs. Turning about, they fought their way back to the surface, emerging covered in the black blood of their enemies. Thus was the Seventh Great Battle won.

The Eighth Battle

Ten-strong, the Bretonni Lords bolstered by Martrud of Montfort then rode north and westward to face the Greenskins despoiling Gisoreux. Here they were joined by Beren, master of that troubled land. Once more they fought against foul and frothing greenskins in this their next Great Battle, but this time the evil beasts had called down the eyes of their base gods. These twin and savage spirits sought to smite the Companions, but the heavens shook with frustration, for dark magicks cannot harm those under the auspice of the Lady who protected her knights. There began a fray, fell and fierce; Lord Balduin rode before the Companions in a fury like that of a Berserker of the north, hewing the heads of a dozen shamans with a single sweep of his axe. The Companions drove the enemy from the field with great slaughter.

Tens of thousands numbered the slain that day, yet not a drop of blood fell from the Companions in their stride. The greenskinned beasts fled in disarray for as their conjurations failed, their hope was extinguished like a candle in a storm. Thus was the Eight Great Battle won.



The Ninth Battle

In the morning, the Companions made haste to the west. They entered upon the lands of Mousillon, pride of the realm of Landuin. Once the fairest of all, they became wasted and burning as bands of Greenskins roamed at will. Landuin's heart was deeply grieved, for his land and people had been brought to smouldering ruin. Cattle lay slaughtered in blackened wasteland, and the once-pure river was dark with foulness. A bilious stench carried up from swampland where in times past virgin glide stood proud. The Companions rode in grim silence through the gates of Mousillon to join with the remnants of Landuin's family and Folgar, the neighbouring Lord of Artois, who brought news of an approaching horde of Beastmen and the walking dead marching under the full moon. The defence of Mousillon was divided between the Companions, and all fought with surpassing valour.

Upon all sides beset by beast and living dead, the Companions fought as chatelains, one to each wall, there to hold out alone against the foe. Gilles hewed the head from an immense drake-beast's shoulders.

Thierulf wrestled with monstrous two-headed giant while Agilar, borne aloft upon his Pegasus, joined battle with bat-winged fiends in the lightning-laced clouds above. The Companions found triumph when

Landuin struck down the foul night-creature that had called the dead forth from their peace, and half of the opposing army fell to the earth. The Beastmen fled howling into the darkness towards the forest, pursued by the Companions. Beren and Folgar returned, shining, and telling of meeting a maiden with a Grail just inside the forest's borders. Thus was the Ninth Great Battle won.

The Tenth Battle

Having triumphed, the victorious Companions spurred their warhorses to the north. After many long nights in the shade of the Forest of Arden, where no foul creatures dared to trouble the mighty host, to the Elf-built port of L'Anguille, city-fortress of the coast, where they hoped to find respite. But to no avail, as the grand port was embattled by the Norse, crude men of the north clad in pelt of fur and steel, attacking from both land and sea. The Companions met them in a great tempestuous battle. Lord Corduin of L'Anguille cut a path through the besiegers, joining forces with the Companions.

As the battle raged night upon night, day upon day, the moons turned, and many thousand savages and barbarians were hewn and cast wailing into the sea. But the fierce foe paid no regard. Orgulous and grim, the northmen would not surrender, for they sought glory or death in the eye of their bloody gods.

In desperation, Lord Marcus of Bordeleaux threw down his challenge to the fell lord of the Norse, the towering giant Svengar of the Skaelings: "Find victory or take leave!" The condition was that the loser's forces would withdraw.





In his pride, Svengar would not refuse. Many brave warriors had met death under the barbarian's bloody hand, yet fear did not chill Marcus's heart, for he knew that the Lady was with him. The warriors then met atop the towering lighthouse of L'Anguille, ancient and fey in construct, all of Bretonnia at their feet. Clouds roiled and storm lashed as the combatants fought, the elements themselves conspiring to aid the twin hammers of Svengar.

Night turned to day and day to night, and still the warriors fought, a concert of steel reaching the ears of all below. As dawn broke, Lord Marcus found renewed strength and drove the Northman back. Finally, Marcus opened his foe's guard, and struck his opponent with a blow of such might he fell in twain to the rocks below. In respect of the warrior skills of the Bretonnian lords, the Norse took sail back to their icy homelands. Thus was the Tenth Great Battle won.



The Eleventh Battle

The Companions rested well that night. In the morning, they pressed toward the rising sun into the province of Couronne, where they were joined by Lord Carleond. There they faced the amassing Orc armies pushing toward L'Anguille. On the banks of the fast-flowing River Sannez battle was met, and the water ran black that day with spilled foul blood. The Orcs turned their eyes from the great halo of light playing around the Companions, and were struck down into the mire as they turned to flee. Never before had such a great toll of greenskins been slain upon a single day, nor ever since. So much tainted blood quenched the dry earth that it seems as marshland underfoot even to this very day. Thus was the Eleventh Great Battle won.

The Twelfth Battle

The Twelfth Great Battle of Gilles was fought upon the great and verdant fields of Couronne. To the southwest over the river squatted the dark and haunted Forest of Arden. From within the uncharted depths came loping all manner of monsters and great beasts. Giants, Trolls and nameless creatures stalked through a press of Beastmen so great that from a vantage they seemed to the Companions as swarming insects crossing the Ford of Sannez. Tribe upon tribe of greenskins descended from the Pale Sisters to the south-east, and blackened the horizon with a horde five thousand score at least. There was so great a noise and tumult it seemed as if the earth would shake and split asunder. The Companions made their prayers and arrayed themselves before the walls of Couronne for this the final battle, but disaster played its hand once more as, at their back, the fair city was overrun by an unnatural tide of vermin. Rats walking as men took notched blade to the guard and erupted in great number

from the gates to threaten the Companions from the rear. Surrounded on all sides by a number of foes beyond countenance, the Companions still stood resolute and without fear, for the lords of each of the fourteen lands of the Bretonni now stood as one, the gathering complete, and their brotherhood and bonds of faith stood stronger than steel. They knew in their hearts the Lady's power flowed through them that day and that none could stand against them.

As the Lords took counsel before the fight, the Lady of the Lake joined their number. She had Lords Corduin and Caerleond drink from the Grail, and at last, the Grail Companions reached their full number of fourteen. Then she blessed the army and bade them fight in her name. Emboldened, the knights took the field, sure that none could ultimately stand against them.

Mighty indeed was this last and most epic of battles, and each Companion performed such deeds as to fill the sagas of wordsmiths and scribes until the end of time. The moons raced across the darkened sky, replaced by the burning orb of the sun, but to no respite. Only the Lady knows the number of weeks that saw battle as foul creatures continued to pour from their lairs like a storm tide and break upon the armies of the Bretonni as against a cliff. However, against all odds, the Companions emerged victorious.

When at last the sounds of battle fell silent, the plains of Couronne were covered with the bodies of the slain to the height of a horse's shoulder. When the bodies of the enemy were burned, the smoke from the pyres darkened the day whilst the flames brightened the night, so that for months no one could tell the difference between the two. Thus was the Twelfth and final Great Battle won.

The Bretonni were united and the enemy driven from the lands. In presence of the whole army, the Lady of the Lake crowned Gilles as the first King of Bretonnia, and the acclamation shook the very mountains. In this way were the sacred Lands of the Bretonni scoured of evil, and its peoples made safe.

THE BLOOD MARSHES

The mire formed by the blood of the Greenskins still exists in Couronne. In the recent past, it was quite small, but it has grown year by year, swallowing a few small villages. Ghosts and similar Undead are common within its confines, but rumours speak of still darker things. All agree that there is no drinkable water to be found there. Now some people are turning their thoughts to reversing the growth of the mire.

The few people who think that the failure to find the lake proves that the legend is just that either keep their thoughts to themselves or leave Bretonnia.





THE PASSING OF GILLES LE BRETON

Years later, death did take his due. Gilles, honoured as the Breton and the Uniter, was calamitously struck down. A veritable god of war that had by his great deeds won peace, some whispered he had no place, and he sought our battle wherever it could be found.

Vast Orc and Goblin enclaves still persisted in the wilderness regions of Bretonnia and there were many Orc warlords in hiding with the remnants of their tribes and vengeance in their hearts. One day, Gilles was riding with a small retinue of Knights Errant on pilgrimage to the sacred lake where the Lady of the Lake had appeared many years before. Suddenly the party was ambushed by Orcs led by a chieftain intent on revenge. Though outnumbered, Gilles and the Knights fought ferociously and slew every one of the Orcs. Many of the Knights Errant had been slain, only two and Gilles remained alive, but Gilles was struck down by a cowardly bolt hurled against him by unknown hand as he challenged the Orc warlords of the Grey Mountains, near the edge of the Forest of Loren. To this day the knights of Bretonnia foreswear the coward's weapon that kills from afar.

As he died, he had a vision and with his dying breath told his Companions to bear him to the shore of a nearby lake before his journey to sainthood became complete. Gilles' companions took him down to the edge of the lake hoping perhaps that the waters might be enchanted once again and Gilles might be saved. They began calling for the Lady of the Lake.

As they rested there in the fading evening sun a swirling mist began to rise from the lake. Soon the carved prow of a boat could be seen emerging from the mist. It moved as if by enchantment since it had no oars or sail. In the boat was the lone figure of a lady, but it was not the Lady of the Lake. The Knights asked who she was and were told that she was the servant of the Lady of the Lake. Indeed this lady was the Fay

THE PERILOUS DART

The bolt that struck Gilles down, and which he then used to kill the wyvern, is said to still exist. An item of great power, it drives events around its bearer to a crisis, where he can, by his own efforts, either gain a great victory or suffer a great loss. The bolt does not care about the goals of its holder, and those at a great disadvantage in a struggle for which they care deeply sometimes seek it out, trusting to the crisis to give them a victory otherwise unattainable. The few people who think that the failure to find the lake proves that the legend is just that either keep their thoughts to themselves or leave Bretonnia.

Enchantress of Bretonnia who lived a hermit-like existence in a cave on an island in the middle of the lake, seldom ever seen from the shore because of the mist.

The Enchantress asked the Knights to lay Gilles in the boat so she could take him to her island where he would be healed. She warned them that if she granted them this favour, the king could never return home, but must stay forever as the guardian of this sacred place, serving the Lady of the Lake as she did. The Knights were reluctant to part with Gilles, but knew it must be so. Gilles bade farewell to his Knights and accepted his destiny. With heavy hearts, the Knights watched through tear-streaked eyes the boat carrying Gilles and the Enchantress glide into the mist and disappear. Gilles would transcend from his earthly coil to an isle of bliss in the Otherworld, there to join the Lady herself for all eternity. It is believed that his last words were a promise:

"In the time of Bretonnia's greatest need, when it seems that all hope is gone, I shall return to aid you."

Thus ends the majestic history of Gilles le Breton.



Thibault had six brothers and one sister; as such, his family was judged to be relatively small. His eldest brother, Rodrigue, had ridden out, accomplished all sorts of valiant deeds, including slaying the Writhing Wyrm of Rotherham, which had earned him the title Knight of the Realm, his own domain in verdant pasturelands by the River Grismerie, and a smiling, blond-haired wife of impressive assets. The two next oldest brothers had ridden off to prove their worth as Knight Errant, and were currently a conquering the hearts of maidens the length and breadth of Bretonnia. Travellers constantly brought back news of the two brothers' adventures, and as the minstrels sang tales of their exploits, Thibault watched the proud faces of his parents with a sinking heart.

And then there was Girauld, Thibault's older by a year. With his curling fair hair, his good looks, his skill at arms and his personal charisma, he was his parents' golden son. Girauld was gifted with the best weapons, specially made armour, and the best grey colt to be his warhorse. On the day that Girauld left home, a huge crowd gathered to see him off. As he watched his brother spur his prancing horse round in circles, Thibault wondered if he were the only person who wouldn't be sorry to see him go, then felt guilty when he saw the tears running down his mother's face.

For the first few months, news drifted back slowly: Girauld had defeated some Goblins, rescued the odd maiden, hunted down a rampaging beast or two. Nothing spectacular really, but enough to keep his parents' spirits up. Then nothing. No news for months and months.

Thibault's mother became more and more worried, though his father remained stoical. Thibault, in the meantime, flourished in his brother's absence, and concentrated on his knightly training - sword fighting, horsemanship and learning the codes and rules of chivalry. He was always made subtly conscious of the fact that though his skills were good. He wasn't quite as good as Girauld, who of course could wield a sword, master a spirited steed, play a lute etc better than anyone else.

A year had passed since Girauld's departure, and Thibault was nearly sixteen himself. Like his brothers before him, on his sixteenth birthday he was expected to face and pass the tests of adulthood and be declared a man. Then, as family tradition dictated, he would ride away from his home as a Knight Errant, bound not to return until he had earned his spurs as a true Knight of the Realm.

In truth, Thibault felt no great desire to go out and stamp his mark on the world. He was not by nature very ambitious, and the fire of combat didn't burn in his veins the way it had for his elder brothers. He was a proficient swordsman, but he viewed combat as the means to an end, rather than an end in itself. He took pleasure in hunting - who wouldn't? - but never went out of his way to pick a fight the way other men did, just for the joy of it.

On the eve of Thibault's birthday, gloom hung over the castle like an invisible shroud. His mother hardly spoke to him anymore, and it seemed to Thibault that she hated him, though he couldn't understand why. His father tolerated him with cold politeness, and the only person who treated him like a human being was his sister, Malfleur, who was uncannily perceptive for a girl of her age. "How can you declare what your quest will be, when you don't even know what you want?" she said to him.

"You must absolve the demons of the past before you can conquer the perils of the future."

Thibault spent the night kneeling on the cold stone floor at the castle chapel, praying to the Lady for guidance. Inspiration struck him as the light of the rising sun shone through the stained glass window, bathing the altar before him in multicoloured light. Now he knew dearly what he must do.

The day passed in a blur of activity, during which time Thibault passed all the ritual tests set him, and proved himself worthy to carry the arms and armour of a Knight Errant. The final part of the ceremony was for the young Knight to publicly declare the object and purpose of his quest. Thibault strode up to his parents, removed his helmet, and saluted his father. His mother, he noticed, wouldn't look him in the eye. "For the honour of the Lady, the king and my family," he announced "I declare my quest shall be to search for my brother, Girauld - to bring him back home, if he still be alive, or, if he be dead, to avenge his passing. Thus I do swear on my sword and on my honour."

As he guessed, his statement caused no small amount of commotion. His mother rushed off crying, his father just glared at him, and all the servants started whispering to each other. Maybe I should have just said I was going to kill the Black Boar of Bormhil, he thought gloomily. So much for Altruism.

Thibault left as soon as he could gather his possessions together - some battered armour, a plain but serviceable sword, and the only horse his father was prepared to let him have, a beast so bad tempered the grooms were going to kill it for meat in the Autumn. It was raining, and no-one could be bothered to see him off except his sister, who seemed quite cheerful, considering. "Take this," she said, pressing a cloth-wrapped bundle into his arms. "It's mine to give, and it will serve you well. Ride west, and search for Melys Gau. I can't help you any more than this, but... good luck." She blew him a kiss, and waved goodbye as he rode through the castle gate into the great outside world.

When he was finally out of sight of his father's castle, Thibault stopped his horse and unwrapped his sister's present. It was a sword like no other he had ever seen. He had never heard of such a thing, it must be worth a king's ransom - how could she have come by it? Despite the damp chill of the day, the gold and pearl hilt felt warm to his touch, and when he swung the sword around, delicate runes along the blade sparkled in the air. Feeling distinctly more cheerful, Thibault strapped on the sword, and rode off down the road to meet his destiny.

After seeing her brother off, Malfleur went back to her bedroom and flung herself on her bed to think. There was only so much she could do for the moment. Girauld's vanity had led him to his doom like a moth drawn to a candle. It was perhaps a risk sending Thibault after him, but her need to be rid of the damning evidence of the sword outweighed any problems that would be posed by Girauld's return. She wasn't yet skilled enough in the magical arts of prediction to tell whether Thibault would succeed in his quest or not. The sorceress part of her soul cared nothing for any of her family, they served merely to support and protect her while she was young, and gathering her powers, but the part of her that was still a little girl of six summers hoped that he would, because he was a far better person than any of his brothers... and because of the way he tousled her hair when he teased her.



THE FOUNDING OF THE KINGDOM

In the long distant past, the lands of the Bretonni were secured by Gilles le Breton, and the Kingdom of Bretonnia was formed. Each of the Bretonni lords swore oaths of fealty to Gilles, who they proclaimed as their ruler. The lords themselves were each given the title of duke, and the traditional borders of their lands were formalised, creating the fourteen dukedoms.

Gilles became the ruler of all Bretonnia, though he also fulfilled the role of Duke of Bastonne. With the tragic death of Gilles in the year 17 (995 by the Imperial Calendar), there was much lamentation throughout the lands as all of Bretonnia mourned. Gilles' only son Louis, who was born under mysterious circumstances – some say he was the child of the Lady herself – became the Duke of Bastonne. However, the question of whether he should also become ruler of Bretonnia was much debated. Many advocated that Landuin of Mousillon should take the position, while others believed that Landuin's rival, Thierulf of Lyonesse, or the wise Marcus of Bordeleaux, would make a more suitable ruler. The majority of the dukes eventually agreed that Louis should take the role, but that posed another problem, for he had not drunk from the Grail of the Lady of the Lake, as had all the other dukes. And no knight, it was decreed, no matter his birth, should be able to become Lord of Bretonnia without first having the blessing of the goddess.

So it was that Louis left court and set out immediately on his quest to find the Lady and prove his worth before her, earning himself the title 'the Rash'. Thus was the tradition of the Questing Knight born. For years Louis the Rash travelled the length and breadth of Bretonnia, righting wrongs and doing great deeds. In his absence, Thierulf of Lyonesse acted as steward of Bretonnia, much to the chagrin of Mousillon, so it is said.

Years later, Louis entered his ancestral castle astride a mighty purebreed charger, his golden hair shining and his eyes aglow with noble power. None could doubt that the Lady had blessed him, and his subjects fell to their knees before him. So it was that he was crowned

as King of Bretonnia, and the golden Crown of Bretonnia, a gift from the Lady herself, was placed upon his brow by the Fay Enchantress, she who had borne away the fatally wounded Gilles and who was the sacred representative of the Lady of the Lake herself. All of Bretonnia rejoiced in their new monarch.

His first act as king was to formalise the code of honour that his father and the Companions lived by. The original vows of chivalric knighthood still exist within the halls of Bastonne, crumbling parchments decorated with elaborate script that detail the duties of the knights. All over Bretonnia, the knights embraced their vows, and many noble warriors gave up their castles to embark on the path of the Questing Knight. A wave of faith swept Bretonnia, and the Lady of the Lake became the primary deity of the nobles. The dukes continued to push back evil from their borders, and Bretonnia flourished. The great port cities grew large and sprawling with renewed trade, Grail chapels were built in places of holy significance, and the Fay Enchantress guided the Bretonnians in the worship of the Lady.

Louis also confirmed the dukes in their various dukedoms as his loyal and trusted deputies. Each duke was given charge of protecting the frontiers of the realm or set the task of conquering remaining Orc enclaves. At this time Bretonnia was not as large as it is now, and vast regions which are now part of the realm still awaited conquest. This was especially true in the north of the country, where powerful Orc tribes put up a fierce resistance in the hills known as the Pale Sisters and at the northern end of the Grey Mountains. Most of the Forest of Arden, which was much larger in those days, and the highlands of the Massive Orcal were still infested with Orcs and Goblins. It was not until the reign of Guillaume that these tribes were finally defeated. While these wars raged, the rest of Bretonnia soon began to flourish as never before.

For hundreds of years, Bretonnia continued to grow in strength and influence. When their lands were threatened, they crushed their foes – for who indeed could hope to best the might of a unified Bretonnia? Even as the last of the Grail Companions passed from this world and were mourned, ever more knights succeeded in their own quest for the Grail, and the otherworldly Grail Knights became a great power within the dukedoms. Many great battles were won, and sumptuous victory banquets were common. King Guillaume defeated the Orc tribes of the Massif Orcal highlands, sparing none. Lord Lamorte smashed the fleets of the Undead at Savage Point. The hated beasts of the forest were pushed deeper into their darkened realms, expelled from the open lands by Duke Theodremund of Artois. With Bretonnia itself strong and secure, the dukes turned their gaze beyond their traditional borders.

FINDING GILLES

A legend has circulated among Grail Knights for centuries, saying that Gilles is gathering an army to aid him when he returns. Only knights with a record of glorious deeds can join the army, but those who do are restored to their full vigour and then placed in a magical sleep until they are needed. Grail Knights feeling the effects of old age often set out on a quest to find their first King and join him, and many need protection, as their days of glory are in the past, and aged limbs can no longer wield a lance with vigour.



Thibault rode his horse down the narrow, twisting track. Night was falling. He was tired and cold, and not looking forward to yet another night sleeping in the open. At the bottom of the hill, the track turned to follow the course of a shallow stream, then tailed off in a small wooded clearing. In the middle of the clearing, huddled in front of a feeble fire, squatted a grizzled old crone. Thibault got off his horse and walked towards her warily. At close quarters she was particularly hideous, with pock-marked skin, hairy warts, and possibly only one eye, though it was hard to tell under the mop of tangled grey hair.

"Pardon me for intruding, er, grizzled old crone. I am embarked on a sacred quest, and I seek Melys Gau. Can you perhaps tell me anything that will help one?"

"Eeeeh!" cackled the old crone. "Maybe I can, and maybe I can't. Information's not cheap, you know. What can a lusty young lad like you offer an old girl like me in return, eh?" She leered fetchingly in his direction, and ran her fingers through her hair, dislodging a small frog.

"Old crone, as a Knight I am sworn to observe strict vows of chastity," replied Thibault hastily. "Perhaps there is some other service I can do you in return?"

The crone stared at Thibault thoughtfully, as if assessing him. "Well, Sir Knight, I see you have a big sword, maybe you can put it to some use. There is something you can do for me. I've lost my little Milou. He ran off into that cave."

She turned and pointed to a dark tunnel mouth in the rocks behind her. "I haven't seen him for ages, the poor mite. If you can't find my little precious, at least bring me back his collar (which was worth a groat or two), and I'll help you on your quest. By the way, you don't have anything to eat, do you?"

"All I have is half a loaf of bread."

"Hand it over then," snapped the old crone. "And it better be white, I don't want any of that disgusting brown stuff."

Thibault showed her the bread, which was a bit soggy, but the old crone snatched it out of his hand and started to gum it happily. "Well, what are you hanging around for? Are you sure you don't fancy a quick..."

"Er, no thank you very much," replied Thibault, backing away towards the cave, which seemed a good deal more inviting than the questionable charms of the grizzled old crone in front of him. On the face of it, looking for lost kittens wasn't the most heroic knightly pursuit, but it probably fell under 'protecting the weak'. Anyway, it shouldn't take too long to find the thing, then he could be on his way.

Thibault made his way carefully down the dark tunnel, steadying himself against the wall with his left hand. In his right hand he held the sword his sister had given him, which had the peculiar ability to glow in the dark. Broken bones littered the floor (not a good sign), and a foul smell wafted up from the tunnel depths. He heard a scuttling sound up ahead. Feeling rather foolish, he put on his best child-calming voice and called out "Milou, Milou!"

The scuttling stopped, so he started to walk forwards again, shifting his shield protectively in front of him.

Another sound – something was definitely moving along the tunnel towards him. He was surprised a kitten would make so much noise, maybe Milou was a dog. The sword glowed brighter, and started to

vibrate with anticipation, tugging him forward. Suddenly, in a clatter of stones, a monstrous beast galloped around the corner and threw itself at him, roaring with fury. Thibault didn't have enough time to get a good look at the thing, but it was large, vicious and had appalling breath. The Beast jumped up at him, gnashing its teeth and spraying him with slobber, and Thibault was forced to defend himself.

Teeth the size of daggers chomped and tore at his armour, while the Beast raked at Thibault's body with its filthy claws. Pushed back against the tunnel wall, Thibault hacked away at the Beast for all he was worth, the magic sword leaving a glowing trail in the air. He didn't have time to think, just react. Fighting a Ravening Beast wasn't the same as fighting another human being, it was faster, being able to attack with its teeth and two sets of claws.

With a sweep of its claws the Beast tore away his shield, sending it bouncing down onto the stony floor. Thibault was fighting defensively now, trying to protect himself with his sword. He was tiring fast, and bleeding from numerous tears in his armour. The Beast drew back its head, opened its mouth wide to bite off the knight's head, and in that split second of grace Thibault lunged forward and plunged his sword into its gaping maw, skewering its brain. Stinking back blood sprayed around the tunnel as the dying beast blundered about, eventually collapsing with an almost human sigh.

When Thibault had caught his breath, he limped over to the beast's corpse and turned its body over with his foot. In the fading light of the sword, the Beast was a horrible mixture of animal and reptile, as if someone had crossed a bear with a lizard, and added an extra pair of legs for good measure. Round its thick neck, embedded in the filthy fur, there was a leather collar...

Thibault was woken in the morning by his horse nuzzling his face. He gently pushed it away and sat up, wincing at the pain. The events of the previous evening were hazy. He remembered fighting the beast, and staggering back up the tunnel, but after that, very little. Badly wounded, and in shock, he must have collapsed unconscious on the ground.

The pain-fevered dreams of the night still haunted the edges of his mind. Confused images of a hideous old crone, a ferocious beast, and a beautiful lady with cool, white hands flitted briefly across his consciousness then the memory slipped away.

During the night, someone had removed his armour and cleaned and dressed his wounds. Thibault carefully stood up. He felt weak and shaky, and his body was mass of bruises, but he reckoned he could still ride. He looked about the glade. The old crone was nowhere to be seen, the cold ashes of the fire and a slight whiff in the air were the only evidence of her presence. His armour lay in a pile on the ground. It was useless, too battered and torn to wear again. He would have to leave it behind. Hopefully, if the Lady favoured him, he would be able to replace it soon.

Beside the ruined suit of armour lay his weapons (cleaned I. some bread and cheese, a flask of wine and an enormous bloody claw).

Thibault gobbled down the food his anonymous benefactor had left him, and considered his situation. He now had no food, no money, no armour, and was no nearer to finding his brother, or the mysterious Melys Gau. On the plus side, he was alive, still had his horse, and had killed a Ravening Beast. As Thibault loaded his meagre possessions onto his horse, he noticed a crude design scratched into the earth. It had been badly defaced by hoof prints, but he was just able to make out a large arrow, pointing across the stream, and the words MAL D'YSCALLE scrawled shakily beside it.



THE HISTORY OF BRETONNIA

THE CRUSADES

In the year 470 (1448 by the Imperial Calendar), the southern realm of Estalia was invaded by Jaffar, the hated despot of Araby. Despite determined resistance from the Estalians. The great city of Magritta soon fell to the invaders. This event spread alarm throughout the Old World. Diplomatic envoys pleaded with Bretonnia to send aid, and the king sent out his call to war. The king of Bretonnia, Louis the Righteous, raised a mighty army of Knights pledged to free Estalia and punish Jaffar. Knights joined the banners from all over Bretonnia eager to win glory and honour in this just and noble cause. As this splendid host marched into Estalia, reinforcements from distant lands followed in their wake, determined upon the same great task.

Throughout all the dukedoms this call was heard, and countless knights pledged their lance to the cause. In his noble wisdom, King Louis the Righteous gave permission for warriors of the Empire to cross into Bretonnia on their journey to Estalia, for they too had pledged their aid, despite the lack of honour that the Empire had oft displayed.

The innumerable armies of Jaffar could not stand before the might of Bretonnia, and thousands fell beneath the charge of the noble knights. These forces

joined up with the Estalians who still resisted and gathered together in a huge army with many contingents. After much hard fighting, the armies of Sultan Jaffar began to retreat. Magritta was recaptured, but the sultan and the greater part of his army escaped back to Araby. Jaffar's armies were hounded by the Bretonnians, who pursued them tirelessly. Estalia, and the city of Magritta in particular, had endured the ravages of Jaffar and his army. This had given all those who had fought to save Estalia desire to exact vengeance. They resolved to pursue Jaffar into his own land. Araby was rumoured to be filled with untold riches and promised yet more opportunity for winning honour by feat of arms. A great fleet was hastily assembled and the crusading army set sail for Araby.

When the crusaders landed in Araby they were unprepared for the desert heat and lack of water. Progress was slow and Jaffar's forces, being lightly equipped and highly mobile, were able to avoid being caught in a pitched battle. The campaign dragged on for one year and then another. Gradually, the grim determination of the crusading Knights, prepared to endure any hardship, began to tell against Jaffar's warriors, many of whom were becoming tired of his tyranny. Several tribes simply deserted and disappeared into the vast desert to await the outcome.





Not even the harsh desert conditions could perturb the knights, and their fervour slowly took its toll on Jaffar's warriors. As the wars entered their third year, Jaffar's armies began to fracture, for many of the tribes grew weary of the despot's tyranny. After frustrating months of minor skirmishes, the Bretonnians faced Jaffar at the Battle of El Haikk. Elemental spirits of the deep desert were summoned to fight alongside Jaffar's armies yet, despite being vastly outnumbered, a great victory was won by the Bretonnians, and the despot's forces scattered. His defeat sealed the fate of Jaffar's empire. Araby, however, proved too vast and hostile to be properly conquered and held. Instead the crusading Knights demolished fortifications, burned evil books, flung down the idols and carried off as much treasure and exotic luxuries as they could find. As they sailed for home, they burned Jaffar's fleet of warships for good measure. No sooner had they left than nomad tribes swept in from the desert to divide Jaffar's realm among themselves.

The Border Princes

When word reached Bretonnia that the war had been carried to Araby itself, another huge army of Knights began to gather to reinforce the crusade. The leaders could not decide whether to take ship in Estalia or march over the mountains into Tilea.

There were several problems. Firstly, nearly all the ships in Estalian and Bretonnian ports had already sailed to Araby with the first army. Secondly, the nearest port of embarkation was Miragliano, but the mountain passes approaching it were infested with Skaven making the passage hazardous in the extreme. Furthermore any large army passing in the vicinity of

Skavenblight was certain to be decimated by plague! The third insurmountable problem was that the seas around the southern ports of Tilea were infested by pirates operating from Sartosa. Ultimately the deciding factor was the Knights' great loathing of setting foot on ships. They protested that this would tarnish their honour and upset the warhorses!

It was finally decided to attempt to reach Araby by the long and hazardous land route to the east. This bold but extremely perilous plan was the idea of Baron Tybalt du Bois de Balzac, who was immediately elected commander of the expedition.

Tybalt pointed out that by going this way, the Bretonnian Knights would join forces with contingents making their way south from the Empire and a contingent heading east from Tilea. These contingents would rendezvous at the Dwarf port of Barak Van. Here they would have the option of embarking on well-built and sturdy Dwarf ships or marching along the coast of the Badlands. Many Knights approved of the latter route, relishing the opportunity of punishing the land of Settra as well as invading Araby from the rear. The ambition and confidence of the Bretonnian Knights knew no bounds!

Thus this second great crusading host marched east through the southern Empire, gathering more support as it went, and followed the old Dwarf roads across the Black Mountains. Beyond these they entered a new land and encountered Orc and Goblin tribes. The army battled against Orc and Goblin warbands every day as it pushed eastwards, but progress became very slow in the face of this heavy opposition.





It took the army almost a year to reach the vicinity of Barak-Varr. Here word reached Tybalt via Dwarf traders that while he had been fighting his way eastwards, the crusaders in Araby had defeated Jaffar in a decisive battle at Al Haikk Jaffar's empire was shattered and his vast treasures were up for grabs, said the exultant Dwarfs.

Hearing of the great victory, this force did not press on to the desert lands, though many of the knights smarted not to have shared in the glory, and a great many of them wished to enter the lands of the hated desert kings.

When the rest of the army heard this they all realised that there was little prospect of riches or honour in Araby now and prepared for the long trek home. Never one to be put off by minor setbacks, the ingenious Tybalt pointed out that they were already upon the threshold of a new land to be conquered. There was honour and riches to be had by carving out domains for themselves in this land where they now found themselves. All that needed to be done was to vanquish the Orcs and Goblins. After such long hardships this was exactly what the Knights wanted to hear and set about the task with impetuous enthusiasm.

Under Tybalt's leadership they pushed into lands that had not yet been conquered by any civilised race. Seeking glory and honour, they sought out the armies of Greenskins that plagued these lands, and many great

victories followed. The hardy Dwarfs that dwelled in the mountains around these lands rejoiced, for the Bretonnians had dealt a serious blow to their ancient enemies, the Orcs, and they bestowed much praise and honour upon the knights. Rare it was these days for the reclusive Dwarfs to have contact with the world outside their mountain holds, yet this victory ensured that a bond was formed between the two civilisations.

The Orc and Goblin warlords were soon retreating to the Blood River and squabbling among themselves as they did so. The local Dwarf lords in their strongholds thought this was wonderful and joined in, jubilantly giving their old enemies a hard time!

Thus the region that has become known as the domains of the Border Princes came into existence. The ancestors of the Border Princes who rule there to this day were among those Knights who followed Tybalt.

They conquered the region from the Orcs and held their new gained lands with castles. Nevertheless, this land was a wilderness when they arrived and much of it remains so, and is still not entirely clear of Orcs, Goblins and diverse monsters. As for the Orcs and Goblins, powerful tribes still roam the lands across the Blood River and may invade at any time. The Border Princes must be eternally vigilant!

It has since been claimed more than once that Tybalt was persuaded to promote his unbelievably rash plan





by the promise of Dwarf gold. The cunning Dwarfs were no doubt hoping the Orcs would fight the Bretonnians! Others have suggested that Tybalt hoped that Dwarf ships would ferry his army to Araby in return for a share of the booty. Another unlikely rumour is that Tybalt really wanted to lead a heroic campaign against the lands from which Settra's raiders came. The most likely explanation is simply Bretonnian over-confidence! One thing is certainly not in doubt and that is the utter confidence of the Knights in the enterprise and their total disdain for the vast distance they would have to march and the hardships they might have to endure. Bretonnian Knights are not noted for their great learning and few would have known how far away Araby really was, or how hard the journey might be.

Despite these grand crusades beyond Bretonnia, the dukedoms themselves were not left undefended, for there were still intermittent threats within the borders. One such threat coincided with the deadly Red Pox that swept through the southern dukedoms, decimating the populations of peasants in the stinking slums and hovel villages. As if this were a trigger, foul creatures erupted from their hidden lairs, mutated vermin that walked like men and held rusting weapons in their clawed hands. Marching to the aid of the Duke of Paravon came the mysterious fey folk of Athel Loren, lending their otherworldly powers to the knights to destroy this threat before disappearing once more.

Other perils have all been successfully defeated, including attacks from other hated minions of Chaos, be they berserk Norsemen or foul forest beasts.

Throughout the ages, other crusades have been waged by the proud Bretonnians, though none so great. One such crusade was led into the deep deserts to the east of Araby, and a great many battles were fought against the hated Undead kings of that land. Others have seen Bretonnians fighting far from home, even as far across the oceans as the jungle lands of the New World.



Some of these crusades were declared as Errantry Wars, a tradition that derives from the old custom of the Errand of Knighthood. Usually young knights would be set a task by their lord, an errand that they must fulfil before they can attain full knighthood. Errands traditionally included such things as the recovery of a lost artefact, the slaying of a beast terrorising a rural village or successfully escorting a noble lady through dangerous lands.





THE ERRANTRY WARS

In times of war and peril, a king may declare an Errantry War. At such time, a young Knight Errant may earn the title of Knight of the Realm through brave deeds and daring exploits on the field of battle. When Bretonnia was invaded by enemies, the king and the dukes used this custom to raise large numbers of new Knights by setting such tasks as capturing an enemy banner or bringing back the head of an enemy champion.

The campaign would thus become an Errantry War, and enthusiasm for the cause would spread throughout Bretonnia. As the war raged, many Knights Errant would through reckless courage accomplish just such tasks and become Knights of the Realm. Soon the king and the dukes realised that Errantry Wars were an excellent way of mustering huge armies quickly and increasing the number of knights at their disposal. As for rewarding the Knights Errant with land, this was no problem either – the Knights would be told that they could keep any territory that they could capture from the enemy!

When Louen, subsequently famed as 'the Orc-Slayer' ascended the throne, Bretonnia was once again beset with invading Orc and Goblin tribes. Louen's solution was to declare an Errantry War to rid Bretonnia of this curse. In the year 1223 (2201 by the Imperial Calendar), he amassed a grand army, with thousands of young knights joining the ranks of the more experienced retinues of the dukes.

The war was pursued with enthusiasm for several years. During this time the retinues of the dukes, reinforced by thousands of eager Knights Errant, vanquished the Orc warlords and carved out new domains along the frontiers. Orc strongholds which had remained in remote parts of Bretonnia were finally conquered. The ramparts were thrown down and human castles built upon the rubble.

Together, this army smashed the growing Orc and Goblin forces that had been amassing for many years on the borders of Bretonnia. The traditional frontiers of the dukedoms were expanded, and many Greenskin strongholds, which had remained in isolated areas along the borders, were finally conquered. New castles were built along these borders, and many of the young Knights Errant were granted these domains along with full knightly title at the end of the years of war.

The borders of the realm edged further into the foothills of the Grey Mountains as Orc and Goblin tribes were forced to migrate. King Louen was himself in the forefront of these campaigns and personally led armies against the Orcs year after year. By the end of his reign there were hardly any Orcs left in Bretonnia.

The Renewed Errantry Wars

The longest Errantry War ever fought was launched by King Charlen in 1442 (2420 by the Imperial Calendar). A vast horde of Orc tribes invaded the domains of the Border Princes. The Princes were outnumbered and despite bitter resistance many castles were burned and the Orcs appeared to be reconquering their lost lands. The Princes appealed to all Bretonnian Knights seeking honour and adventure to help them fight the Orcs. The Border Princes were overrun by enemies and, despite their bitter resistance, they were being worn down.

THE BATTLE OF NOBHILL

This famous battle took place in the realm of Bretonnia. A band of Orcs came out of the mountains, rampaging, looting and destroying the fair land until they were finally caught and destroyed by a large Bretonnian army that was sent against them. The Orc Warlord, Ugg Bigtooth, made the fatal mistake of splitting his forces, sending some of his lads pillaging whilst the rest of the army set up camp on a large hill. The big since dubbed Nobhill, affords an excellent view over the surrounding territory.

However, vigilance was never second nature to Orckind (unlike brawling, drunkenness and falling asleep on watch) as a result of which Ugg Bigtooth woke to find a large Bretonnian army ready to offer battle. Ugg held out for several hours in the hope that the rest of his army would arrive to save the day. Fortunately for the Bretonnians this did not happen and a glorious victory was won by the gallant knights.





Charlen responded instantly to their appeal for aid, declaring his intention to rid the Old World of the Greenskin menace once and for all. Charlen was a brave and mighty warrior, but was never known for his great powers of wit or learning, for scholars knew that the Greenskin hordes could never truly be eradicated. So many knights left on the war that Bretonnia itself was left vulnerable to Orc raids.

Nevertheless, countless thousands of young knights embraced Charlen's vision passionately, and a great army set off across the mountains. However, a great many knights perished on this arduous journey.

Soon Charlen had mustered a great army of Knights Errant and Questing Knights only too eager to do battle with the Orcs wherever they might be. Charlen led this great army to the lands of the Border Princes. Thus reinforced beyond their wildest expectations, the Border Princes recaptured their domains and hurled the Orcs back towards the Blood River. Here the Orcs were decisively defeated and routed across the river, pursued and hacked down by the Knights staining the waters of the river with foul Orc blood!

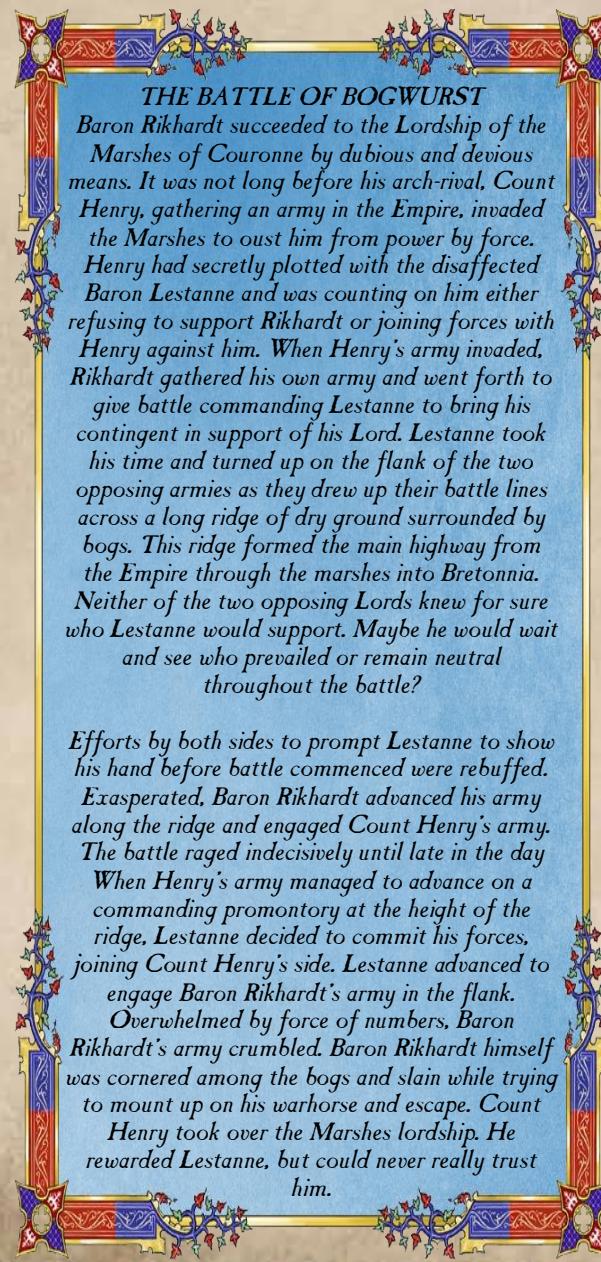
At first, victory followed victory and the Orcs were slaughtered on the banks of Blood River. The renewed Errantry War against the Orcs continued for over a generation. Forays were made beyond the Blood River, where the Knights found allies among the Dwarfs only too keen to defeat their old enemies the Orcs and Goblins. In this difficult terrain it was not possible to establish any lasting conquests.



Nevertheless, as the years rolled by and more young knights travelled to the region to gain honour, Bretonnia grew weaker due to the lack of defenders within its borders. For over sixty years the wars continued, draining Bretonnia of entire generations of knights. Eventually, under King Phillippe V, the Errantry War was ended after a tragic defeat at Death Pass.

In the Imperial Year 2488 came the last rash outburst of enthusiasm that marked the end of the Errantry War. Led by the reckless and badly advised Baron Jules de Fontainebleu, an army of Knights marched up the Blood River and through the dreaded Death Pass. They were hurrying in heedless pursuit of an Orc warband retreating from raids in the Border Princes' domains.

No one knows what exactly happened since there were few survivors, but it appears that the entire Knightly army was ambushed and wiped out. Doubtless they bravely fought to the last man in that rugged and inhospitable place!



THE BATTLE OF BOGWURST

Baron Rikhardt succeeded to the Lordship of the Marshes of Couronne by dubious and devious means. It was not long before his arch-rival, Count Henry, gathering an army in the Empire, invaded the Marshes to oust him from power by force. Henry had secretly plotted with the disaffected Baron Lestanne and was counting on him either refusing to support Rikhardt or joining forces with Henry against him. When Henry's army invaded, Rikhardt gathered his own army and went forth to give battle commanding Lestanne to bring his contingent in support of his Lord. Lestanne took his time and turned up on the flank of the two opposing armies as they drew up their battle lines across a long ridge of dry ground surrounded by bogs. This ridge formed the main highway from the Empire through the marshes into Bretonnia. Neither of the two opposing Lords knew for sure who Lestanne would support. Maybe he would wait and see who prevailed or remain neutral throughout the battle?

Efforts by both sides to prompt Lestanne to show his hand before battle commenced were rebuffed. Exasperated, Baron Rikhardt advanced his army along the ridge and engaged Count Henry's army. The battle raged indecisively until late in the day

When Henry's army managed to advance on a commanding promontory at the height of the ridge, Lestanne decided to commit his forces, joining Count Henry's side. Lestanne advanced to engage Baron Rikhardt's army in the flank.

Overwhelmed by force of numbers, Baron Rikhardt's army crumbled. Baron Rikhardt himself was cornered among the bogs and slain while trying to mount up on his warhorse and escape. Count Henry took over the Marshes lordship. He rewarded Lestanne, but could never really trust him.





When news of the disaster reached the king, Phillippe V wisely concluded that the Errantry Wars had achieved all worthy objectives and it was time to declare them at an end. The drain of good Knights to the east must now be stopped so that the best blood could be conserved to defend Bretonnia!

The Bretonnians, in their pride, did not cope well with defeat, and were it not for the wise king ending the wars, then countless more knights may well have thrown their lives away in an effort to regain the honour of their defeated brethren.

THE DEAD WALK THE LANDS

The dead rising from their graves is a common theme amongst the troupes of travelling players that journey around Bretonnia, reflecting the profound effect that the Undead have had on the nation. A very superstitious people, the idea of the dead walking is especially horrific and abhorrent to the Bretonnians, both noble and commoner alike. Peasants will often bury their loved ones face down in the earth, with dried crows' feet in their mouths and cloves of garlic in their ears, apparently to stop them from rising from their graves. In times long past, legions of dead warriors borne upon the seas in fleets of shallow-bottomed boats raided the coastline, and rumours of these fleets still persist. In isolated hamlets across Bretonnia there are said to be foul vampiric warrior-knights, the most famous of these being the so-called Red Duke who plagued the lands of Aquitaine.

The cursed realm of Mousillon has long been associated with the dead. Indeed it is a very morbid realm, for death and disaster feature strongly in its history. Being built on a sinking swampland, and subject to frequent flooding, the tombs of the dead in Mousillon are built above ground – so large are the sprawling, macabre graveyards that they are likened to towns in their own right. It is said that all manner of foul necromantic sorcerers lurk amidst the darkened crypts.

The Ballad of the Red Duke

The tale of the Red Duke is an ancient story, well known throughout the lands of Bretonnia. It is told in several different ways, in differing detail, and in some the Red Duke is not the heartless villain that he is painted in others. But still it is a sad and tragic tale.

Although the events described here are shrouded by the mists of time and distorted by legends, an attentive scholar can still reconstruct the real story, sorting the facts from the flowery language of the traditional chansons and ballads of the Bretonnian minstrels. What follows is this truth...

In the time of the Crusades, during the rule of Louis the Righteous, the fifteenth king of Bretonnia, that the heathen Arabians, led by the thrice-accursed Sultan Jaffar, conquered Estalia and threatened the freedom of the rest of the world.

Filled with righteous anger, the knights of Bretonnia gathered to oust the invaders. Amongst these knights was the Duke of Aquitaine: a handsome and powerful man, widely known as the most courageous knight in the land. When the noblest sons of Bretonnia raised their swords against the infidel, he was first amongst them, ever ready to protect the honour of Bretonnia.

During the war that eventually freed the kingdom of Estalia and saw the corrupt reign of Jaffar end, he won great fame. A multitude of songs were composed about his victorious battles against the warriors of the Sultan. That was until disaster struck.

During the siege of Lashiek, soon after the walls had been breached, the Duke of Aquitaine disappeared and was thought lost. For days rumours buzzed through the crusaders' camp about his fate until at last he was found, grievously wounded and delirious, but alive. The Duke's loyal retainers cared for him, and even when he fell into a deep coma they would not abandon him. Instead, they made their way back to Bretonnia and their homes, across burning deserts and through Orc and Skaven ambushes. All the time they bore their ailing lord with them on a shaded litter.

Eventually they reached their homeland, and there they laid their master down to die. A gloom fell over the castle as the fallen Duke finally succumbed to his fever. His knights mourned for him and vowed to serve him loyally beyond death, words that would be their downfall in the troubled times to come. They buried him beneath his castle as was the custom in those far off times, and sung chants for his soul far into the night.





Three days he rested in his tomb, and then, in the midst of a dark, stormy night, he rose. No longer the Duke of Aquitaine, champion of the king. Instead he had become a foul Vampire, tainted by his unknown ordeal. How this had happened no-one knew, but they had other, more immediate worries. In a few terrible hours he slew all the inhabitants of the castle and then raised them from their untimely death with his newly-acquired power. Soon he had a teeming army of Undead, and so began his evil reign of terror.

In a short time the commoners came to shun his very name and began to call him the Red Duke, after the blood that soaked his clothes and deeds. Thousands of refugees fled northwards to seek the aid and protection of the king. When he heard of the events in Aquitaine, he gathered a powerful army and rode against his former vassal.

The Red Duke, wary of the power of the king, sought the aid of the Keeper of the Tower of Wizardry. The tower was an ancient, ruined building left by the High Elves of old, built in a place of great power. Its Keeper, Isabeau, was widely recognised as the most powerful magician in Aquitaine. The Red Duke offered her an alliance: together they would challenge the king and divide the Kingdom of Bretonnia.

Isabeau refused. She saw the Red Duke as he was, an inhuman monster from the realm of the Undead, and she fled to join the King's retinue.

The cataclysmic battle was fought on the fields of Ceren in 476 (1454). Little is remembered from that conflict when the terrible Undead, still clad in the

livery of Aquitaine, fought the nobility of Bretonnia. Suffice to say that no Undead creature could stand against the King, and the Grail Knights did not fear the spirits of the departed. The Keeper of the Tower, with all her power and wisdom, countered the death spells that the Red Duke had summoned in his rage. Finally the two former friends clashed, the king and his champion. The battle raged for an hour, but the Lady of the Lake was with the Bretonnian king and together they were victorious. The Red Duke's body was pierced by the king's lance, causing a death-blow that sealed the fate of his unspeakable army. His followers were scattered, his castle razed to the ground, and salt ploughed into the scattered ruins.

Isabeau advised the king to burn the remains of the Vampire, but he could not bear to see the body of his former champion desecrated. In death the Red Duke seemed his old self again. His features were noble and peaceful once more, and he seemed purged of his curse. The king ordered a great tomb to be built for his former friend and had it sealed with the mark of the Grail to honour the fallen. Then he ordered the real name of the Red Duke to be stricken from all records so that the terrible shame would be forgotten, and the relatives of the Red Duke could live without constantly being reminded of the evil that once carried their name.

But the Red Duke was not dead. His body may have been pierced by the lance of the king, and his will shattered by the power of the Keeper of the Tower, but he had made plans for just such an instance. He had seen to it that part of his essence had been sealed in a crimson jewel, formed from the blood of innocents and pure evil magic. The years he took to regenerate his shattered body were long, but finally he rose once more and prepared to cast aside the stone doors of his tomb. This time though it was the Red Duke who was outfoxed. The Grail symbols, and magic sigils of the Keeper held the massive stone doors shut and sealed the Red Duke inside.



For countless years he raged inside the tomb that had become his prison, but to no avail: each time he attempted to open the doors of the tomb with his ferocious strength, the holy carvings and the warding sigils burned into his hands. He cast countless spells to release himself, and used all his cunning to summon unholy creatures from beyond the walls of death to aid him but nothing could move the seal that had been placed on the doors. The wards that bound him were far too powerful.





Though the red jewel preserved the Duke's unnatural life, his hunger for the blood of the living grew until it drove him into a deep pit of madness from which there was no return. He could only scream his rage to the deaf stone walls and swear his revenge.

So it remained for centuries, and people gradually forgot the evil legend of the Red Duke. However, in 954 (1932), he rose from his grave, slaying the Duke of Aquitaine in battle. The knights of Bretonnia were ultimately victorious, but the Red Duke was not slain, merely driven into the Forest of Chalons, where he may exist to this day. Many a Questing Knight has set out to rid the lands of this horror, and never returned.

The Battle of La Maisontaal

One of the more recent, major battles fought against the Undead took place at la Maisontaal Abbey in the year 2491. This religious site is located on one of the passes in the Grey Mountains, between the Bretonnian dukedom of Quenelles and the province of Wissenland in the Empire. The abbey is the centre of the Cult of Taal, the god of nature in its untamed aspect.

Early that year Bagrian, High Priest of Taal and Master of the Abbey (and a powerful wizard, like most of the clergy), stole a mighty Skaven artefact, known as the Black Arc, from Skavenblight, the very heart of the Skaven Under-Empire. This sacred casket contained a huge quantity of raw warpstone and for the Skaven it was a holy symbol of the Horned Rat's favour.

The priest of Taal wanted the warpstone to fuel his weird magical experiments, but he underestimated the scrying power of the Grey Seers. In spite of the magical defences of Bagrian's crypt. They located the Arc. Immediately Grey Seer Gnawdoom set out at the head of an army to take the Arc from the Humans and put it back where it belonged. The Skaven besieged the fortified abbey for two days and at dawn on the third



day, with most of its walls in ruin, they were ready for the final assault.

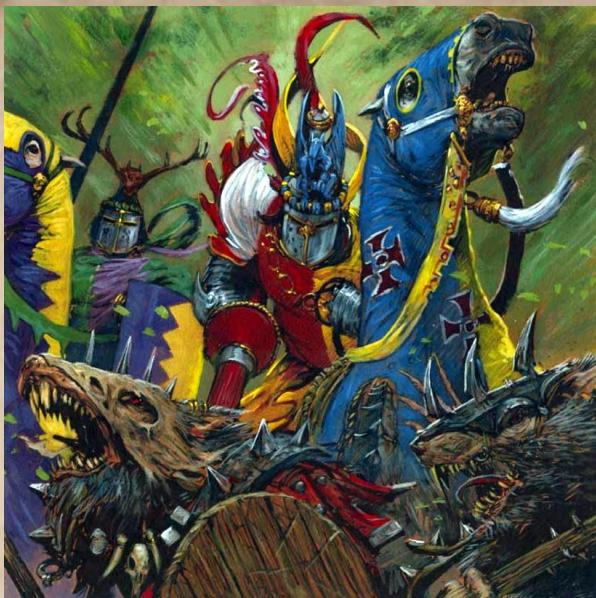
To their surprise, a new force arrived on the battlefield, advancing to engage them. It was an Undead army commanded by the dreaded Lichemaster, Heinrich Kemmler and a dead warrior of Chaos, Krell. The Lichemaster is a hated figure in Bretonnian lore, and mothers use stories of his deeds to scare their children into behaving. In those days Kemmler and Krell's forces were laying waste to the borders of Quenelles. The Necromancer had sensed the presence of the invaluable warpstone in the vicinity and had rushed to the abbey. With that mighty source of magical power, he was sure he could raise all the dead between the Grey Mountains and Brionne!

At the same time Tancred, Duke of Quenelles, had mustered his knights and was headed for the Grey Mountains, obtaining safe passage through the Forest of Loren from the Wood Elves. He had to stop the Lichemaster, and was already at the feet of the Grey Mountains when his wizards received a telepathic call for help from Bagrian. Tancred reached the abbey, but it was too late for the defenders – the Skaven had allied with the Undead and crushed them. Only the church of Taal was still intact. Luckily the importance of the Black Arc caused that unholy alliance to crumble when the treacherous Skaven unleashed a number of hellish Warpfire Throwers into the ranks of Zombies in an effort to destroy the Lichemaster. The Necromancer walked unscathed through the green flames, and turned his forces against his deceitful allies.

The Bretonnians found the Skaven and Undead locked in a bitter fight for the precious warpstone. Allowing the Skaven and Undead to engage each other, Tancred deployed his knights and waited until both sides were seriously weakened. Duke Tancred held his forces back for a single heroic charge, which smashed the forces of the Skaven, splitting them. Despite this the rat-men fought on in desperation, attacked on two sides. While Throt the Unclean directed his mutated creations against the Undead and Bretonnian forces, Grey Seer Gnawdoom hurtled over the battlefield, borne aloft by the power of his magic. Accompanied by a small group of black-clad Gutter Runners, he managed to fight his way inside the temple of Taal and recover the Black Ark. The High Priest of Taal, Bagrian, was killed in this attack, stabbed countless times by the poisoned blades of an assassin. Many say that Bagrian brought this end upon himself, and that his interest in warpstone reeked of the taint of Chaos.

Once Gnawdoom had this sacred item within his grasp he fled the battlefield, leaving the other Skaven to be slaughtered, and only just making it to the tunnels. They had what they wanted, the Arc was going home! The rest was unimportant. Throt escaped the battle, his warpstone enhanced constitution keeping him alive despite horrendous wounds. It was rumoured that after the battle he hired the services of Clan Eshin to exact revenge on the treacherous Gnawdoom.





The Bretonnians took heavy casualties from the relentless press of Undead, for Kemmler kept raising those that fell using the devastating power of his magic and his sheer force of will. Eventually the Lichemaster tired of the battle, realising that the Skaven Grey Seer had already fled with his prize. He slipped into the shadows and was gone. Nightfall was the only thing that saved Kemmler and Krell from being totally annihilated by the Bretonnians and the two evil creatures disappeared into the woods, their forces destroyed.

Duke Tancred's knights won the day and saved the monks and peasants who were still shut in the chapel of Taal, praying for salvation. Bagrian had met his fate at the hands of a Skaven Assassin while maniacally trying to keep the ratmen away from the Black Arc. Such was the price he had to pay for his greed. May Taal be merciful upon his soul!

The battle was only won thanks to the skill and heroism of Duke Tancred of Quenelles and his knights, even though they were also assailed by a swarm of foul Chaotic vermin. The knights returned to their lands with much honour, for their victory was truly valorous. Nevertheless, the Lichemaster escaped from the battle, and Tancred has spent the remainder of his life pursuing the hated necromancer. It is said that the Lichemaster is biding his time to exact his revenge against Bretonnia.

THE LAND OF DESPAIR

Mousillon is a cursed realm, a crumbling city surrounded by stinking swamps and marshes, a land that is shunned by the rest of Bretonnia. It is said that in that doom-laden land the dead walk the dark and empty streets, that all manner of unnamed horrors lurk in the depths below the castles, and that the night is filled with screams and laughter from beings no longer of this earth. Those dwelling there are the most desperate of people, for none would choose to live in this tragic land other than the evil-hearted and the

outcast. Dispossessed and dishonoured knights band together here, as do hordes of the most malformed and diseased peasants. Those few who remain of the cursed bloodline of Mousillon rule this land with absolute authority. These remnants of the decadent and corrupt nobility wear pitch-black armour, and never raise their visors, or so it is said in fireside tales.

However, for a period in history, Mousillon threw off its dark reputation. This was during the time of Gilles le Breton and his Grail Companions; for the bravest, most skilled and honourable Companion of all was Landuin, the favoured son of Mousillon and their first duke. He was the epitome of knighthood, the paragon that all knights aspired towards, and he was beloved by all. None could stand before his wrath, and Mousillon gained much honour thanks to his mighty deeds.

Tragically, with the death of Gilles, Landuin fell into a terrible malaise from which he never truly recovered. The land of Mousillon itself felt his pain and began to fall into ruin and despair, continuing to do so even after his death. Thus did Mousillon begin to fall back towards being a realm shunned by the other Bretonnian dukedoms. It has since fallen further into darkness. Many believe that the land itself is cursed – it is certainly true that vermin seem to thrive in this foetid land, that many dwelling within its borders suffer madness, and many other unnatural things occur on an almost daily basis.

Two key moments in history can be isolated that have irredeemably doomed this haunted land in the eyes of the other dukedoms. The first of these occurred during the outbreak of the terrible Red Pox, in the early years of the 9th century, after the formation of Bretonnia. The Duke of Mousillon, Merovech, was a proud warrior who was desperate for his realm to regain the prestige and honour that it had during the reign of Landuin. Led astray by his corrupted advisors, but with only honourable intentions, Merovech began dabbling in things far beyond his power or control.

The Gates of Parravon

In the year in 835 (1813 by the Imperial Calendar), the land of Bretonnia was ravaged by a plague called the Red Pox. This foul disease had destroyed fully one-third of the population of the cities, and took a heavy toll on the countryside as well. However, Merovech and his knights were strangely unaffected by the Red Pox. As foul rat-creatures appeared in their thousands to kill and maim, Merovech saw that his time to shine had come.

This was to be the greatest invasion of Skaven ever launched against the fair land of Bretonnia. The Skaven Hordes laid waste to the countryside between Brionne and Quenelles, razing several small towns and villages to the ground. Had the Bretonnians been at their full strength, the Knights of Brionne and Quenelles would have ridden out to face the enemy. But, ravaged by the Red Pox, the Bretonnians were hard pressed to muster enough men to defend the walls.





A message concerning the plight of Brionne and Quenelles reached Escargot, the Duke of Parravon. Parravon had remained mostly untouched by the Red Pox due to its remote location. The Duke immediately summoned all his available Knights, ready to help his brother Bretonnians in their time of need.

The Knights were all mounted, fast-moving troops. Duke Escargot could not risk leaving his castle unguarded, for Parravon watches over Axe Bite Pass, guarding against Orc and Goblin raiders from the Grey Mountains. And so, forced to leave his loyal Men-at-Arms behind, Escargot rode to war at the head of his Knights.

Without archers there was a danger that the Skaven would simply overpower the valiant Knights through sheer weight of numbers. But, needless to say, the Knights rejoiced at this opportunity to win glory against an overwhelming enemy!

Meanwhile, riding south with his black armoured knights, Merovech slew thousands of Skaven, and broke the siege of Brionne. The route his army took mirrored that road taken by Gilles' Grail Companions before him, as he then pushed towards the east, crossing Carcassonne. His dreams were filled with blood, death and horror – in his delusions, he actually believed that he was Landuin reborn, and that he was the only one who could save Bretonnia. Meeting up with the armies of Parravon, Merovech and Duke Escargot joined forces to relieve Quenelles.

Wood Elf Scouts had brought the tidings of the Skaven invasion to the court of Athel Loren. For long hours Orion and Ariel, the King and Queen in the Woods, weighed their options, deciding in the end to help Quenelles and Brionne. If the Skaven were to conquer southern Bretonnia, then Athel Loren would know no peace.



Caradrel the Wrathful was appointed as the general of the Wood Elf relief force. Caradrel was the chieftain of the Kindred of Equos, the horse masters of the Wood Elves, and thus the core of his army was made up of Glade Riders. Caradrel was famed not only for his martial prowess, but also for his unrelenting hatred towards all the enemies of Athel Loren. He was a perfect choice to lead the Wood Elf army. Many Wood Elf warriors volunteered to follow Caradrel's army, running alongside the swift Wood Elf horses to fight in the battle.

In the meantime, Merovech and Duke Escargot had reached Quenelles. Finding the city at the brink of collapse, Merovech immediately ordered his men to charge. The Knights of Parravon easily breached the first ring of Skaven besieging Quenelles, but the Skaven were soon alerted and mustered their entire horde, outnumbering the Knights many times over.



Gutter Runners slowed the Knights down with ambushes and traps, while the rest of the Skaven prepared their battle line. They had both a numerical and tactical advantage over the Knights, and for a moment all seemed lost.

The Wood Elves arrived just in time, as the Knights of Parravon were fighting the Skaven in front of the gates of Quenelles. Using their arrows they thinned down the Skaven ranks, choosing the Skaven war machines and Plague Censors Bearers as their prime targets. This gave the Bretonnians a chance to charge the main Clanrat regiment, which broke under an avalanche of steel and flailing hooves. The fleeing Skaven were soon caught by the swift Glade Riders, ensuring that few would fight again. Great was the slaughter of Skaven that day, and merry was the feasting after the battle.

A great victory had been won, and the rat-creatures scattered before the martial might of Merovech and his most trusted knights. In the middle of the battle, Merovech was soaked in blood, revelling in the killing. Even after his foe lay unmoving, still he continued to hack at them with his gore-soaked blade. The virtuous and honourable knights of Parravon looked on in horror.

The Madness of Merovech

Merovech invited the dukes to his castle for a great victory feast. Many saw him as a saviour, for he had saved Brionne and Quenelles. Nevertheless, the banquet horrified the chivalrous dukes. Dinner was served by shambling servants, and the dukes were shocked to see spitted and impaled criminals arrayed about the hall.





Merovech could not understand their discomfort at all, and having already drained many goblets of fine Bordeaux wine, he drunkenly claimed that his hospitality was being dishonoured. The king was repulsed by Merovech, and spoke against him and his court. In a rage, Merovech accused the king of jealousy, and plotting against Mousillon. The king formally challenged Merovech, though the other dukes begged to be the one allowed to punish the disgraceful knight. In the ensuing combat, Merovech fought like a daemon, and tore out the king's throat with his bare hands. Merovech raised his goblet and filled it with the blood of the king, which he then drank from. The other dukes hastily left Mousillon to gather their armies, pursued by twisted creatures and malformed peasants.

In the following months, Merovech was publicly denounced by the Fay Enchantress and the newly crowned king. Lyonesse led a massive invasion of Mousillon, and many of the knights of Mousillon gladly took up arms against their liege-lord, having no wish to be associated with their corrupted duke and swore fealty to Lyonesse. Faced with the might of all of Bretonnia, Merovech was finally slain, though many brave warriors fell beneath his blade. The righteous anger of the Bretonnians against one they see as having tainted their own honour is truly to be feared.



THE AFFAIR OF THE FALSE GRAIL

Happy is the land of Bretonnia when chivalry reigns and honour is upheld. These virtues are maintained by the king and his Knights. It was a dark moment therefore, when the wicked Duke Maldred of Mousillon forswore chivalry and honour and attempted to seize the throne in the plot which has become known as 'The Affair of the False Grail' – a terrible time when Duke Maldred of Mousillon perpetrated the vilest of crimes.



Many believe that the decline of Mousillon was finalised with Maldred's wickedness and that the Lady of the Lake withdrew her favour from this part of Bretonnia because of the dishonour of the duke. He conspired through treachery to become king, imprisoned the Fay Enchantress and falsely claimed to have recovered the Grail, though this was later proved another of his subtle lies created to gain power. His actions doomed himself and finally condemned his homeland utterly, and he eventually died after a prolonged siege, perished of the Red Pox together with most of the inhabitants of his city three years later.

Maldred was a handsome man, tall and noble-featured, while the beauty of Malfleur, a sorceress Malfleur who had been taught her craft in Altdorf, was such that the gaze of her violet eyes could stun a Knight into silence. Travellers reported that Mousillon was the most wondrous city in Bretonnia, more splendid even than the capital Couronne, the city seemed charmed, its people happy and content. In summer the white walls of the buildings sparkled in the sun, and in winter, when the rest of the land shivered under the snow, soft breezes kept the streets and houses warm.

But like a gilded goblet made by a shoddy craftsman, the glittering surface of Mousillon hid a rotten interior. The port's prosperity was not due to the hard work and honesty of its citizens, but was fuelled by the sorcery of Malfleur, and the corrupt dealings of Maldred. Though in daytime the city streets bustled with all the usual activity of a busy port, the inhabitants of Mousillon had the curious habit of never leaving their homes after dark. At night, the only thing that moved through the dark streets of the city were pack, of rats and the crews of the night-calling ships. Wrapped ill cloaks, hoods pulled over their faces, these silent strangers moved mysterious bundles of cargo backward- and forwards between the dockside warehouses and their sleek, black-sailed ships.

In the city at night, only Maldred's palace, perched on top of the hill showed any signs of life. Light blazed from the windows, music and merry voices drifted over the still rooftops as the nobles danced and feasted until the break of dawn.





Maldred was a brave Knight and a shrewd commander who was well fitted to the task of defending the small but rich dukedom of Mousillon, centred on the great port city of that name. Around that time, the king of Bretonnia, Jules the Just, met an untimely death in single combat with a Chaos Knight he challenged on the beaches of northern Bretonnia. Needless to say, his opponent also fell, mortally wounded by Jules' lance!

Nevertheless, the realm was left in a perilous state. Jules had no male heir and left only a daughter, La Belle Isoule. According to ancient custom, the kingdom would pass to any Knight who could fulfil a quest set by Isoule. The quest was certain to be extremely dangerous!

The quest set by Isoule was nothing less than the slaying of the dreaded Jabberwock. This monster, thought to be the last of its kind, had recently been sighted in a remote part of Bretonnia. Several renowned Knights set off on the quest forthwith. Many years passed and none of the Knights returned. Meanwhile, Orc warbands were massing in the Grey Mountains and making ever more bold raids into Bretonnia. The country desperately needed to be united under a strong ruler to organise the defence of the realm.

Duke Maldred decided to seize this opportunity to make himself king of Bretonnia. He could not wed Isoule since he was already married to Malfleur. Together she and Maldred hatched a treasonous and dishonourable plot. Maffleur sent wretches from among her servants to plunder various old burial mounds in the locality. From among the artefacts unearthed, she chose an impressive chalice – this was to be the accursed false grail! The servants were rewarded by having their tongues cut out so they could not reveal the plot.

At the same time Maldred set off on the grail quest and returned after an amazingly short time. Rumour spread throughout Bretonnia that he had found a miraculous chalice. Soon ignorant and credulous people were claiming that it was the true grail, given to Maldred by the Lady of the Lake! Such a favour was unheard of.

And coming at such a moment of danger to the realm, could be seen as marking out Maldred for kingship! Maldred now had to deal with his potential opponents: The Fay Enchantress of Bretonnia and the Grail Knights. Fortunately for Maldred, the Grail Knights had already set off to do battle with the Orcs invading from the Grey Mountains. Anyway, Maldred well knew that they would be guided in this matter by the Fay Enchantress, so he concentrated on dealing with her. Malfleur, scrying into a magic crystal was able to locate the Enchantress. Maldred set out with a retinue of thugs from the quays of Mousillon, armed and equipped as Knights Errant, though none had taken vows of honour, nor ever pledged themselves to an Errand of Knighthood! The magic of Malfleur prevented most of them from being turned into frogs

while they cornered and captured the Fay. The thugs quickly escorted their prisoner to the dolorous Donjon of Dol located on a high pinnacle of rock on the remote rocky west coast of Bretonnia.

With the Fay Enchantress safely out of the way, Maldred proclaimed a tournament at which the false grail was displayed. Malfleur's convincing display of magic so impressed the Knights that many of them believed the grail was genuine. Soon rumours began to spread throughout Bretonnia that the Lady of the lake had favoured Maldred and that it was fitting for him to assume the kingship!

The Grail Knights and for that matter la Belle Isoule were incensed with rage! The Grail Knights knew that Maldred's grail must be false. Honour forbade them from taking up arms against a fellow Bretonnian although many Grail Knights would have dearly loved to challenge him to mortal combat. Some set out to find the Fay Enchantress, but without success. She was securely imprisoned in the Donjon of Dol. Without her backing, it was difficult for the Grail Knights to rightfully denounce Maldred for dishonour and declare war on him.

At this point fare, or perhaps the Lady of the Lake, played a hand in events. One of the Knights on the Quest for the Jabberwock, a certain Gaston de Geste, rode along the wave-lashed beach beneath the dolorous Donjon of Dol. Looking up at the highest window in the tower he spied the face of a fair damsel. He rightly assumed that she was in distress and needed rescuing.





The Donjon gate was approached via a narrow bridge hewn from rock spanning the chasm which separated Dol from the mainland. The gallant Gaston rode across the bridge and challenged the castellan to come out and fight. The portcullis was lifted and a hideous creature emerged. Not the Jabberwock, but a vile spawn of Chaos bound by Malfleur's magic to be the Fay's gaoler!

Gaston immediately spurred his warhorse and attacked. He grappled with the beast to no avail. His horse began stumbling on the rock bridge and both horse and rider nearly plummeted into the sea. Gaston yielded ground to find firm footing for a second charge. At that moment the Fay threw down from her window a tress of her hair tied in a loop. Gaston caught it on his lance where it encircled his lance pennant like a crown. Feeling inspired by this favour he charged again. This time the lance seemed to direct itself towards heart of the beast. Mortally wounded, the spawn fell from the bridge to be dashed on the rocks below. Gaston rode up the spiral staircase without bothering to dismount from his horse! Soon he was galloping away with the Fay Enchantress behind him on his warhorse.

The release of the Fay Enchantress sealed Maldred's fate. When the treachery of Maldred and Malfleur was exposed, their doom, and the doom of Mousillon, was set in motion. Gaston safely conducted the Fay to the Grail Knights encamped not far from Mousillon. Maldred was forthwith declared a malefactor before the whole land and snipped of his honour and dukedom. War was to be declared against Maldred if he did not surrender and accept banishment!

Maldred answered with a typical display of arrogant defiance, hoping that the issue would remain confused as long as he had the false grail. He denounced the loyal Grail Knights and the Fay Enchantress as traitors and heretics before retreating to the protection offered by the thick stone walls of Mousillon. All the Knights of Bretonnia, however, put their faith in the Fay Enchantress and the Grail Knights, who denounced the false grail. Whilst the opposing army stood silent, the Green Knight emerged from the forest, and turned to challenge the Duke. At that moment, all saw the Lady of the Lake standing beside the King, the true Grail in her hand. The fake was revealed for the tawdry thing it was, and Maldred's followers deserted him en masse. Soon a vast army was encamped around Mousillon. Unfortunately Maldred was able to obtain food supplies brought in by sea. The Grail Knights laid siege to the port by land, and sent ships to blockade the river to prevent supplies being delivered by boat.

For three long years the siege of Mousillon endured, creating conditions within the city which favoured the outbreak of Red Pox which inevitably struck. As its inhabitants suffered, so did the city decline. The sparkling white walls started to flake and peel, revealing cracked mild bricks beneath. Foul-smelling seaweed clambered up the rusty mooring chains and spread across the piers at id jetties. Cracks appeared in the pavements, and streak, of grey mould soiled the city walls.

Yet while the townsfolk perished from starvation and the pox, Maldred and the nobles of his court shut themselves up in the white palace and immersed themselves in an orgy of self-indulgence. Outside, the starving townsfolk killed each other in fights over dead seagulls; in the perfumed rooms of the palace the nobles drank sparkling wine from crystal goblets and nibbled on swan's wings. Dressed in red silks al id satins, and wearing fantastic masks, they danced to the sound of their own self-destruction.

One cold spring morning the Knights besieging Mousillon witnessed something strange. As the sun crawled slowly into the sky, its cold red light spilled over the walls and towers of the city, so that it seemed drenched in blood. Mousillon was utterly silent not a single sound could be heard from inside its walls. With an ominous groan, the twin gates of the city yawned open, as if inviting the watchers inside.

THE FALSE GRAIL

The cup borne by Maldred's consort was not the Grail, but it was an artefact of considerable power. It was lost when Maldred, his consort, and much of the population of Mousillon died in the Red Pox of 1322 (2300). If it were to fall into the hands of someone unscrupulous, such as the Black Knight currently claiming to be the rightful Duke of Mousillon, it would be very dangerous.



Led by the Fay Enchantress, and protected by holy relics, a small party of Knights ventured into the city. Inside, all they found was death. Bodies of men, women and children lay all about. Batting away the flies, the Knights made their way through the dead up to the palace. They walked through the open doors into a scene from a nightmare. In the palace gardens, the plants had withered and rotted. Inside the halls and chambers the fine furnishings writhed with maggots, and scuttling insects gnawed away at the chairs and tables. In the main hall, Maldred and Malfleur slumped dead in their thrones, their empty eye sockets gazing vacantly over richly dressed skeletons of the nobles heaped on the marble floor. Maldred's stiff hands were clasped around a golden chalice chased with rubies – the false grail. When the Fay Enchantress looked onto the surface of the dark liquid the chalice contained she went pale with horror, and would have fallen had not the gallant Sir Egremont rushed forward to support her.

Who could say what strange fate had brought about the doom of Mousillon and its lord and lady? Was their evil punished by some divine retribution, or had the powers they sought to master ultimately destroyed them? The Fay Enchantress ordered that every door and window of the palace be bricked up, so that none could ever enter that cursed place again. Great grey stones were hacked from quarries in the forest, and dragged to the city by teams of oxen. Room by room, corridor by corridor, every door and every window was closed with blocks of stone, and wreathed with sacred blessings to seal the evil within.

All the dead bodies in the streets and houses were gathered up, heaped on wagons and taken outside the city to be buried in great pits. Though the burial mounds were covered with fresh earth, and sanctified with prayers for the souls of the dead, the only plants that would ever grow there were twisted hawthorn and black sukebind. Indeed, the pits soon acquired such an evil reputation that the main road into Mousillon, which used to run right past them, had to be rerouted to approach the city from the south-east.

Meanwhile, Lady Isoule happily wed Gaston de Geste who was duly crowned by the Fay Enchantress as King Gaston de Beau Geste of Bretonnia! The new king decided not to appoint a new Duke of Mousillon. Instead the city and its environs were declared a Waste Land to be redeemed by Errantry.

From that moment forth Mousillon was to have no duke, by order of the king, and so the position remains unfilled. In recent years however, there have been stories of a new claimant, a self-appointed duke. It is said that King Louen may soon embark upon another war to cleanse Mousillon of its growing taint. The Bretonnians as a whole look forward to the day when Mousillon is finally razed, burnt to the ground and forgotten by history.

Periodic attempts to repopulate Mousillon have never succeeded, as most honest citizens of Bretonnia are wary of the place. Any who are foolhardy enough to venture into the ruined city in search of sanctuary or treasure inevitable come to a nasty end, crushed by falling masonry, torn apart by monsters, or driven mad by stalking horrors. And traders sailing up the River Ois on their way to Gisoreux whisper that, at the dead of night, the sound of ghostly music and laughter still floats from the abandoned city.





THE RISE OF A NEW KING

The current King of Bretonnia is Louen Leoncoeur, meaning "The Lion-Hearted". Already Louen has proved himself worthy of his forbears in several battles and earned himself the tide of Lionhearted through his courage, valour and sheer ferocity!

In him the populace of Bretonnia can see echoes of the great warriors of the past. It is said that the blood of Gilles le Breton runs in him, and his knights give thanks to the Lady that they might serve under him, for his nobility and strength harkens back to those times of the Grail Companions, the highest pinnacle of Bretonnian heroism.



The new king knows well that Bretonnia is surrounded by enemies ready to strike at any time. To the east the Undead hordes of the Lichemaster lurk in the Grey Mountains. To the south there are rumours of Skaven infiltrating Brionne and Bordeleaux. Mousillon, ruined, infested and unclean, remains to be dealt with. The king expects war at any time.



It is the king's policy to encourage even more jousting and tournaments throughout the land than his predecessors to make sure that all Knights hone their skills ready for war. Four times a year the king himself holds magnificent tournaments which go on for several weeks. He also makes a royal progress through the various dukedoms and on the occasion of his visit the duke will hold a banquet and tournament in his honour. Thus the calendar of Bretonnia has become a succession of tournaments!

In addition to all this, the king has revived the old custom of jousting between whole regiments of Knights in a huge tournament field marked out for the purpose. The royal tournaments have also become occasions for the investiture of many Knights Errant as Knights of the Realm and the setting of tasks for others. Indeed, he will often take part in these himself, and has proven time and time again that he is one of the most skilled, fierce and honourable knights in the land.

Encouraging his knights to hone their martial skills at every opportunity, some have speculated that Bretonnia is currently as powerful as ever it was, perhaps even more so. The king is wise, and he sees that enemies abound. It is the belief of those closest to him that he is readying for a new Errantry War. Some believe this could be against Mousillon, while others suggest that it may be launched against the dire forces of evil in the far north. Whatever the case, Bretonnia and its knights are ready.





A TALE OF YEARS

The history of the land of Bretonnia is almost unknown before the time of Gilles le Breton and the exact date of his existence can only be approximately estimated by the reckoning of years known in the Empire. Even the events of the centuries following the foundation of the kingdom of Bretonnia are known only from legend rather than any written history. Debatably, the most reliable chroniclers of Bretonnian history are Guido le Hermit and Hugo le Venerable, both of whom were quite happy to mix fact with fable. What follows is a summary of the more or less up to date Bretonnian Chronicle commissioned by the reigning king of Bretonnia. It combines the main events recorded by the aforesaid 'historians' and uses both the Bretonnian and Imperial reckoning of years.

Imperial / Bretonnian Calendar

-c1500 / -c2478

It is said that the Elves forsook the Old World and the insular Dwarfs retreated further into their mountain strongholds. The land becomes overrun by all manner of evil-natured creatures.

-c1000 / -c1978

The chiefs of the Bretonni people, proud and warlike horsemen, travel over the Grey Mountains. Hundreds of years of constant warfare follow as they settle in these fair lands, and attempt to drive out the Greenskins.



-c700 / -c1678

The Bretonni lands become dominated by around twenty main horsemen tribes. Smaller tribes are amalgamated into these or are destroyed.

-c650 / -c1628

Attempts to penetrate the Forest of Loren leave only a handful of survivors, driven mad by the fey terrors, and the forest enters Bretonnian folklore as being a haunted, magical place.

-c500 / -c1478

The Bretonni tribes continue to fight amongst themselves for control of the land, and the borders of each lord's realm constantly shifts. Nevertheless, the tribes commonly ally to fight against the Orc and Goblin tribes. Many of the lords of the Bretonni build great strongholds in their lands.

- 15 / -993

In this year, the foreign hero Sigmar fought against the Orcs and Goblins and broke their power in the lands to the east.

100 / -878

History relates that fleets of Undead came and did evil in the lands of the Bretonni.

577 / -401

Greenskin raids increase, and many settlements are burnt to the ground. Retaliatory raids against the Orcs slay thousands. However, several powerful Bretonni tribes fall and their lands are claimed by rivals.

700 / -c278

Bretonni warlords invade Athel Loren.

770 / -208

The land of the Bretonni is divided into sixteen areas, each controlled by one of the major tribes. These have since remained relatively stable, although two lands, Glanbrielle and Cuileux, are later destroyed.

930 / -48

The land of Cuileux, lying between Brionne and Quenelles, is overrun by a massive Orc invasion led by the warlord Gragabad. The horsemen of Cuileux ride forth in one final tragic battle, where their line ends. Quenelles and Brionne ride forth, and scatter the Greenskin hordes. The two lords meet each other in single combat to decide who will take the land. The Lord of Brionne is cut down and Quenelles expands.

952 / -46

Balduin, Lord of Brionne, leads his horsemen to victory against the Orcs.

947 / -31

The northern lands are overrun by Greenskin tribes, as well as Beastmen that pour forth from the Forest of Arden. Around this time, the Norse begin to raid the northern coastal regions and the northern Bretonni tribes are isolated from each other and their lands ravaged.

950 / -28

Rosalind of Bastonne weds Thierulf, Lord of Lyonesse. Her brother, Gilles, and her husband become strong friends, and the ties between the two realms grow strong.

952 / - 26

Gilles of Bastonne becomes famed throughout the lands of the Bretonni as the young warrior seeks out and slays the giant red wyrm, Smearghus.

974 / -4

Orc hordes in numbers never before seen begin to attack the lands of the Bretonni. The land of Glanbrielle is utterly destroyed and subsequently amalgamated into Carcassonne. Driving northwards, the Greenskins threaten to overrun Quenelles, Brionne and Aquitaine, and thus link up with other Orc armies driving into the lands of Parravon, Montfort, Bastonne and Bordeleaux.



975 / -3

The Orc armies attacking Bastonne are repelled, though the Lord of Bastonne is slain. The new Lord of Bastonne, Gilles, leads his horsemen against the foe, joined by his loyal friend Thierulf and the famed Lord Landuin of Mousillon. Both Lyonesse and Mousillon are under intense pressure from Greenskin armies, and they hope to join with Gilles for one final, great battle.

976 / -2

Gilles is visited by a vision of the Lady of the Lake, who blesses him and his comrades. Thus, Gilles, Landuin and Thierulf become the first Grail Knights.

977 - 978 / -1 - 0

The famous battles of Gilles the Uniter, the Lord of Battles, as he and his Companions ride to save their land. They are victorious in each, and earn much honour, glory and renown. The deeds of the Companions become the epitome of aspiration for all knights, and these battles form the basis of countless Bretonnian tales in later years.

979 / Year 1

The forming of Bretonnia. The lands of the Bretonni tribes are finally secured. A great meeting takes place in the home of Folgar of Artois. Here, the formal dukedoms are created, and the Bretonnian calendar is introduced. Each of the great lords of the Bretonni, the fourteen Grail Companions, including Gilles le Breton, are named dukes. The dukes swear oaths of allegiance, and Bretonnia is formed. Fredemund, Duke of Aquitaine, the so-called 'Bird of Prey', weds Gilles' youngest sister, Annabel.



995 / Year 17

Gilles le Breton is struck down by a hurled weapon while engaged in a challenge against one of the remaining Orc Warlords of the Grey Mountains, near the edge of the Forest of Loren.

As he passes from the world, he has a final vision of the Lady, and his men carry him to a nearby lake. There, he is placed on a ship and sails into the mists to do the Lady's bidding for all eternity. It is said that he will return in Bretonnia's most dire time of need.

996 / Year 18

With Gilles' unexpected death, it is finally agreed that his son, Louis, should become ruler. He immediately sets off to search the lands for a sign of the Lady and thus earn her recognition, earning him his title as Louis the Rash.

1001 / Year 23

After many great deeds, Louis gains the Lady's blessing. Louis the Rash is crowned with the Crown of Bretonnia by the Fay Enchantress, and thus becomes king. He draws up the basis of the Decrees of Chivalry, cementing the strict codes of personal conduct that the Companions lived by.

1003 / Year 25

Always competitive, Landuin and Thierulf have a major falling out, with some believing that the cause was over Thierulf's wife, Rosalind. A challenge is fought between them, with Landuin coming out victorious, inflicting a wound across Thierulf's face.

1005 / Year 27

Louis the Rash sends envoys to the King and Queen in the Wood.





1024 / Year 46

Agilgar of Parravon is slain. His pegasus, Glorfinial, is killed by a pair of wyverns above the Grey Mountains, and the Duke of Parravon falls to his death.

1045 / Year 67

Brettonnia mourns, for Landuin of Mousillon, finest of the Companions, is found dead in his bed.

1142 / Year 164

King Guillaume defeats a horde of Orcs at the Battle of Amandur and pursues them out of Bretonnia, sparing none.

Thieruif of Lyonesse, the last of the Grail Companions whose life was extended by the Lady, finally falls in battle.

1175 / Year 197

Admiral Henri Lamorte of L'Anguille meets the fleets of the Tomb King Amenemhetum the Great, sent northwards by Settra, at Savage Point. The Undead fleets are repelled.

1245 / Year 267

The dragon Mergaste is slain by King Baudoin.

1275 / Year 297

Lamorte Grail Chapel is pillaged, and the interred body of Henri Lamorte is stolen.

1325 / Year 347

Tournament of la Damoselle d'Artois. One hundred knights joust for her hand in marriage.

1336 / Year 358

Duke Melmon of Quenelles disappears on the night of the Spring Equinox. Stories say he was caught up in the ghostly Great Hunt that is said to roam the skies on certain nights. Others say he wandered into the Forest of Loren, drawn by fey lights.

1449 / Year 471

An army of knights is dispatched to assist the Estaliens against the hordes of Sultan Jaffar of Araby. The despot is hurled back into his own lands with great slaughter.

1451 / Year 473

The Battle of El Haikk in which Sultan Jaffar of Araby is finally overthrown.

1452 / Year 474

In this year, a mighty host of Knights Errant goes forth to Araby. They meet Orc and Goblin tribes at the crossing of the Blood River. Some stay and build castles to hold back the accursed Orcs.

1454 / Year 476

A foul vampiric creature calling itself the Red Duke terrorises the lands of Aquitaine. It is defeated at the Battle of Ceren, pierced by the king's own lance.

1578 / Year 600

The Tournament of Guyenne in which King Jules jousts with one of the fey folk of Athel Loren and is victorious.

1593 / Year 615

Smell the Gauntlet – a game popular with the peasant children of Brionne – goes awry and instigates a revolt amongst the lower classes. It is crushed mercilessly.

1635 / Year 657

The Battle of Castellet. Raiders from beyond the sea attack L'Anguille and are justly slaughtered by King Philippe the Strong and an army of 10,000 knights.

1681 / Year 703

On one eve, the dead rise from their graves and terrorise the lands. It is said that this occurred all across the Old World due to an ancient evil reawakening in the south.



1715 / Year 737

In this year, fugitives of the accursed Orc horde of the defeated Warlord Gorbag invade Bretonnia. Bretonnia's courageous knights slay them all.

1813 / Year 835

The Red Pox ravages Bretonnia and wretched Skaven issue forth from their lairs to lay siege to Brionne and Quennelles. Duke Merovech of Mousillon and his knights are unaffected by the pox, and ride forth to combat the Skaven. He meets up with the Duke of Parravon and the fey folk of Athel Loren, and together they crush their rat foe.

1814 / Year 836

Duke Merovech of Mousillon holds a great victory banquet. His insanity becomes publicly known, and the blood of the king is spilt in his halls. Mousillon is disgraced, and Lyonesse leads a force against them. Merovech is slain, and Mousillon loses much of its land to Lyonesse.

1932 / Year 954

The so-called Red Duke rises from his grave, and threatens Aquitaine once more. In this battle, the Duke of Aquitaine is slain. Nevertheless, the Bretonnian knights are victorious, and the Red Duke flees into the Forest of Chalons. There he is pursued by generations of Questing Knights, but none know if he resides there still.

2006 / Year 1028

A huge plague fleet lands in Bretonnia. The minions of Khrome led by Chaos lord Kharan, defeat the Bretonnians at the Battle of Lamentations.

2007 / Year 1029

The Battle of Couronne. Repanse de Lyonesse leads her knights to victory against the vilest horde of Chaos ever to invade Bretonnia. Chaos Lord Kharan is slain.

2201 / Year 1223

King Louen Orc-Slayer declares an Errantry War to rid Bretonnia of Orcs. Countless of these creatures are put to the sword, and their blood stains the earth.

2297 / Year 1319

The Affair of the False Grail in which Duke Maldred of Mousillon and his sorceress consort are dishonoured. Mousillon is formally disgraced, and no duke has since been appointed to govern this dukedom.

2300 / Year 1322

In this year nearly all the people of Mousillon perish of the Red Pox. Duke Maldred and his lady shut themselves within their palace but to no avail.

2320 / Year 1342

The cursed Skaven make raids upon the western ports. The king orders the dukes' fleets to be strengthened, and he grants them monies to aid the construction of better ships.

2336 / Year 1358

A man emerges from the Forest of Loren, claiming to be Duke Melmon of Quenelles. Within hours he ages dramatically, and dies within the day.

2420 / Year 1442

Divinely inspired by the Lady of the Lake to rid the entire world of all Greenskins, King Charlen renewes the Errantry Wars. A host of knights go forth to assist the Border Princes and slaughter countless Orcs beside the Blood River.

2422 / Year 1444

Retaliatory attacks from Orc tribes ravage Carcassonne, while many of the knights of Bretonnia are away fighting to the south. The impoverished land suffers frequent attacks. Many hovels are burnt, and the populace suffers greatly.

2488 / Year 1510

A mighty host of knights ride forth into Death Pass and do not return. The king declares the Errantry Wars at an end.

2491 / Year 1513

In this year, Undead led by the fell Necromancer, Heinrich Kemmler, allied with vile Skaven, sack the abbey of la Maisontaa. They are repelled by Tancred, Duke of Quenelles, and his knights.

2500 / Year 1522

Louen Leoncoeur is crowned king of all Bretonnia.

2512 / Year 1534

The spring festival of Bordeleaux is disrupted when four peasants dressed as a dragon accidentally slay the peasant playing the 'Grail Knight'. This quickly descends into a town-wide riot, as the peasantry run amok, some say addled by wine supplied by Duke Alberic. This lends weight to the Bretonnian phrase "as rare as the sober man of Bordeleaux".



2515 / Year 1537

A peasant named Huebald is knighted after saving the Lady Ariadne from the beasts of the forest – only the third peasant born ever to have attained knighthood. He does not survive his first battle.

2517 / Year 1539

Rumours speak of an army gathering within Mousillon, led by a mysterious knight.

2519 / Year 1541

The bearer of the Standard of Bretonnia, Armand, becomes the Duke of Aquitaine at the king's order.

2521 / Year 1543

Norse longships begin to raid the north coast of Bretonnia, sacking isolated villages within the dukedoms of L'Anguille and Couronne.

2522 / Year 1544

The king readies his armies, and many believe a new Errantry War is about to be launc



For two years now, Thibault had journeyed through the land of Bretonnia, trying to discover the fate of his brother, which was somehow linked with the mysterious Melys Gau. During this time he had killed many monsters, vanquished many enemies, and passed many tests. As a result of his adventures he was taller, wiser, and stronger, both of body and in faith. He relied upon the chance encounters or fate for direction- Though the objects of his interrogations were evasive, truculent, or spoke in riddles, they were never deliberately misleading, and his path took him inexorably south east, across the plains of Bastonne, past Parravon, following the western edge of the Grey Mountains.



At a tiny village called Puy de Velay, on the south-eastern tip of the Massif Orval he talked to a venerable hermit knight, who managed to recall that a village called Melys Gau had once existed near the Forest of Loren. The village had been abandoned hundreds of years ago - for reasons unknown – and must now lie in ruins. The path that once led to the village had long since disappeared, but Thibault, sensing the, red of quest, knew exactly which way to go...

After riding through the woods for days, Thibault felt sure he had violated the order between Bretonnia and the mysterious realm of Loren, yet none of the Elven folk nor their Sylvan allies appeared to challenge him. Pausing on the crest of a hill to let his horse catch its breath, he looked down into a small, bowl-shaped valley. Patchy, low cloud clung to the hillsides, making it difficult to see the valley floor, but he could just about make a cluster of indistinct buildings, which looked ruined, surrounded by a circular area of low, tangled vegetation that could be overgrown fields. There were no signs of life - nothing moved, and the place was utterly silent. Spurring his horse on, he rode down the hillside into the mist.

Reaching level ground, he finally broke through the forest well into a delightful, sunlit valley. Contented peasants waved at him from the neat, well-tended fields. Fair-haired women sang as they tended their cows and sheep. In the middle of the fields lay a charming village, whence Thibault was welcomed profusely by the villagers. Before he knew what was happening he found himself sitting outside the inn, tucking into a delicious meat pie, a pint of foaming beer in his hand. As the hot food settled in his belly, and the sun warmed his face, he felt all his cares and worries falling away. He looked at the people sitting around him, they were so friendly so happy, chatting away in their odd, lilting accent. The last time he'd felt so content, so at peace, was back home, when he was youth, before Giraud had left home. Relaxed and at peace, he lent back against the warm stucco wall of the inn and closed his eyes.

Thibault awoke with a start, temporarily disorientated by the dark, unfamiliar room. Then he remembered the village. He must have nodded off after the meal. Where was he? Fie climbed off the bed and stumbled over to the window. Looking down, he deduced he must be in a mom on the upper level of the inn. Strange how different the village looked in the feeble moon-light. The cottages which had seemed so fair in the daylight now looked skewed and dilapidated, their pretty gardens overgrown with weeds. The well appeared to be just a tumble of stones, and the field were tangled with shrubs and young trees. The scene blurred and deteriorated as he watched it. Dismayed and disorientated, he returned to bed, but as he lay there, suspended between wakefulness and sleep, he heard a ghostly voice calling to him: Save me brother, save me!

In the morning, the village was exactly as it had been the day before. The sun shone, the people were welcoming - in fact, the place seemed almost rut, perfect. There was no dirt, no clutter, no raised voices. All the people were healthy, the animals plump, and the fruit and vegetables showed no sign of mould or weevil. And why were there no children? Furthermore, and he hadn't noticed this before, there was no castle to protect the place- When he asked the villager how they protected themselves, they were evasive or changed the subject. When he pressed the point, and started asking questions about his brother, the villagers became increasingly sullen, but finally agreed to send for their lord, who, they assured Thibault, would be able to answer his questions.

At midday, when the sun was at its highest, the lord of the village appeared. Where from, exactly, it was impossible to say. He must be an old man, thought Thibault, watching him hobble painfully up the mad, solicitously supported by two of the villagers. The lord stopped when he reached Thibault, threw back the hood of his cloak, and looked the young knight straight in the eye. Thibault froze in horror, and the world turned dark around him. The lord of the village was none other than his missing brother Giraud. A Giraud horribly changed, old and ill, when he should be young and hale. His golden hair was grey and lanky, his strung body wasted away, his face haggard and pale.

"Welcome to Melys Gau, brother" creaked Giraud. "So, have you come to stay, or take me away?"





BRETONNIAN CHIVALRY

Ask anyone to talk about Bretonnia, and, while they may matter on about the beautiful countryside, wonderful food, the wealth of the nobility and the stench of the peasantry, sooner or later, they'll mention the knights. From the lowest Knight Errant to the King himself, the knights of Bretonnia rule and defend their country. Without their staunch defence of the Realm, Bretonnia would have succumbed to the forces that beset it long ago.

THE ORIGINS OF KNIGHTHOOD

When the High Elves abandoned the lands of the Old World and sailed into the west, their ancient cities and palaces fell into ruins and the land reverted to a wilderness of wild woods, windswept plains and mysterious marshes. Savage and primitive human tribes, ancestors of the Bretonnians, battled with Orcs and Goblins for possession of the land. Sometimes the Orcs gained the upper hand, burning settlements and enslaving die humans. Sometimes the humans would press the Orcs back into the forests and mountains, claiming new lands to cultivate and building high watchtowers of stone from which to keep a look out for Orcs and provide a refuge if they should return.

From the few Dwarf smiths who still roamed the land, the ancestors of the Bretonnians learned how to forge weapons and armour of iron and steel. At the same

time they learned how to tame and harness the horses that roamed the vast forests. They bred them strong and powerful to draw the plough and haul the heavy wagons laden with stone and great oak timbers to build tall watchtowers. Such steeds could bear the weight of a fully armoured warrior enabling him to ride down the Orc boar riders and wolf-riding Goblins and pursue them from his lands.



While Sigmar was forging the Empire from among the tribes east of the Grey Mountains, the ancestors of the Bretonnians fought with Orcs for the lands west of the mountains. This struggle continued for many centuries. Wherever people settled, there was the constant threat of Orc raiders burning their crops or enslaving the people. Although the Bretonnians were ultimately to unite and build a strong and powerful realm, the struggle continues to this day. The realm endures and prospers only as long as there are warriors to defend it against its many and terrible foes.

Among the tribe of the Bretonni it became the custom for the best and bravest young man in the village to be armed and ready at all times to fight off the foe. Everyone else in the village toiled to provide for themselves but also to feed and equip the warrior and his warhorse. The warrior lived of the fat of the land, ate the best meat and drank the best wine. This together with constant training and practice with arms set him apart from ordinary men. He was physically bigger, fitter and more robust, standing a head and shoulders above an ordinary peasant!

The chosen warrior took up residence in the village watchtower, a wooden structure which would in later times evolve into a stone castle, and would take for his wife the fairest maiden in the village. In return for all this, the warrior was honour bound to defend the village against any foe, no matter how terrible. If necessary he would take on a horde of marauding Orcs single-handed!

These warriors became known as Knights, and as the centuries passed both Knight and warhorse became exceptional examples of their kind. Although Knights were known among other human tribes of the Old World, it was among the Bretonni tribe that the tradition of knighthood was perfected.

BECOMING A KNIGHT

The fate of a Bretonnian village depends on the bravery and prowess of the warrior chosen to defend it. If the warrior is defeated the village will be pillaged and burnt and its people enslaved or killed, so the warrior chosen to defend it must be the best.





According to the ancient custom which is still followed in Bretonnia, anyone who desired the honour and privilege of knighthood must first prove himself worthy of the position by accomplishing a perilous task. This errand of knighthood is traditionally chosen by the fairest maiden in the village who is destined to marry the Knight, should he succeed. A common task is to slay a troublesome monster prowling the countryside and devouring peasants. Any brave or reckless youth may attempt the errand. Many might perish in the attempt, but only the one who brings back the head of the monster will be granted knighthood.

Any young man who volunteers for the task becomes a Knight Errant. He must arm and equip himself as best he can and often has to wear old or borrowed armour. If a Knight Errant accomplishes his task he earns the full rank and honour of knighthood and becomes a true Knight. He will be rewarded with the best armour the village can afford and the finest warhorse. He is made overlord of the village and can command all of its resources and manpower. The village with its castle and fields becomes his domain to be defended as his own property.



A village lacking a Knight to defend it is ultimately doomed if any Knight Errants cannot be found among the villagers, the duke of the province or the king himself must appoint one. Such powerful lords keep retinues of Knights Errant in their castles eagerly awaiting to be despatched on a errand that will earn them knighthood, among them the lord's own sons.

Sometimes the Knights Errant will be sent to ride out to recapture a desolate domain. If they manage to reclaim the domain they will be allowed to keep it. If a Knight Errant fails to accomplish his task and does not perish in the attempt, he remains a Knight Errant and seeks to redeem himself by accomplishing another task at the first opportunity, becoming ever more restless and eager to find a worthy enemy to fight or wrong to be avenged. Hence the Knight Errants' reputation for reckless valour and impetuousness.

CULTURAL BACKGROUND

Not just anybody can become a Bretonnian knight. First, you must be male, or at least pretending to be so. As far as the Bretonnians are concerned, chivalry is a male pursuit. No exceptions to this rule have ever been made. Second, you must be a Bretonnian noble. Three exceptions to this rule have been recorded in the last two thousand years.

Of course, absolutely everyone who meets those two requirements becomes a knight. The gap between what knights are supposed to be and what a particular knight actually is can be enormous. Some are barely competent with a sword, and others have knowledge of riding that gets as far as the idea that you face the part

of the horse that sticks up and neighs. The "knights" who ignore the tenets of chivalry are beyond counting. Still, the ideal is there, and nobles who fall short are looked down upon by their peers. So, what is the ideal? It revolves around three ideas: Valour, Loyalty, and Courtesy.

Valour

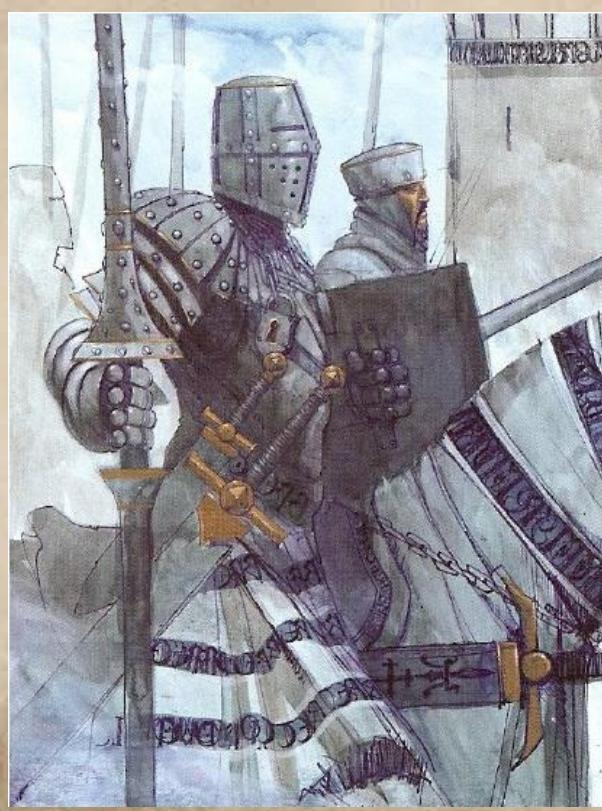
A valorous knight is one who fights bravely, skilfully, and honourably. Bravery requires the knight to stand firm in the face of foes who are superior, even if to do so is clearly suicidal. Even Bretonnian knights have enough sense to ignore this virtue at times, particularly if no one is watching.

In addition, knights, as the premier warriors of the realm, are expected to actually be the premier warriors of the realm – better than peasants and certainly better than women. Bretonnian knights faced with extremely skilled female mercenaries tend to try to prove their superiority in various embarrassing ways.

Finally, knights must fight honourably, which means hand-to-hand. Missile weapons are cowardly, gunpowder weapons even more so. Bretonnian knights do not regard the magic of the Damsels of the Lady as dishonourable, but any other magic certainly is.

Loyalty

Loyalty is slightly more complex than obedience. A knight is ultimately loyal to the King, so disobeying the orders of his immediate superior in the interests of the King is still loyal. The immediate superior in question, however, may choose to demonstrate his disagreement with this ethical interpretation at length, from the other side of a besieging army.





Worse, the Bretonnians love tragic stories of knights who were caught between their loyalties to two different lords, had no way to act correctly, and thus died tragically trying to do the impossible. Some knights even manoeuvre themselves into starring roles in such stories. These knights sometimes turn to non-knightly help to extricate themselves from their self-imposed predicament.



Courtesy

A true knight behaves properly at all times, even on the battlefield. This means showing respect to other knights by allowing your feudal superiors the honour of engaging the most glorious foe. Indeed, the level of courtesy on display as a group of Bretonnian Knights humbly yield the privilege of fighting a Bloodletter of Khorne can truly bring tears to the eyes. Greenskins, of course, merit no special treatment and are simply slaughtered.

Outside battle, knights never insult one another. They may suggest that another knight has been bewitched as the only possible explanation for his opinion of a woman's beauty, but a direct insult is out of place. This rule is generally observed, and Bretonnian knights learn how to couch the deepest insult in terms of utmost politeness. Many knights are too stupid to realise that they have actually been insulted.

Finally, knights are always polite to women. Women are expected to enter rooms first, sit down first, eat first, and so on. They are also to be protected from all danger. Indeed, the importance of protecting the women in his castle from the possibility of attack has prevented more than one bold knight from riding out against raiders. The women, of course, get no say in this treatment: they will eat first and be honoured, whether they like it or not, and they most certainly will not be allowed to put themselves into danger.

BOWMEN AND MEN-AT-ARMS

Often a Knight must ride off to do battle far away from his domain, leaving the village open to attack from raiders. To guard against this, the Knight demands a service from the peasants. They must serve as men-at-arms or bowmen if they are skilled archers, holding the castle against attack so that it can be used as a refuge for the rest of the villagers. Men-at-arms and bowmen are armed and uniformed from the castle armoury, so they often wear the colours of the Knight and their equipment may vary in quality.

If the castle holds until the Knight returns, he will set about ridding the domain of any enemies that may he about with the help of his men-at-arms, chosen from among the strongest and most reliable peasants. When the land is safe again, the peasants can set aside their bows and spears and return to the fields. Peasants who practise archery serve as bowmen. Since they are not Knights they are not bound by honour to fight only hand-to-hand with the enemy. A peasant may defend his fields by shooting Goblins with arrows as he would any other vermin! Every castle does of course require a permanent garrison of men-at-arms and bowmen to keep watch all the time.





BRETONNIAN HERALDRY

Bretonnian Knights go into battle magnificently decked in full armour resplendent with heraldry. The Knight's shield, helm, warhorse bardings, lance pennant and surcoat worn over his armour all display his personal heraldry. Each Knight has his own unique arrangement of heraldic colours, devices, emblems and crests. These indicate his achievements and status among Knights and are designed to overawe his opponents.

The more splendid the Knight's heraldry, the greater his status, reputation and therefore also his prowess in battle. Bretonnian heraldry has evolved over many centuries. It began with the tribal emblems of the warlords of the Bretonni and soon became more complex when the early kings established a formal code of chivalry.

They also appointed heralds whose task it was to regulate the rules of heraldry so that all Knights could be properly recognised and wear the emblems appropriate to their achievements. Thus it was that Grail Knights and Questing Knights were to be distinguished from other Knights by special emblems. Knights of the Realm were likewise distinguished from Knights Errant.

THE CODE OF CHIVALRY

From the time of Gilles le Breton a code of chivalry emerged in Bretonnia. This code grew out of the ancient warrior tradition and took on a religious quality under the influence of the legend of the Lady of the Lake. Devotion to the Lady rapidly became the dominant faith in Bretonnia, overshadowing and replacing the older beliefs of the Bretonnians.

Some time during the reign of one of the early kings of Bretonnia, perhaps Louis the Rash or Guillaume, the code of chivalry was set down in a formal and proper way, and the king appointed heralds to regulate the ranks and honours of knighthood throughout Bretonnia. The code of chivalry as established at that time remains almost unchanged to the present day.

The Seven Commandments of Chivalry

The Bretonnian code of chivalry requires that a Knight always obey the seven commandments of chivalry.

- To serve the Lady of the Lake.
- To defend the domain entrusted to him.
- To protect the weak and fight for the right.
- Always to fight the enemies of virtue and order.
- Never to give up the fight until the foe are defeated.
- Never to break faith with a friend and ally.
- Always to display honour and courtesy.

Before setting out on his errand of knighthood, a Knight Errant must vow upon his sword to keep these commandments. A Knight who fails to keep the commandments 'dishonours his sword'. It is believed that his sword will then fail him in battle, becoming blunted or even shattering in his hand.

The Rules of Honour

Apart from the commandments of chivalry, there are certain traditional 'rules of honour' which are adhered to and respected by all Knights. These rules are an important part of the code of chivalry. They date back to the very origins of knighthood in Bretonnia and mark out Bretonnian Knights as distinct from those of any other realm.

The most important rules of honour are summarised below:

- A Knight may only fight hand-to-hand, he may not use a missile weapon.
- A Knight shall always accept a challenge to personal combat.
- A Knight shall not draw sword against a fellow.
- Bretonnian Knight except in a trial by combat or in a tournament.
- A Knight shall not allow himself to be captured.
- A Knight shall not retreat from the enemy.

The purpose of the rules of honour is to make sure that Knights not only maintain their own personal honour, but also the honour of the entire knightly class. Thus all Knights receive the respect of the peasants and all other classes and ranks of society.

If a Knight breaks any of the rules of honour, which is rare but may happen if he is up against overwhelming odds, he will seek to redeem himself. He can do this in three ways. One is to set off on the grail quest, another is to pledge himself in the service of a lady or another Knight of superior rank until his patron considers him to be redeemed, and the third is to perform a feat of arms of greater merit than his act of dishonour.





If a Knight is accused of dishonour or breaking the code of chivalry he has the right to defend himself in a trial by combat against his accuser or a champion appointed by his accuser if the latter is not a Knight.

BRETONNIAN TOURNAMENTS

When there are no wars to keep the Knights of Bretonnia occupied, they hone their skills by means of colourful contests of martial prowess. These contests are known as jousts, tournaments or, in their grandest and most spectacular form, tourneys! Tournaments are held in each of the great dukedoms of Bretonnia several times a year. These are magnificent events lasting for several days and attended by Knights from all over the realm. Smaller affairs are held at the castles of lesser nobles eager to show off their wealth and influence. On occasions a full tourney is held in order to attract Knights Errant as suitors for the hand of the daughter of a duke or baron or even the king – a most desirable prize indeed, and what better way for the most worthy Knight to prove himself than by feat of arms in competition with the finest Knights in Bretonnia. Thus winning a tournament can be made the errand of knighthood for any Knights Errant who care to take part.

The tourney is a contest between rival teams of Bretonnian Knights who joust against each other for a grand prize and, of course, most important of all, the honour of victory! Apart from the hand of an eligible heiress, prizes at tourneys can be many and varied. If the tournament prize is not a lady's hand or a domain and castle it may be a special honour or a magic weapon, in which case Knights often compete on behalf of their local grail chapel to which they will donate the prize should they win.

The Fields of Bretonnia

Bretonnian Knights like nothing better than a tournament except perhaps a just and righteous war! Many tournaments are held in Bretonnia. The greatest of these are the royal tournaments held at Couronne twice or four times a year to mark the opening of a new season. Then there are the tournaments held by the various dukes and countless local tournaments held by barons. The greatest of these are held each year in the ducal cities of Quenelles, Parravon, Brionne, Bordeleaux, Gisoreux and L'Anguille, but no longer in Mousillon. Bretonnian tourneys are usually purely Bretonnian affairs attended by Knights from the various dukedoms, but on rare occasions even Elven or Empire Knights have been known to attend. Usually Elven Knights will only take part in a tourney if the prize is a magic item that they believe to be one of their ancient heirlooms and which they desire to win back.

It is, of course, against a Bretonnian Knight's code of honour to use any magic items in the tourney itself. This is a rule which no worthy Bretonnian would even consider breaking, for to do so would besmirch the Knight's honour and bring shame to his family. Elves and such like will of course ignore the rule if they can

get away with it. Sometimes even Bretonnians are caught lapsing from the code of honour and have been forced to go on a quest to redeem themselves! It is also against the rules to take part in a tourney riding a monster instead of a warhorse, but such an infringement of the rules is so easily detected that even Elves wouldn't dare attempt it.

Needless to say Bretonnian tourneys are extremely popular, noisy and ribald affairs attended by hordes of commoners from the surrounding countryside as well as all the noble, from miles around. The inns and taverns are filled to bursting point and the feasting, drinking and carousing goes on many days. Some Knights wander the rutted tracks Bretonnia entering one tourney after another earning themselves a valiant reputation. Indeed, winning a tourney is sometimes made an errand of Knighthood and a way acquiring a retinue, since a successful Knight can expect to be followed by a baggage train of prizes such as armour, treasure and warhorses not to mention admirers, minstrels singing his praises, troubadours eager immortalise his feats in song and would-be grooms and squires hoping for a placement in his retinue.

The Tourney

The tourney in Bretonnia has been refined over the centuries into an art form with many conventions and traditions which can be baffling to foreigners who do not understand the subtle references involved. There are two contests in a proper tourney: firstly there is the joust which takes place over a whole day, and this is followed the next day by the Tableau of Battle. Smaller events often feature only the joust or attempt to cram things together to reduce costs, but a full tourney would not be complete without the pomp of the parade or the final dramatic conflict of the Tableau of Battle.





The first day of the tourney is devoted to a pageant of honour. Tradition dictates that on the first day there is no combat at all. Instead the Knights gather for a parade and to solicit favours from the Bretonnian ladies in preparation for the contests ahead. All contenders are inspected by the heralds for possession of magic items and any misguided individuals found to have such dishonourable items are immediately disqualified in disgrace and struck off the lists. The rest go through to the contests on the second day.

The second day is the day of the jousting contests. Pairs of Knights joust with each other in a knockout contest. The pairs are determined by lots. The heralds wisely ban personal challenges from friendly tourneys so that Knights cannot use the occasion to pursue personal disputes. Furthermore there is the excitement of not knowing who your opponent is until he stands opposite you on the tourney field! Knights who are unhorsed or beaten on lance strikes are knocked out of the tourney altogether. The rest of the Knights in both teams may take part in the contest on the third day.

The third day is the day of the Tableau of Battle. Knights from both teams alternately challenge the Black Knight for the top prize. The order of contenders is determined randomly for each team by lots.

Tourneys are usually fought with blunted weapons. More rarely they are fought with sharp weapons. Blunted weapons are used in most tourneys so that the

best of Bretonnian chivalry is not slaughtered leaving the realm woefully undefended! Serious wounds are rare and the tourney is an excuse for outrageous fun. However, if sharp weapons are used, contenders may be mortally wounded and such contests are therefore reserved for matters of honour or trials by combat serious enough to warrant fighting to the death.

On the whole, it is rare for contenders to be mortally wounded in a tourney. Knights who are dragged off the field are usually just stunned, have cuts and bruises or the occasional broken bone. This is mainly because of their effective armour and padded jerkins worn beneath and also because, unlike in battle or trial by combat, a Knight will not deliver the coup de grace to an opponent in a friendly tourney.

Wounded Knights who are not unhorsed have their wounds bandaged up after the day's events and can continue to take part in further tourneys or battles.

"About this tournament my Liege. It is to be fought with blunted weapons I trust?"

"Never! It shall be to the death!"

- Conversation overheard between the Lord Chamberlain of Bretonnia and "The Lionheart", King Louen Leoncoeur.





Heralds' Rules and Tourney Rolls

Tournaments are not open to just any old Knight, only to those considered eligible on grounds of renown, prowess, honour, or in some other fashion. This is a matter for the heralds, who are versed in all matters of chivalry, heraldry and honour. The heralds organise the contending Knights into teams, usually two teams, one consisting of all the Knights from the host's dukedom, and the other comprising Knights from the rest of Bretonnia. The heralds are great sticklers for the rules, and not only do they disregard those who are inexperienced or unknown, but also those who are rather too awesome!

To keep matters in hand the heralds maintain carefully worked at lists of eligible Knights called the tourney rolls. Only if a Knight is named on the tourney rolls can he enter the tourney a contender. The herald selects the teams who will take part from the list of entrants for each tourney. This ensures that the teams are well matched to make for an exciting contest. Bretonnians are not amused by watching one paladin unhorsing a succession of hopeless contenders, a feat that does nothing for honour or entertainment!

The Lady's Favour

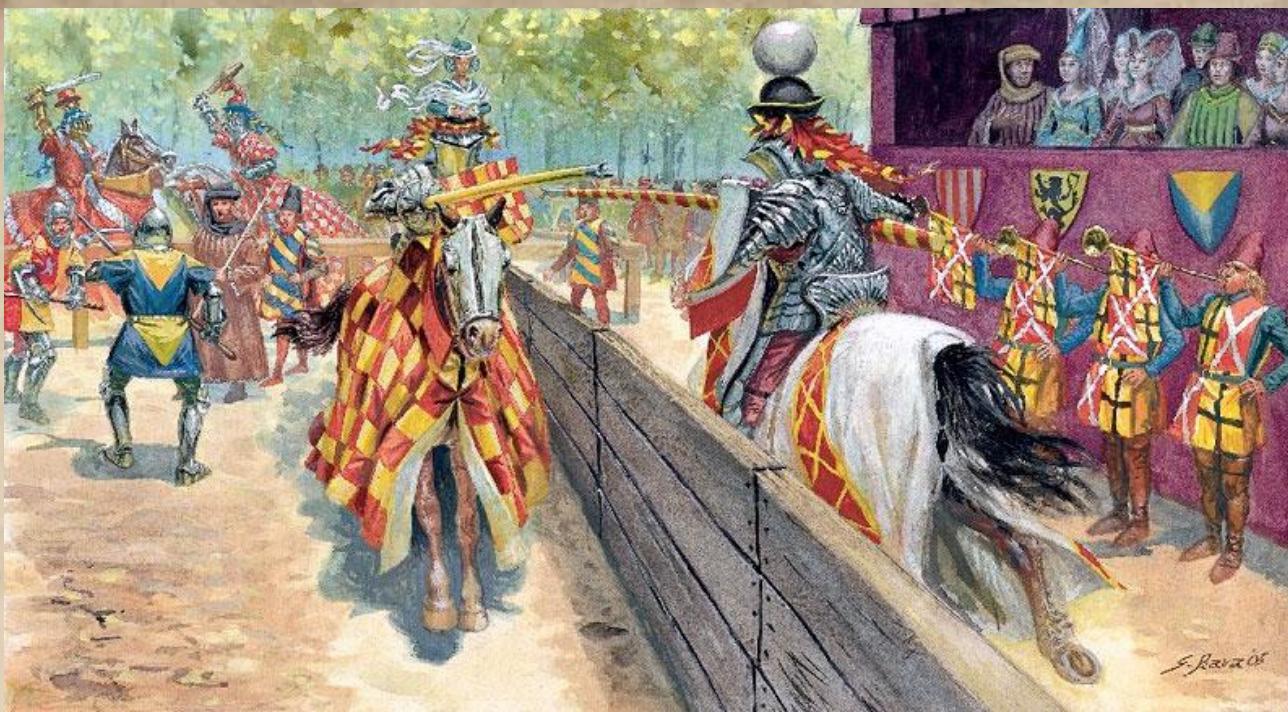
On the day before the joust, the competitors parade before the assembled crowds where it is custom for the Knights, especially young and lusty Knights Errant, to ride up to the stands of spectators and ask the ladies for their favours. The favour is regarded as a lucky token and no doubt this belief has come about because some Bretonnian ladies really are secret enchantresses able to bring good fortune to their favoured Knight. Not that

these favours are deemed in any way magical or sorcerous, which would be frowned upon of course. They are merely considered to be lucky in a perfectly ordinary and just way. Whether the favours are really lucky no one knows, especially since a favour will boost the courage and confidence of the Knight to the same effect anyway!

The Knight chooses the lady whom he regards as the most beautiful to beg a favour from. If she is flattered by the request, or secretly hopes that the Knight will win the contest (perhaps because her hand in marriage is the prize) she will attach an item of her apparel to the Knight's lance. The more a Knight's manly bearing and brave manner delight a lady, the more intimate the item of clothing she is moved to attach to his lance. The more intimate the garment the luckier it is believed to be and the higher the Knight can consider himself in her estimation. If he wins his round of combat, the Knight may find himself honour bound to wed the lady! By the time the contest begins, many ladies are feeling the cold somewhat, especially in the midwinter tournaments! All this makes for good bawdy ballads sung by the minstrels around the feasting fires after the tournament.

Of course, this custom always delights the multitudes of uncouth Bretonnian peasants and townsfolk whose lewd remarks and whistles often cause the noble ladies to blush. It also requires a lot of bravery on the part of the most beautiful ladies who are invariably asked to give their favour to an embarrassing number of Knights Errant and risk catching a chill by the end of the day. Modest Bretonnian maidens usually attend well prepared in advance with several veils.





The Joust

The highlight of the tournament, which lasts several days and includes much feasting, hunting and carousing, is of course the jousts. First designed as a training exercise for Bretonnian knights in times of peace, the joust quickly became a popular spectator sport for nobleman and commoner alike. The joust has become a way for young knights to garner honour, prestige, and wealth, particularly when Bretonnia is not at war, damsels are woefully free of distress, and no monsters need to be slain.

The joust is a contest between two Knights who charge at each other three times with lances. The Knight who knocks his opponent from his horse, or breaks more lances by striking his opponent wins the joust.

As the two Knights charge at each other, each must use his skill and judgement to strike his opponent. Each Knight can choose to aim at his opponent's shield, helm, helmet crest, to swipe his lance across his opponent's front, or he might decide to dodge his enemy's lance instead. These tactics are called ploys. Of all the ploys the most difficult is to strike the opponent's crest from his helm. This requires great skill and is consequently worth the equivalent of two broken lances! The dodge is the simplest ploy, and not a very honourable one, in which the Knight tries to dodge aside rather than strike with his lance. Although this means he cannot strike himself, he might do this during the final pass of joust if he is already leading the score in broken lances, thus denying his opponent the chance to catch up.

Pairs of contenders challenge each other and fight on the jousting field. It is the custom to use blunted lances unless the joust is a trial by combat, or the rivalry between contenders is particularly bitter! Even so, wounds inflicted by being unhorsed can be severe.

Sometimes retinues of Knights joust together in groups giving a spectacle like a small battle. This provides excellent training for the Knights and keeps them at the peak of fighting fitness.

Throughout Bretonnia are fairgrounds designed specifically for jousting contests. These are pleasant fields complete with jousting tilts and stands. During jousting competitions, brightly coloured tails and bunting matching the knights' heraldries decorate the area, and people come from miles around to watch and participate in the sport.

Each Knight who successfully gets through the jousting of the second day of the tourney wins great renown and gains experience. He might also add to his heraldry a special blazon to show that he is a victor in the joust, a striped lance perhaps or a laurel wreath around his helm.



The Tableau of Battle

The Tableau of Battle is an imaginative and spectacular contest that is very popular with the Bretonnian ladies. The Tableau usually has an elaborate theatrical setting inspired by one of the many chansons, the troubadours' songs which tell of the legendary feats of arms of various paladins of Bretonnian chivalry. This contest is held on the last day of the tourney. The winners of the previous day's jousting challenge the Black Knight in turn, in order to win the top prize.





The Black Knight usually unhorses several challengers before someone succeeds in beating him to win the prize! He is the best Knight of the dukedom, chosen by the Duke himself, disguised in black armour with no identifying heraldry. The Black Knight wears a black surcoat and carries a black shield bearing no blazon by which he can be recognised. No one knows the true identity of the Knight who plays the role of the Black Knight. All that you can be sure of is that he will be a Knight of great renown and martial prowess! It could be the Duke himself, the best Knight in the Duke's retinue or a hermit Grail Knight from a remote grail chapel somewhere in the dukedom. According to legend sometimes the King of Bretonnia himself has played the role of the Black Knight in the tournament at Couronne!

The Black Knight is an old and well-known figure of Bretonnian folklore and legend. In his aspect as something to be dreaded, he undoubtedly embodies the age old fear of the Chaos Knight, the Dark Elf rider or the Undead horseman who have plagued Bretonnia since time immemorial. Thus he represents the archetypal adversary of a bold Bretonnian Knight. In his less ominous aspect, he represents the anonymous Knight. Such a Knight may wish to disguise his identity under black, shabby robes, lacking any heraldic device by which he may be recognised. Some Questing Knights do indeed adopt such a garb. There is always speculation as to why a Knight should do this, maybe it is because he must redeem his honour, or has he forsaken the true faith like the villain Maldred?

Whatever the reason, is it not the duty of any virtuous Knight to challenge such a character and force him to yield, so that his identity may be made known?

If the prize of the tourney is the hand of a fair damsel, the heiress to a vacant feudal domain, a mock dungeon tower is set up on the tourney field, surrounded by a moat, over which is a drawbridge. The lady plays the role of a 'damsel in distress' locked up in the tower. She leans out of the window shouting encouragement to the Knights trying to rescue her. Each challenger tries in turn to cross over the drawbridge and reach the tower to rescue the damsel. Whoever succeeds wins the prize. Unfortunately you can only cross the drawbridge by unhorsing the Black Knight who is the guardian of the tower.

If the prize of the tourney is an enchanted relic, the contenders and spectators make a splendid procession over to a nearby stone circle on the morning before the contest, which is held in the afternoon. This will be the same place where trials by combat are customarily held. The prize is placed in the middle of the circle on an altar stone. There is only one way into the circle, between two large stones wide enough apart to admit a rider on horseback. Guarding the circle is the Black Knight who cannot leave the circle. Each challenger enters the circle in turn. The only way to claim the prize is to unhorse the Black Knight.

The Tableau of Battle is the ultimate prize of the tourney. If the Tableau of Battle was the Tableau of the dungeon tower then the prize would be the hand of the damsel herself. There is more to this prize than a fair Bretonnian damsel, perhaps a castle and feudal domain complete with a modest retinue. If the Tableau of Battle was the Tableau of the stone circle, then the prize would be a magic weapon, which was recently discovered somewhere in the dukedom, or brought back from an errantry war in some far flung place.



Thibault lay in his bed that night, too restless to sleep. He had spent hours talking to Giraud, a conversation that had ended in acrimony. His brother refused to say what he was doing in this lost village, or why he'd never sent word back home. He claimed his ravaged appearance was the result of a mysterious illness, and that if he were to leave the pure mountain air of the village he would surely sicken and die. Little was left of the Giraud Thibault remembered: this withered old man was a fragile shadow of the handsome, proud man his brother had once been... and should be now. Even his personality had changed as if his will had ebbed along with the decline of his body. Finally a terrible coughing fit had forced Giraud to retire, carried out of sight by concerned villagers.

Once again, Thibault woke up in the middle of the night, his heart pounding. Yet again, he walked over to the window and threw open the shutters. The village had transformed itself back into a ruinous state, and a raw mist obscured the ground. Thibault was seized with dread, but this time he was determined to investigate. Grabbing his sword, he hurried out of his room.

Thibault walked about the village, his footsteps deadened by the mist. The buildings were completely ruined, low broken walls covered with ivy. When he looked back to the village square, the inn too was a sad jumble of stones and bushes. There were no people, no aromas, no life of any kind.

Yet... something about the square was different. What had changed? What was that shape looming out of the mist where before there had been nothing? As he turned to investigate, the shape solidified and resolved itself into the form of a huge, mail-clad knight.

"HE WHO SEEKS TO RULE MELYS GAU MUST FIRST DEFEAT ME!" boomed the strange knight, raising his massive axe and striding towards Thibault.

"I have no quarrel with you, Sir Knight," replied Thibault, backing away. "I do not seek to rule this place."

"FACE ME, OR DIE!" intoned the black knight.

Clanking forward he swept his axe at Thibault, who barely managed to parry the stroke in time. A mighty fight ensued. The opponents were evenly matched in skill, but the black knight, encased in full armour, was slower. Thibault could react and move faster, but had no shield or armour to protect him. One slash of the black knight's massive axe could cost him a limb, or even his head. Thibault decided his best tactic would be to wear his opponent down, and forced the black knight to lumber round the village after him as he darted back and forth. But his opponent was relentless, attacking like an automaton, and it was Thibault who started to tire. A trip over a tree root cost him a nasty gash on his arm. The magic of his sword was strangely erratic, as if were unsure whether the black knight was friend or foe.

Thibault pulled on all his experience, and all his faith, to survive. The fight was hard, and seemed to last forever. Finally, the sky started to lighten, and the mist receded. Dawn was on its way. The black knight hesitated, and looked upwards. Gathering all his remaining strength, Thibault rushed forward and dealt the knight a terrific blow across his neck, at the base of his helm. With a ghastly howl, the black knight staggered back, and toppled onto the ground with a mighty crash.

"Yield or die" cried Thibault, leaping forward to hold his sword at his foe's neck. The black knight moaned in response, and moved his head feebly from side to side. Placing his foot on the knight's chest, Thibault lent forward to cut the lacing on his armour and pulled the heavy helmet free. The pale face that stared up at him was Giraud's.

"Save me brother, save me!" gasped his brother. "Now, while I am myself once more, I beg you – kill me and set my spirit free!"

Thibault recoiled with horror. To kill his own brother would be a crime against honour and human dignity. Yet, if Giraud were to be believed, his death would break the enchantment and free his soul from the terrible curse that held it here. On the other hand, by killing his brother, would he in turn become the doomed guardian of Melys Gau, and have the life slowly sucked from his body and his soul? Should he sacrifice his own soul to save his brother's? And if he didn't kill Giraud, what then - would anything be changed? Would he even be able to leave Melys Gau himself, or would he be trapped here, forced to fight his own brother every night for all eternity, or until one or other of them perished by his brother's hand? As he stood in the rosy morning light, frozen by indecision, the line of a prayer drifted into his mind: *And the greatest of these is mercy.*

As the golden rays of the sun broke over the hilltops, Thibault raised his sword and prepared to strike.





Bretonnian Heraldry



Earl Adalbert

Brocard

Suidbert

Cheldric
the Brave

Baron
Thegan

Philibert
the Loon

LOUEN OF COURONNE

Louen Leoncoeur is the King of Bretonnia and Duke of Couronne, and bears the royal heraldry of Couronne – the lion rampant. Carleond, the first duke of this esteemed realm, was given this as his heraldry in remembrance of a boyhood incident. The young Carleond, born in the lands of Lyonesse, was playing with his older brother Thierulf when they were set upon by a mighty lion, the last of its kind in all the lands of the Bretonni. Miraculously, the two children slew the beast, and skinned it so as to wear its fur. After Carleond fought at the Battle of Couronne, saving the city in single combat, the people of the land flocked to his side, for their own king had been slain, and thus he was appointed as the first duke once Gilles had united the Bretonni.

The Heraldry of King Louen



KNIGHT ERRANT

A Knight Errant of the royal family of Couronne, Louen bore the design of the lion rampant, the heraldry that he would carry with him always. The red band on his shield comes from the heraldry of his father who was at that time the King of Bretonnia, while the blue band comes from his mother's family shield.



KNIGHT OF THE REALM

Having earned his full knighthood, Louen was presented with his new shield, a more refined version of the one he had carried as a Knight Errant.



QUESTING KNIGHT

Louen travelled the lands of Bretonnia and beyond in his quest for the Grail. During this time, he encountered the Green Knight and earned the blessings of the fair Prophetess Carolinda. This last event was represented by a token with which he adorned his shield. It was as a Questing Knight that he earned his title 'Leoncoeur', the lion-hearted.



GRAIL KNIGHT

Having drunk from the Grail and been imbued with its fey powers, Louen returned to Couronne in glory. Here he was presented with a new shield, bearing the lion rampant clutching the Grail.



DUKE OF COURONNE

Upon becoming the Duke of Couronne, the Grail on Louen's heraldry was replaced with the Sword of Couronne. This potent symbol represents the weapon first gifted to Carleond by the Lady of the Lake.



KING OF BRETONNIA

On his coronation, Louen was gifted with his new shield by the Fay Enchantress herself. The Crown of Bretonnia was added to his heraldry, as well as the golden border that bears 14 fleurs-de-lys; one for each of the dukedoms of Bretonnia that he now represents.



Lord
Haydon

Jasperre, Slaver
of Malgrimace

Baldemar

Rigunth
the Dragon

Hildebald

Mogen of
the Flame

BOHEMOND OF BASTONNE

Bearing the proud heraldry of the dragon is Duke Bohemond 'Beastslver' of Bastonne, of the bloodline of Gilles le Breton himself. Gilles took this heraldry as his own after he slew the ancient dragon Smearghus, and from then on wore the skin of the beast. This revered artefact is still held within the duke's great keep, tended by an enclave of priestesses, and worn on occasions of ceremony and warfare by the duke.



Earl Burden
the Wild



Ganelon



Mathias the
Villainous
Warden



Evroul



Godun Victor
of Drakkar



Mallebaude

MALDRED OF MOUSILLON (Deceased)

Once the fairest and most noble of all the realms, the first Duke of Mousillon was Landuin - finest of all of Gilles' Companions. He bore the device of the fleur-de-lys, an ancient symbol of purity and devotion. This realm has since become dishonoured and loathed, though it seems that one has risen who claims the dukedom for his own, a black-armoured knight who some say is kin of the king himself!



Baron
Leuthere



Massone



Reolus



Ingund



Chlodomer



Grimoald

THEODORIC OF BRIONNE

Duke Theodoric rules over the people of Brionne, and bears a shield emblazoned with the battleaxe of Brionne. During the third famous battle of Gilles le Breton and his Companions, Baldwin of Brionne sallied forth to do battle with the boldest of the foe. He smote down the largest of the enemy warlords, but not before his adversary's massive axe became embedded deep in Baldwin's shield. Such was the strength of the blow that the weapon could not be removed, but Baldwin fought on for the remainder of the day bearing the immense burden without faltering. In respect to their first duke, those of his lineage continue to honour him with their heraldry.



**ADALHARD
OF LYONESSE**



Shurly



Gauthier



**Henry
the Red**



**Roland
the Marshal**



Iacen



Orderic

Lord of the realm of Lyonesse, Duke Adalhard bears his family heraldry of a lion's head. Thierulf, first and most devoted of all the Companions of Gilles, took this heraldry after he and his brother slew a lion as children. From that day forward, each time he rode to war, he wore the lion's fur up over his shoulders and head, and it is recorded that he fought with the ferocity and heart of a lion.



**Hiden
the Brave**



Theudis



Aldeald



Havelock



**Pritchard
the Distressed**



Milone

**HUEBALD OF
CARCASSONNE**

Duke Huebald is the grim and highly respected lord of Carcassonne, whose shield bears the image of a sword, a powerful symbol within this warrior land. This heraldry was first adopted by Duke Lambard, one of Gilles' Companions, in respect of the culture of his forefathers. For hundreds of years the sons of Carcassonne have been given a newly forged birth-sword that they are made to touch as soon as they are born, and it hangs over their cot until such a time comes when they can wield it.



**Baron
Rambert**



Childeric



**Graeme,
Friend of Dwarfs**



Elgar



Wilguric



Beldane

**FOLCARD OF
MONTFORT**

Lord of the lands of Montfort is Duke Folcard, and it is his towering Castle Montfort that guards the narrow passage through Axe Bite Pass. Though a castle has stood there for hundreds of years, it was Duke Martrud, Companion of Gilles who built its walls to the towering heights that they remain, and it is this image that is depicted in the family's heraldry.



**Baron
Letard**



Corbus



**Laudethaire,
Beloved of Parravon**



Redemond



**Keevor of
the Long Locks**



Malagant

**CASSVON OF
PARRAVON**

Duke Cassvon is the sovereign of the lands of Parravon, and it is his family standard that bears the pegasus rampant. This is in memory of Hylceus, Parravon's first duke and Companion of Gilles, for it was he who befriended Glorfindal, lord and sire of all Royal Pegasus.



**Earl
Theutgard**



Ferragus



**Guntrum
the Bearer**



Cheldric



Leuchere



**Justin
son of Ute**

**TAUBERT OF
L'ANGUILLE**

Humble and virtuous, Duke Taubert rules L'Anguille and bears the royal coat of arms: the image of a raging sea monster. It is believed that fair Theralind, beloved of Corduin, first Duke of L'Anguille and Grail Companion, was turned into this beast by a jealous hag. Nevertheless, the purity of Theralind won out, and it is local myth that she guards the port still, her grief causing the treacherous storms that lash the coast.



TANCRED II OF QUENELLES



Comte
Raynor



Leon Beloved
of Mathilde



Panteleon



Anthelme
of Austray



Hrodbert



Taurm
the Wanderer

Duke Tancred II is lord of the ancient lands of Quenelles, the land bordering the realms of the fey. In honour to the capricious and dangerous spirits and faeries of these lands, his family bears the heraldry of the unicorn – indeed it is said that in times long past, the first duke, Rydemund the Pure, befriended the fey folk, and could walk among them without fear.



Earl
Orlando



Calard



Tristran the
Troubadour



Lochar



Gunchar



Luidolf

HAGEN OF GISOREUX

Ruling Gisoreux is the stalwart and virtuous Duke Hagen. As recounted in The Histories of the Unconquerable Realm, the first duke, Beren, fought valiantly against foul ambushers within the Forest of Arden and was the lone survivor of his party, sorely injured and lost. A vision of a white hart led him to safety, and it is this occurrence that is remembered and honoured in the heraldry of Beren's descendants.



Baron
Sigibald



Luc
Beast-spitter



Turpin



Gundehar



Kegan



Bertelis

ALBERIC OF BORDELEAUX

Bordeleaux is ruled by the strict and brave Duke Alberic, victor of Palancor Fields. He wears the family coat of arms, the tri-forked badge of office distinctive of the sea-god Manann. Duke Marcus, Companion of Gilles and virtuous first duke of this land, was said to have fought side by side with Manann himself in driving raiders from his coastline, and this heraldry symbolises the strong link those of Marcus' line have with the tempestuous sea deity.



Baron
Waldon



Reynard
the Hunter



Piers
the Intrepid



Brandyn



Merovech
of the Quest



Hemiland

CHILFROY OF ARTOIS

The forested dukedom of Artois is the realm of Duke Chilfroy, who oft rides forth into the grim glades to track down the beasts that lurk therein. Skilled as none other with the lance, he is at war or hunt, it was the first duke, Folgar, who hosted the gatherings of the Companions. The heraldry of the house of Artois bears a boar's head, symbolising the dangerous beast Mordhunok that Folgar slew for the first great feast of the Companions.



Lord
Luidhard



Aigulf



Montglave,
Defender of Cervon



Harland



Maraulf



Berenfroy

ARMAND OF AQUITTAINE

Duke Armand, once the bearer of the Standard of Bretonnia, rules over the strong-willed and contentious people of Aquitaine, having come to power at the King's behest when his brother fell in battle without a clear heir. His coat of arms bears the winged falcon claw of his forefather, Fredemund, Companion of Gilles and Lord of the Skies. It is said that the heavens above Fredemund's army were blackened by thousands of birds of prey that came at his bidding.



Smoke from the burning village drifted through the upper branches of the trees, carrying the scent of burning flesh and the waters of the river foamed red with the blood of the fallen and the knights' warhorses tossed their heads and snorted as they caught the scent of battle. Duke Bohemond of Bastonne, known by his warriors as the Beastslayer, rode at the head of his knights down the rutted road of hard-packed earth towards the village. By daring to attack a community so close to his castle, the beasts of the forests were displaying a boldness that would not go unanswered, and Bohemond swore that every last twisted beast that profaned his lands here would perish.

He saw a group of the bestial creatures armed with crude axes and swords loping towards an old building of white stone, adorned with bright cloths and gaudy ornamentation. A dishevelled woman in her night attire knelt before it in prayer, begging the Lady for protection or salvation.

"The shrine!" shouted the Duke. "They must not defile the shrine!"

He raked back his spurs and leaned into the charge, bracing the flare of his lance against his breastplate. His knights matched his pace as they rode past the first victims of the slaughter — a woman and two small children those bodies had been ripped apart by fang and claw. Ahead, the villagers' attackers billowed in warning as the rumble of the knights' charge echoed from the valley sides. The earth trembled beneath the mighty warhorses' hooves; a rolling thunder that grew in power as their speed increased. The dragon standard of the duke snapped and billowed from the banner pole, its colours bright against the darkness of the sky.

The knights lowered their lances as their steeds covered the last few yards between them and their foes. The horned creatures howled their challenge, raising their shields and axes in defiance. With a crash of steel on iron the knights smashed into the braying monsters with the fury of the Breton himself. Lances spitted the foul denizens of the forest on iron tips and swords chopped down, hacking limbs and heads from furred bodies. Those beasts spared the initial slaughter did not survive the hooves of the warhorses, the knights' steeds thrilling to the scent of blood and battle and lashing out with iron-shod hooves to split shields and skulls alike. The Duke rammed his lance into the belly of a massive beast with a horned head and dark fur matted with dried blood and filth.

The impetus of his charge punched the creature from its hooved feet and it bellowed in pain, dark blood jetting from the wound before the lance snapped and the corpse was crushed beneath the duke's warhorse.

Bohemond tossed away the splintered lance shaft and drew his sword. It shimmered in the evening light, its ever-sharp blade blessed by the Fay Enchantress herself. He hated to sully its bright sheen with corrupted blood, but the shrine of the Lady had to be protected at all costs. He wheeled his horse and charged back into the combat, beheading a monstrous beast with the head of a snarling bear. His knights fought with courage and honour, cries of 'For the Lady!' spurring them on to greater heights of heroic endeavour as they meted out vengeance for the fallen villagers and defended the honour of the Lady. No quarter was offered and within moments, the ground was drenched in the foul lifeblood of the bestial creatures.

The knights cried "For Bastonne!" as the duke's standard was raised high and the shrill clarion call of the horn pulled them into formation once more. The shrine had been saved but there were yet the beasts within the burning village to despatch. The Duke smiled indulgently as the woman who had been praying before the shrine ran to him and clasped herself to his armoured leg. She pulled a ribbon from her hair and said. "Take it, it was touched by a priestess of the Lady and will bring you victory."

The duke nodded, allowing the peasant woman to tie the ribbon around the hilt of his sword, but deciding not to chastise her for suggesting that he and his knights needed her paltry token to win this day. He lifted the sword high and walked his horse forward as frenzied beasts ran from the sacked village towards them.

"Kill them all," he snarled and, as one, he and his glorious knights charged into the smoke and flames of battle once more.



THE LADY OF THE LAKE

Since ancient times, the Bretonnians have worshipped the Lady of the Lake as their goddess, a figure of myth and legend who guides their kings and protects their land from harm. Worship of the Lady can be traced to the earliest days of the kingdom. It is said that she arose from a lake before Gilles le Breton and his knightly Companions on the dawn of the Great Victory of Bordeleaux.

Wreathed in a fey light, the Lady rose from the water bearing a grail which overflowed with light that spilled into the waters of the lake, blessing the assembled knights until dawn's light broke over the mountains. Gilles famously dipped his bloodied and tattered banner into the radiant waters of the lake crying, "Lady, bless my banner!" only to lift it from the waters, magically restored and bearing the image of the Lady and her glittering grail.

Gilles and his knights rode out and defeated the Orcs, then returned to the lake after the battle to give thanks to the Lady for her blessing. And at this lake, he and his Companions swore great oaths to serve the Lady and remain together to free the land of Bretonnia from the monsters that assailed it. In the years that followed, Gilles and his knights went on to win many great

victories and since those days, worship of the Lady has spread throughout Bretonnia.

The Lady of the Lake is an awesome figure of Bretonnian myth and legend. All Bretonnians, whether Knights or commoners, respect and honour the Lady of the Lake. To the Knights, she is the goddess of honour and virtue who always favours the brave and shuns the dishonourable. For the common peasants she is an angel who protects them, an unearthly spirit who breathes life into their fields, orchards and vineyards. Worship of this goddess dates back to ancient times, as far back as the stone age ancestors of the Bretonnians. On the fringes of Bretonnian territory, in the Grey Mountains and in the towns and cities, other gods such as those of the Empire gained a small foothold, but in the vast heartland of the Bretonnian countryside the Lady of the Lake still reigns supreme.

Revered throughout Bretonnia but barely known beyond, the Lady of the Lake is a truly regional goddess. She stands for purity, nobility, and courage in the face of danger. She is the ideal lady, everything a knight should love and strive to serve. In the minds of many knights, the Lady is Bretonnia, in a mystical sense. Unlike virtually all other Gods of the Old World,





the Lady is encountered by her mortal worshippers in this world. All Grail Knights met her at the climax of their quest, and the Grail Damsels are also said to be initiated by the Lady herself, though they speak very little of it. As a result, when the Lady is portrayed, she is portrayed consistently: a young woman of great and somewhat unworldly beauty, clothed in white, with a narrow golden fillet holding a white veil on her head. In one hand, she holds the Grail. The most prominent difference between the Cult of the Lady and the other religious orders of the Old World is that the Lady has no Priests or Initiates. Instead, she is served by the Grail Knights – the flower of Bretonnian chivalry – and the Grail Damsels, women taken from their families as children and raised by the Fay Enchantress to serve the Lady with mysterious powers.

The Lady is worshipped within Bretonnia, primarily by the nobility. Both knights and their ladies worship her, and Bretonnians outside their own country normally maintain their faith. Strong Bretonnian influence among the Border Princes means that there are a number of Grail Chapels to be found there, though the Grail Damsels normally seem to treat that area as outside their sphere of influence.

The Lady is concerned with protecting Bretonnia, working through its knights to do so. Their courage and martial skill protect the land from external foes, whilst their nobility and chivalry ensure that the land enjoys internal peace and justice. She seems not to concern herself directly with peasants in any way.

The Lady herself is very rarely seen, and only in the most verdant depths of the Bretonnian countryside may she be found by a few privileged and pure souls. She appears in those places where the earth energy wells forth to the surface and overflows. This magical energy is visible in the form of a swirling white mist or vapour. Thus the Lady appears to rise up from the depths of lakes and pools, springs of sweet water, among groves of trees and within the ancient stone circles erected by the ancestors of the Bretonnians. Few are privileged to see the Lady appear, and those who have seen her are regarded as especially favoured. Only those whose devotion, courage and extreme virtue have moved the Lady will be honoured enough to enter her presence.

THE SACRED LAKES

Throughout Bretonnia are hundreds of ponds and lakes where, local legends have it, the Lady of the Lake has appeared to the faithful. While the sheer number of these stories suggests that the vast majority of these legends are little more than old wives' tales and peasant rumour, it has been reliably established that some of these Sacred Lakes have indeed been graced with her presence. These lakes are often the destination of pilgrims and Knights Errant who seek the lady's blessing, and strange, magical occurrences have been known to occur in areas proximate to these lakes.



The places where the Lady appears are always remote and isolated spots, usually deep in the forest or beside mountain pools. Only those who are prepared to face great perils are ever likely to find them. It is widely believed that anyone seeking the Lady can only find her if she leads him to her by means of dreams and visions.

Those who do find her are regarded as highly favoured and are themselves revered. Appearing as an ageless maiden of unearthly beauty, the Lady will only appear to those who have faced great peril and are pure of heart. She rises majestically from the lake or wafts into the wooded glade on the swirling mist. She is radiant like the moon and speaks by gestures rather than words. In her hands she carries a shining chalice brimming over with liquid light – the grail. Those most favoured by the Lady will be approached by her and she will hold the grail to their lips. They can then sip the enchanted energy from the grail with miraculous results.

The Lady of the Lake has been sought for and found many times in Bretonnian history. Each encounter passes into the legend enriching it further. Over countless centuries the lore of the Lady of the Lake and her sacred grail have become the dominant religion of Bretonnia. Chapels to the grail are found in every village and the symbolism of the Lady and the grail is to be seen everywhere.

The Lady of the Lake and the grail are a fundamental to the Bretonnian code of chivalry. Although the code of chivalry and the rules of honour grew out of the Bretonnian traditions of knighthood and warrior virtues, these are entwined with the legends of the Lady of the Lake. It is she who rewards honour and virtue. To seek honour is a devotion to her which will



ultimately win her favour. A Knight who dies having served and honoured the Lady all the days of his life is believed to become one of her avenging angels, continuing to serve her through all eternity.

The highest pinnacle of chivalry in Bretonnia is to become favoured by the Lady of the Lake. Many knights, wishing to prove their valour, declare that they will go on a Grail Quest and seek the Lady of the Lake to sup from her sacred chalice and become one of the legendary Grail Knights, warriors of unsurpassed skill who are incapable of malice and impure thought. A Knight who is prepared to go on a perilous quest to seek for the Lady may ultimately find her and sip from her grail becoming almost invincible. Such Knights defend honour and virtue among mankind and protect the blessed land of Bretonnia in which the Lady dwells. Sacred groves and areas of mystical power are her dwelling places, and the Grail Knights are her protectors devoting themselves to upholding her honour.

No base creatures or evildoers can profane her sacred places or offend her presence, and this is a duty that every knight in Bretonnia, not just the Grail Knights, takes very seriously indeed. The Bretonnian code of chivalry is inextricably linked with the Lady of the Lake, as it is she who rewards honour and virtue, and the supreme sign of a knight's favour is to receive her blessing.

THE GRAIL

The Lady has two symbols. The first is the Grail, the magical cup from which her Grail Knights drink and from which Grail Damsels and Prophetesses are



believed to draw their power. It is depicted as a golden goblet with a wide base, narrow stem, and flaring cup.

The Grail is often shown decorated with the Lady's other symbol, the fleur-de-lis, though those who have seen it insist that it bears no ornament other than its superb shape. The fleur-de-lis, a stylised lily, primarily symbolises purity and only secondarily the Lady.

Finally, it is common for the Lady to be depicted directly – on banners, after the manner of the one she gave to Gilles le Breton, or in stained glass. Over time, stained glass depictions have become extremely popular, as the light shining through them recalls the light that is supposed to surround the Lady. Most Grail Chapels have such a window.

The enchanted chalice kept by the Lady of the Lake is not like any other precious or magical item. It cannot be taken from her or kept by any mortal person. It is recorded in Bretonnian annals that a wicked and foolish Knight claimed to have possession of the grail. In reality it was a false grail with which he intended to fool and confuse good and virtuous Knights so that he could wrongfully seize the throne of Bretonnia. He met his well-deserved fate at the hands of the Grail Knights, servants of the true grail. This episode has passed into Bretonnian history as the 'Affair of the False Grail'.

From time to time, Questing Knights return from their wanderings bearing ancient golden cups or similar items which they have found in old burial mounds or glinting on the bottom of forest ponds. Such things do not fool Grail Knights who have seen the true grail and know its true appearance! Such false grails are revealed for what they are by Knights of the true grail and their finders must return to their quest or be disgraced.

GRAIL CHAPELS

Throughout Bretonnia are to be found chapels dedicated to the Lady of the Lake and the grail known as 'grail chapels'. This is most often the site where a Questing Knight was allowed to drink from the Grail, becoming a Grail Knight. They may also be built near to a place where a vision of the Lady of the Lake has appeared, or in a town or village or even within a castle. These will usually be the pious foundations of Knights who either hope one day to succeed on the grail quest, or who have returned. Many of these chapels are to be found in remote locations hidden in the forest near to a place believed sacred to the Lady of the Lake. Grail chapels have been built throughout the history of Bretonnia so many are very old indeed. There are even a few which date back before the time of Gilles le Breton.

As Grail Chapels are almost invariably built by the nobility, most are of stone and built in a soaring style dominated by pointed arches and large windows. Each Chapel is a single hall with a high ceiling, a door at one end, windows in the side walls, and a large window in the end opposite the door. Stained glass, depicting the





Lady, her servants, and great deeds of chivalry, is the dominant form of decoration. All Grail Chapels face the Forest of Loren, home of the Fay Enchantress and the place where, most believe, the Grail Damsels are trained. In much of Bretonnia, then, they face southeast, which also means that a lot of sunlight falls on that side.

The main window is almost always a depiction of the Lady, but in particularly small or poor chapels it may depict the Grail or a fleur-de-lis. The windows are decorated in order, moving back along the Chapel from the main window. The window over the door is often in the shape of the fleur-de-lis and almost never glazed with stained glass.

The original and simplest form of the grail chapel resembles in its plan the sacred symbol of the fleur de lys. Thus the central nave which can be square, rectangular or circular in shape, has three semi-circular apses of three of its sides.

On the forth side is the entrance porch. The apse at the far end of the nave houses the sacred altar of the grail chapel on or before which rests the reliquary. Usually the altar takes the form of a basin of sacred water or sometimes a sacred spring or well. The reliquary, usually bound with gold and silver and set with precious stone, contain relics of former Grail Knights of Grail Damsel which served the chapel in the remote past. These may be anything from weapons to talisman or even bones. All around the sacred pool will be chalice various kind, presented to the grail chapel by pious Knights. These symbolise the grail because, of course, the true grail is a magical thing which has no psychical form and can never be possessed.



The side apses house the tombs of Grail Knights, surmounted by their carved effigies. These depict a Knight resting under his shield. There may be a narrow-arched doorway with steps leading down to a subterranean crypt in which rest more Knights and Grail Damsels. The central nave often rises up into a tall tower, resting on strong columns and vaulted arches. The stained-glass windows, usually in the form of a fleur de lys, admit glorious multi-coloured light to illuminate the interior and its many hanging tapestries. The floor will usually be decorated with glazed tiles bearing the fleur de lys motif. Next to the chapel will be found the chantry of the Grail Damsels which severs as an infirmary for wounded Knights. All around are



grown herbs for potions and, of course, fleur de lys. It is the custom for the Grail Knights to live as a hermit in the secluded chamber near the chapel or even for him to sleep in the porch of the chapel itself, guarding the door.

It is the sacred duty of the Grail Knights to protect these shrines and often such knights will devote the remainder of their lives to defending the Lady's shrine from defilement. Grail Knights may choose to become hermit Knights living in a remote grail chapel guarding the relics housed within it and the bones of former Grail Knights buried within the chapel. Such Hermit Knights defend the grail chapels from evil foes who might try to take the relics or even the bones for their own vile sorcery. Fortunately, the bones of Grail Knights are incorruptible and cannot be bent to evil will, but sepulchres attract raiders, usually Undead or Skaven, looking for whatever they might find and desecrating the sanctity of the shrine in the process.

Every Grail Chapel is supposed to be attended by a Grail Knight, who guards it, maintains it, and exemplifies the values of the Lady. In practice, many Grail Knights found Grail Chapels on the site where they themselves encounter the Lady, and thus there are far more Grail Chapels than Grail Knights. In addition, most Grail Knights spend their lives wandering the land and fighting evil or serving their lords. Only a few, the Hermit Knights, choose to spend their lives watching over a Grail Chapel.

At an attended Chapel, the Grail Knight gives a short sermon every Ladyday (the name for Holiday in Bretonnia), and those who live nearby are expected to attend. Grail Knights are not selected for their oratorical abilities, but many feel that they ought to make an effort, and thus long, rambling, pointless sermons are extremely common. For the rest of the time, the Chapel is open to those who wish to pray or meditate, but the Knight prevents any lesser use of the building.

Some Chapels are attended by Grail and Battle Pilgrims, often venerating the reliquary of the Grail Knight who founded the Chapel. These operate in





much the same way as those attended by Grail Knights, except that the sermons tend to be better; the leaders of Grail Pilgrims are chosen on the basis of oratorical ability.

A few Chapels are maintained by nobles who are not Grail Knights. These Chapels were generally founded by an ancestor of the nobles in question, and in some cases, the maintenance of a Chapel is one of the duties attached to a fief. A bare handful are attended by Grail Damsels and Prophetesses. These are the holiest of the Chapels and popular destinations for pilgrimage.

Many Grail Chapels, however, are unattended and uncared for. These buildings may fall into ruin or be used as storage areas by peasants. As stone buildings, they are normally the sturdiest structure in a village. Grail Knights frown on most such uses, with one exception. Peasants who take refuge from attackers in the Chapel are believed to be putting themselves under the protection of the Lady, an act of piety. It is rare for even these Chapels to fall into ruin, as stone buildings are durable and normally only fall apart completely when building materials are stolen from them. In Bretonnia, only nobles are allowed to build in stone, and no nobles would risk getting caught stealing building material from a Grail Chapel.

Some of the more remote grail chapels have become ruined and completely overgrown and forgotten. This is especially true in the forests and regions which have been ravaged by enemies and subsequently recaptured. Often all record or memory of the location of the original grail chapel has been lost and the new Knight will build a new chapel. One day a Questing Knight may stumble upon the old chapel with its relics while seeking the grail. Since grail chapels are often near to places where the Lady of the Lake appears, Questing Knights deliberately seek out old grail chapels or may be led to them in visions and dreams. Within the ruinous crypts they may find magical weapons, relics placed there by former Grail Knights who may even be entombed in the very same chapel. Such relics are regarded as quest rewards from the Lady of the Lake.

Over the centuries some grail chapels have been enlarged as various nobles have rebuilt old chapels or embellished existing shrines. Such chapels, often called abbeys of the grail, may contain so many valuable reliques that they require defences in the manner of a castle and several Hermit Knights to guard them.

The holiest Grail Chapel in Bretonnia is the First Chapel, in the castle of Bordeleaux. Founded by Marcus of Bordeleaux, one of the Grail Companions, in the great hall where he was visited by the Lady, it set the architectural pattern for all future Chapels, but is unusual in facing west; the hall already existed. This Chapel is attended by a Grail Prophetess, at least three Grail Damsels, and at least two Grail Knights at all times. All of the greatest nobles of Bretonnia pay towards its upkeep, but the Duke of Bordeleaux willingly pays the largest share.

PILGRIMAGES

Bretonnians are deeply religious people. All Bretonnians, no matter what their status may be in the feudal order, revere the Lady of the Lake and put their faith and trust in her. Whereas knights can always redeem themselves or seek virtue by going on the grail quest, commoners and ladies cannot do this and so they set out on pilgrimages.

The object of the pilgrimage will often be a favoured grail chapel of great sanctity, or a lake or spring sacred to the Lady of the Lake. To drink the waters or pray at the chapel ensures good fortune, because the place is blessed with the benign magic of the Lady. The hardships of the journey and its perils are endured with a steadfast fortitude that comes from the pilgrim's unshakeable faith.

Followers of the Lady are encouraged to make pilgrimages, journeys to distant sites of religious significance. The target of a pilgrimage is almost always a Grail Chapel and must be at some distance from the pilgrim's place of residence. The First Chapel in Bordeleaux is a very popular destination, but not for those who live in the city itself; for them, it is too close.





People, both noble and peasant, often go on pilgrimages to mark major life events. Marriages are solemnised at distant Chapels, whilst after a funeral, the bereaved family make a pilgrimage on behalf of the deceased soul. Illness and injury are also occasions for pilgrimage; it is common to promise to go on a pilgrimage if you recover. Some people also mark the anniversaries of major events with a pilgrimage.

This is not pure piety. Peasants need the permission of their lords to travel, and most lords are very reluctant to give this out. Even the meanest lord, however, can hardly refuse permission for a wedding pilgrimage. Thus, for many peasants, pilgrimages are basically holidays.

The destination of a pilgrimage is most often a Grail Chapel attended by a living Grail Knight, with the hope of gaining the Knight's blessing. Those few Chapels attended by Grail Damsels are popular with the nobility, but peasants tend to stay away. There are also a few Chapels that have become popular destinations and now provide many services for the pilgrims that flock there, including taverns, inns, theatres, and other entertainments. The Chapel of the Thrice-Sundered Lance, in the mountains near Parravon, is the most famous of such locations, drawing pilgrims from across Bretonnia.

THE LADY'S BLESSING

The Bretonnians revere the lady of the Like as the embodiment of chivalry and knightly virtue. She is the very spirit of Bretonnia, who rewards the brave and destroys the craven. Those who go to battle with her blessing will triumph over their enemies even if they are outnumbered hundreds to one!

To the Bretonnians this is a just and natural state of affairs. Were they to consider the matter at all, they might say that the magical forces that flow through the land are drawn and concentrated by the faith of the people who love and protect it. The land's spirit is formed from the magical energy that flows through it, and that spirit is nothing less than the Lady of the Lake herself. This sacred power flows from the Lady's chalice, the grail to which all chivalry aspires.

Just as an individual Knight can gain the favour of the Lady of the Lake, so an entire army can be blessed so long as its leader is virtuous and his warriors pure of heart. When so many honourable Knights go to war, swearing to fight to the death to uphold their ideals and defend what is right, no matter what the odds, then very great amounts of virtuous magic are attracted to them. This can manifest itself as a shimmering mist rising from the ground, like the morning mist of a summer day. The Lady of the Lake may even appear as a vision before the entire army, glimmering in the hazy ether to bless the warriors of Bretonnia.

Before a battle the Bretonnian Knights kneel and pray to the Lady of the Lake, avowing to fight to the death for honour and justice. It is an awesome sight to behold the mists of magic seep from the ground in response to the Bretonnians' affirmation of faith. The enemy can but watch with dread as rays of sunlight break through the clouds, glinting on the armour and dancing upon the lance tips of the Bretonnian host, stirring an otherworldly chorus from the very earth itself. The foes of Bretonnia know that they face divine as well as human forces, and uncertainty gnaws at their resolve and their hearts sink within their quailing breasts.





The Knight Errant's Tale

It was a cold and frosty winter's morning. Roget and the other peasants went to the vineyards on the slope, bordering the great forest. The devastation was heartbreaking. There might not be a vintage this year because of the ravages of the Orcs! It was the third time that the boar riders had ridden out from their lair in the Forest of Arden wreaking havoc over the land.

Had he been a Knight in the castle, he would have ridden out to challenge their leader. Doubtless he would have slain the wretch and singlehandedly muted his cut-throat followers! Alas there was no Knight in the castle: Baron Guilbert was dead. Slain by a cowardly Orc arrow while hunting in the forest. Now the great hail of the castle echoed not to his jovial feasting but to the weeping of his grieving widow and tearful daughter, La Belle Elise.

As the afternoon darkened towards evening, Roget and the callers trudged back to the village. They paused by the old grail chapel to ask for blessings from The Lady in these troubled days. Just then a cavalcade of riders, resplendent in their fine clothes, crossed the castle drawbridge and rode along the track to the village green before the grail chapel.

Villagers came out of their hovels and leaned out of windows to see what all the fuss was about. Roget regarded the nobles. It was the widow of Baron Guilbert, proud and stern, and her daughter, La Belle L Ilse, adopting a very haughty manner despite her youth. They were accompanied by a retinue of men-at-arms. One of these addressed the assembled peasants thus:

"Wherefore the noble and rightful Baron Guilbert de Vray was cruelly and dishonourably slain, and insofar as the Domain of Way is without male heir, it is forthwith declared subject to Errantry! If there be anyone worthy to accept the Errand of Knighthood, let him come forth! If he shall succeed, he shall be deemed rightful hard of the Domain and shall receive the hand of La Belle Elise."

The peasants began talking excitedly among themselves as the nobles looked on maintaining their cool aristocratic demeanour. La Belle Elise was making a special effort to appear as arrogant as she could doubtless hoping to deter the least appealing of the commoners from taking on the errand lest by some mischance they might succeed!

"About time!" said one wizened old peasant. "We've been lacking a lord far too long!" said another. Old women began nudging and winking at some of the peasant lads to encourage them to step forth. Then someone mentioned Roget's name. Old men began slapping him on the back with words such as "Go on Lad, you can do it" and "We want you to be our lord!" Roget knew this was his fate. He was the strongest, toughest and in many ways the best young man in the village. No one else had yet stepped forward. All eyes began to turn on Roget.

Then the Widow de Vray rode forward and spoke. "It would please me... It would please La Belle Elise, if you, Roget, would accept this errand of knighthood!" Roget paused, everyone waited on his reply. He looked at La Belle Elise. She did not look at all pleased. Roget was in a tight spot. If he refused such a request, he would lose face in the village. He had too much honour to do that. He had been born with the noble heart of a true Knight and the Lady of the Lake had found him out at last. He knew that he must accept the errand and trust in the Lady of the Lake!

"I accept the errand," said Roget. It was considered correct form and honourable to accept the errand without knowing what it was to be. It was now up to La Belle Elise to pronounce the Errand of

Knighthood. She had the power to choose a perilous task with little chance of survival or something a bit kinder. Roget stared at her coldly beautiful, pouting, disdainful face and his heart sank.

"The Errand shall be..." began La Belle Elise but stopped when her mother leaned over and whispered in her ear. The girl frowned and waved her mother aside with her hand and began again.

"The errand shall be to bring me the head of the Orc warlord who slew my father the Baron and who has devastated our fields!"

"A worthy errand!" said one of the retinue. Other shouts of approval came from among the retainers and the peasants. While everyone acclaimed and congratulated him, Roget thought to himself that this Orc warlord had a few friends who might get in the way – a few hundred friends!

"You shall attend the castle tomorrow," said the retainer acting as master of ceremonies. "Your armaments and warhorse shall be made ready." At this La Belle Elise quickly spoke out, "Not Victoire! You can't give him Victoire to ride, he might not come back!" So the first glimmer of emotion from the girl was for a horse, thought Roget. There's confidence for you!

The party rode back across the drawbridge, except the Widow de Vray, who stayed behind. She spoke quietly to Roget in the porch of the chapel. "There is something in my husband's tomb which you shall take with you – the Sacred Sword of Vray! I shall send my servants tonight to help you lift the slab!"







THE LAND OF BRETONNIA

Bretonnia is one of the great realms of the Old World, almost rivalling the Empire in size, wealth and power. It stretches from the Grey Mountains in the east to the Great Ocean in the west. In the south it is bordered by Estalia and Tilea and to the north its rocky coast is lashed by the stormy Sea of Claws.

The land which is now known as Bretonnia was once settled by High Elves from Ulthuan. Here they built ports, palaces and pinnacles to supply and protect their colonies in the Old World. These are now in ruins. The Elves abandoned this land after their long wars with the Dwarfs who were expanding westwards from the Worlds Edge Mountains. The Dwarfs in their turn retreated, when their mountain homelands were broken asunder by earthquake and volcanic eruptions. The land became a wilderness settled by Orcs, Goblins and primitive human tribes, the ancestors of the Bretonnians.

Bretonnia derives its name from the most powerful of these tribes, the Bretonni. Under their greatest warlord, Gilles le Breton, the Bretonni were welded into a single nation united by an unshakable code of honour and chivalry.

The Bretonni settled and cultivated the land in the teeth of opposition from the Orc and Goblin tribes. After centuries of continuous warfare, the Bretonnians won the fertile valleys and plains and pushed their enemies into the forests and uplands. This struggle continued as new enemies emerged. Fleets of Undead raided the coastal regions of the West. Skaven appeared from the South, Nome and Chaos raiders came from across the

Sea of Claws and sailed far inland along the wide rivers, spreading destruction in their wake. Through generations of continuous war against these relentless foes, the Bretonnians forged a formidable and heroic tradition of Knighthood. It is the Knights of Bretonnia who hold back the destructive forces which threaten to devour this fair land.

Unlike the Empire, Bretonnia has a kinder climate and is a more easily cultivated land. Its vast forests and wilderness regions are separated by great fertile plains and valleys where the nobility of Bretonnia have established their feudal domains. It is a rich, strong chivalrous and well defended land.

Short-term visitors to Bretonnia see a land of fertile farms, rolling hills, starkly beautiful mountains, and airy forests. The population consists of noble and courteous knights, fair ladies, and contented and deferential peasants. Bretonnian chefs are famous for their culinary skill, and the wine produced in the vineyards of the country is renowned throughout the Old World. This is the image Bretonnians want to project, and it is not entirely false.

It does, however, conceal problems. The mountains are home to Greenskins, the forests to foul creatures. Many peasants are starving, and knights who use courtesy to cloak brutality are found throughout the land. Even the superb flavours of the food often mask rotten ingredients. The cynical say Bretonnia wears a fair mask over deep corruption; the more generous lament the gap often found between its ideals and reality. No one who knows the country at all can ignore the contrast, however.





Anyone travelling through Bretonnia, outside the blighted land of Mousillon, sees a country that looks fair and prosperous. The forbidding forests and frowning mountains of the Empire are nowhere to be seen. This does not mean Bretonnia is completely safe, however. Behind the facade, peril lurks. Bretonnia's landscape can be divided into six main types: arable land, where crops are grown; pastoral land, where animals are grazed; forests; mountains; the coast; and the great rivers.

THE MOUNTAIN FRONTIERS

The frontiers of Bretonnia are marked to the east and south by two massive mountain chains. These do not provide Bretonnia with natural defences. Instead these aimed peaks harbour Orcs, Goblins and other enemies ready to descend into the fertile valleys to wreak havoc.

The mountains surrounding Bretonnia, and the Massif Orcal in its heart, are notable for their spectacular scenery. Soaring cliffs and thundering waterfalls mark the outer edges of mountain ranges, and on clear days, the peaks seem to shine from the snow on them. Farming and mining communities dot the edges of the mountain ranges, renowned for the extremely steep roofs of their houses, designed to shed snowfall quickly.

Nothing stirred within the walls of the tiny village of Avignant. From a distance, the thatched cottage roofs and lazy curls of chimney smoke seemed extremely inviting to those who had travelled a long way. Luc knew better. He had lived his fourteen short years within those walls, and now, atop a hill more miles distant than he had ever been before, he sat and watched as ravens circled lazily above his home. The home he had lost when disease swept through it and claimed the lives of all within it, except him.

He could think of nothing to do but wander the land in search of a place where he might be taken in and find work.

So Luc set off, never looking back, and travelled in the direction his father had told him led to the castle of the Baron du Duchennay. Five days later, gaunt and spent, he reached the heavily fortified gates of the castle and stopped to beg the gate guards to allow him admittance.

"Where do you hail from, boy?" asked one of the men-at-arms. Upon hearing the name of Avignant, the three guards recoiled from the boy, hastily withdrawing further beyond till shut portcullis that separated them from Luc.

"You cannot come in here boy. We have received word that Avignant is plague-ridden. Remove yourself from here at once or suffer the wrath of le Baron!"

Luc's pleas for clemency fell on deaf ears, until finally the guards became so enraged the boy fled from them, fearing for his life. Luc ran until his legs could support him no longer, and he collapsed, falling into a deep sleep.

When he awoke, he found himself beside a mist-dhruuded lake nestled deep in the heart of what seemed an ancient wood, judging by the size of the gnarled old trees that loomed above him. It took all of the boy's remaining strength just to crawl to the edge of the lake and scoop up some of the crystal-clear water in his cupped hands. Having drunk his fill, Luc simply sat there with his head bowed, too weak to move, letting his pent-up tears fall silently into the lake. Luc raised his face and looked out across the waters, all hope scoured from his tear-streaked face. "I should have died with the rest of them," he whispered.

"I have other plans for you, my child," said a soft, melodic voice. Startled, Luc looked about him but all he could see were ripples stretching outwards from a point roughly in the middle of the lake, as if something large had briefly broken the surface of the water. Yet more strange was a sudden feeling of well-being that flooded through Luc's tired body as all pain and hunger left him. Without quite knowing why, Luc got up and started to make his way out of the Forest of Arden and back towards the domain of Duchennay, oblivious to the willowy figure standing watching him from afar.

Morgiana smiled to herself as she watched Luc recede into the distance. 'Go little one. Go and teach the Baron du Duchennay and his men what happens when my mistress' servants lose their sense of compassion.'

Some of these communities are cut off from the rest of Bretonnia for months at a time in winter and have developed their own customs, in some cases involving the worship of the Dark Ones. Further in, Orc and Goblin tribes make their homes. When the snows melt in spring, at least one mountain community is found reduced to charred rubble. It has, however, been many years since these Orcs dared to raid outside their mountain strongholds; some fear they have been building their strength.



The Grey Mountains

These high mountains mark the frontier between the Empire and Bretonnia. There are only a few passes through the mountains which can be used by travellers and merchants, but these are treacherous and unsuitable for wagons. Only pack mules and men on foot can make the crossing. The largest of these passes is known as Axe Bite Pass. It is guarded on the Empire side of the peaks by the fortress of Helmgart, and on the





Bretonnian side by the Castle de Montfort, held by the Duke de Montfort. This pass is the one chosen by invading armies attempting to cross the mountains and has been the site of many battles and skirmishes. The northern end of the Grey Mountain chain gradually declines into the hilly uplands of the Gisoreux Gap. This is the principle trade route between Bretonnia and the East and the easiest route for an invading army. Consequently it is defended by many formidable castles held by warlike barons with huge retinues of Knights and men-at-arms.

The Southern Mountains

These mountains mark the southern frontier of Bretonnia. On the far side are Tilea and Skavenblight. In the east, the mountain chain runs into the region of high peaks known as The Vaults. There are very few passes through these mountains, and those that are used by merchants are extremely perilous. Although it is difficult for invading armies to cross these mountains, the frontier is held by numerous strong castles to guard against Skaven, Orcs and Goblins. Most of the trade with Tilea goes across a single pass leading to the plains of Miragliano or by sea around the Estalian peninsula.

The Massif Orcal

The weather beaten rocky crags of the Massif Orcal dominate the heartland of Bretonnia. The cliffs rise above the Forest of Chalons bare except for gnarled and twisted pine trees clinging to the rocks. When the ancestors of the Bretonnians were no more than a handful of savage, warring tribes, this region was a stronghold of Orcs and Goblins. Indeed there are still enclaves of Orcs and Goblins hidden among the crags

as well as the ruined ramparts of old strongholds overthrown by Bretonnian Knights in their many efforts to rid the region of Orcs. Somehow Orcs and other foul creatures manage to hide in these mountains and continue to return here no matter how many times the might of Bretonnian chivalry march in with fire and the sword to drive them out.

The region is honeycombed with caves, some perhaps delved by Dwarfs in remote antiquity. Not only Orcs and Goblins hide in these mountains, but also Skaven are rumoured to have a stronghold here deep inside Bretonnia. Many times the Bretonnian nobles have scoured the region of Skaven to curb the ravages of these foul creatures.



The Pale Sisters

The Pale Sisters are a range of limestone hills at the far northern end of the Grey Mountains. These bare hills, separated from the mountains by the River Ois, are mainly inhabited by Bretonnian shepherds and there are few castles. Here the ancestors of the Bretonnians built burial mounds with huge slabs and boulders of stone for their chiefs. They may have been inspired in their work by contact with Dwarfs and Elves. Since many of these tombs, now hidden or ruined, have become the lairs of monsters, wraiths and other fiends, it is a region which attracts many Questing Knights. These often encounter Dwarf treasure hunters looking for gold.





THE GREAT FORESTS

Within Bretonnia are large wild and trackless forests which remain unsettled and unconquered like islands of mystery and peril in the heart of the realm. The Bretonnians continue to carve out feudal domains on the margins of the forests, lighting off Orcs, Goblins and monsters to do so. This has been going on ever since the Bretonni tribe first settled in the land that now bears their name. In those days the wilderness extended over almost the whole country.

This pattern of conquest and settlement has continued ever since, but the progress of settlement has ebbed and flowed over the centuries. Sometimes whole provinces are devastated by invaders or plague and revert back to wilderness. Nevertheless, there are always plenty of Knights eager to reconquer the province; to carve out for themselves new domains; build castles to defend their hard won gains; and settle peasants on the new lands to cultivate the fields, orchards and vineyards.

The outer edges of Bretonnia's forests are thoroughly exploited by the people. Pigs forage in the leaf litter, trees are felled for building, and others are coppiced or pollarded. These are techniques that ensure a tree produces a lot of long, thin branches, useful for wattle and daub or for firewood. It involves cutting the branches right back every year, almost to the ground in the case of a coppice, or further up the trunk for a pollard. In Bretonnia, pollards are more common, so that pigs and sheep cannot eat the shoots of new branches. As a result, the trees in these areas are spaced out for easy access, and there is little undergrowth.

Further in, however, the forests become as dark and tangled as anything in the Empire. There are no Elves in the forests of Arden or Chalons (Athel Loren is outside Bretonnia proper), and no Humans live beyond the tamed borders. As a result, they are a haven for Beastmen and similar foul creatures, or for cultists of the Ruinous Powers. Human outlaws often lair near the





edge of forests, and provide an important defence for local communities, keeping worse creatures back in the depths of the woods. There are stories of whole cities of Beastmen in the depths of the Arden, and whilst there is no evidence for this implausible idea, it is not impossible; no one knows enough about the forest interior to say the cities are not there.

The Forest of Loren

The vast and mysterious Forest of Loren is located in the far south east of Bretonnia. It lies wedged between the Grey Mountains and the Vaults. The forest is so big that it changes from huge ancient oak woods shrouded in mist rising from many pools and mOrcs on the low plains to dark pine woods and thick silver birch on the slopes of the mountains. It takes several days for a traveller to find his way through the trackless forest and few except Questing Knights will even attempt it. Hidden within the forest is the fabled land of Athel Loren. This legendary realm is the last enclave of Elves in the Old World. These are descendants of Elves who did not abandon the Old World with the rest of their kin, but instead hid themselves in the most inaccessible region they could find, protecting themselves with magic.

Francois dismounted from his horse and led his tired steed to the small stream he had spotted a little way back. Leaving his horse to drink its fill from the cool waters, the Questing Knight wandered a short distance from the stream, lost in thought.

For the past two weeks, Francois had travelled the depths of the Forest of Arden in search of a fabulous white hart that he had seen often in his dreams. Why the Lady of the Lake had granted him these visions he could not say, but Francois was certain his quest for the beautiful creature was somehow linked to his quest for the grail itself.

Unfortunately, he had seen no trace of the animal since venturing into the forest, and now, tired and hungry, he was beginning to think he was wasting his time.

Dispirited, Francois turned to go back and then stopped in shock, gazing upon the wondrous form of the white hart itself, standing scant feet away from him and regarding him with soft, intelligent eyes. All about him, Francois could sense a stillness in the forest, as if everything, even the wind, had paused to watch what he would do next. With growing apprehension, Francois realised he did not know what to do. The Knight had been so consumed by the chase that he had not paused to consider what he would actually do if he found the hart. In his soul, he knew confronting the creature meant something important, but he was unsure how it would aid him in his quest for the grail. As if sensing his thoughts, the white hart turned and slowly walked from him. In his mind, the Knight heard a single word: Follow.

Although the King of Bretonnia claims sovereignty over this region, in reality it is a separate realm subject to its own laws and with its own rulers. The Bretonnians respect the Wood Elves and do not interfere with them.

The kings of Bretonnia have never attempted to extend their authority over the Elves, nor have any barons sought to carve out domains within the forest. Instead, Bretonnia benefits from this mysterious realm defending its south eastern border. This is one of the few regions which Orcs, Goblins and other invaders fear to enter, and if they do, they are never heard of again.



The Forest of Arden

The Forest of Arden is a huge oak forest spreading over the hinterland of northern Bretonnia. It extends up the slopes of the Grey Mountains and for this reason is often invaded by Orcs, Goblins and worse enemies descending from the higher peaks and passes into Bretonnia. In the depths of the forest they are able to hide and organise raids on the surrounding countryside.

There are many marshes and lakes within the forest as well as dense thickets making it difficult to track down the raiders when they are pursued into the forest. Many vile creatures, huge monsters, Dragons and savage beasts linger and breed here and so the forest attracts many Knights Errant and Questing Knights eager to hunt them down, slay them and thereby win honour. Some of these Knights never return. The remains of others are sometimes found centuries later, their rusting armour and bones scattered around the lair of some hideous beast, or glimpsed through the waters of a misty mere. Here and there the roots of a tree have grown through the visor of a great helm, while swords lie embedded to the hilt in the bark of great oaks which have grown around them.

The Forest of Chalons

The Forest of Chalons is altogether different from the other vast forests of Bretonnia, being located in the high lands west of the rocky crags of the Massif Orcal, the great, weather-beaten crags of rock that dominate the heartland of Bretonnia. This forest extends over rocky ravines and crags. Everywhere knolls of weathered rock reach above the stunted gnarled trees. It is a region honeycombed with caves and cut by streams. There are waterfalls and pleasant pools of sweet water. Vast boulders perch precariously on the edges of cliffs towering above deep chasms covered in a green blanket of ferns and moss. Despite its pleasant appearance, the eastern parts of the forest are home to numerous evil creatures who have come down from the Massif Orcal – enclaves of Orcs and other foul creatures are said to inhabit these dark crags. No matter how many are wiped out by the Knights of Bretonnia, there are always more...





THE GREAT RIVERS

The great rivers of Bretonnia, which meander for hundreds of miles along the fertile valleys, are important trade routes since Bretonnian roads are very poor. Indeed many regions of Bretonnia have no roads at all apart from tracks. Travellers and Questing Knights have to find their own way through the wilderness. Often hacking through the bracken and brambles with their swords and wading across deep and treacherous rivers and lakes. Boats sail up and down the rivers to the walled towns and ports from the feudal domains of the barons in the valleys and plains carrying casks of wine from the vineyards, enormous cheeses and other goods. Anyone travelling by wagon can expect an extremely long and arduous journey and it would be wise to take an escort of several Knights.

The River Sannez

The River Sannez is the swiftest of Bretonnia's great rivers, narrow and deep for much of its length and renowned for the purity of its water. It flows through Couronne, the capital, to reach the coast at L'Anguille, the greatest port, and as a result sees a lot of trade. The fast current means upstream trading is much harder than down, and the traders on the river use "upstream" to refer to any difficult task, particularly if there is an easier way of doing something. In the latter sense, it has entered normal Bretonnian, so "That's a bit upstream" means "You're doing that the hard way."

The current of the Sannez makes it hard to control a boat and very difficult to swim to safety if you land in the water. Carnivorous fish take advantage of this, having learned that a Human in water is basically helpless. In many places, someone who falls into the Sannez is literally eaten alive. The carnivorous fish are very tasty, however, and some regular boatmen make a show of catching them by trailing a hand in the water and grabbing the fish that bites. Two-fingered Gothric (previously known as Three-fingered Gothric) is the acknowledged master of this lunatic fishing method.

The Grismerie

The Grismerie is the largest of the rivers, broad and slow for much of its length. It begins near Parravon, where it is still a young and energetic stream, but by the time it reaches Montfort it has settled down. The Grismerie sees more traffic than any other river, and the riverside inns are famous throughout the country. They particularly compete on cuisine, and The Braided Fish, near Montfort, is famous for both the house speciality of grilled trout and the spectacular view of the mountains from the rooftop dining area. The Duke of Montfort has stayed there, and rumours suggest that the King is considering a visit.

The main fault of the Grismerie is that it reaches the sea in the swamps of Mousillon. The slow current means that it is easy for things to swim up the river, and attacks by waterlogged Undead are not unusual. All boats try to make an inn by nightfall, and the innkeepers hire guards to drive off any attacks that

might come. This makes the river inns unusual in a second respect: they are more designed to drive off attacks from the river than from the land.

The Gilleau

The Gilleau, which reaches the sea at Bordeleaux, is most famous as the site of the first of the Great Battles of Gilles the Unifier. Indeed, it takes its name from that event. It is famous for the Gillites – boatmen who live on their boats and refuse to set foot on land. Their boats are brightly painted, and they make excellent tradesmen, so they have a near-monopoly on river trade.

The river has its source in the Massif Orcal, a tributary from the heart of the Forest of Chalons, and flows along the borders of that forest for most of its length. As a result, it is plagued by Greenskins and Beastmen, and another reason for the monopoly of the Gillites is their skill in driving off such attacks. They also seem to be attacked less often than other users of the river, leading some to whisper that they are in league with the monsters.

The matter of which is the longest chanson, the Chanson of Guillaume or the Chanson of Gilles, has never been satisfactorily resolved. The debate is at its fiercest during the long winter evenings, when the noble families and their retainers cluster round the castle fire to keep warm, and are entertained by minstrels and travelling players.

The Bretonnians are a very proud people, and will go to extraordinary lengths to demonstrate their personal wealth and social standing. Each duke and baron thinks he is better than his neighbour, and will take every opportunity to flaunt his superiority by constantly improving his castle, recruiting more men-at-arms, and equipping his Knights with the best weapons, armour and warhorses he can afford. This exaggerated sense of pride permeates every level of society, so that even the humblest peasant toiling in the field fervently believes that his cabbages are greener, plumper and more tasty than his neighbour's.

A Bretonnian minstrel's worth is rated by memory and endurance, hence the importance of a chanson's length. The best minstrels are universally adjudged to be those who can sing for longest, not necessarily those who can sing in tune, or play their lute well. In fact, a common insult in the Empire is to accuse somebody as being "as boring as a Bretonnian minstrel".

Each duke and baron have his own minstrel, who sings chansons glorifying the exploits of his lord and all his ancestors. A simple ditty can last for half an hour, a chanson de bataille can take several hours, while a full-blown chanson, describing the life and times of an illustrious hero of the past, can last right into the early hours of the morning. The noble ladies enjoy those songs much more than their men folk, who tend to nod off half way through the evening, or are forced to make up feeble excuses about having to "check the neutrières aren't blocked" or "hoist the petard" so they can leave the room, take the cheese out of their ears, and slope off to bed.





The Brienne

The Brienne is the southernmost of the great rivers, and the fact that its source rises in the Forest of Loren leads many Bretonnians to regard it as sacred. The water is notable for a distinct blue tint, and for the fact that it can be safely drunk at any point along its length, even where it flows through the city of Brienne. Most Bretonnians attribute this to the influence of the Fay of Loren.

Traffic on the Brienne is lighter than might be expected, because boats sailing on it sometimes simply vanish without a trace. Neither the boats, the passengers, nor even splinters are ever seen again. This isn't an everyday occurrence, happening no more often than once per month, but it is far too common to be chance. These events have remained inexplicable.

THE PLAINS & VALLEYS

The vast open plains and valleys of Bretonnia are like gardens compared to the dense forests and wilderness lands all around. These areas are divided into many feudal domains each held by one of the great barons of Bretonnia. Each domain is separated from the other by stretches of woodland reserved for the lord's hunting.

The dominant arable crop in Bretonnia is wheat, though oats, barley, and green vegetables are also grown. Fields are very large and divided into strips. Peasant families are responsible for one strip each, and differences in treatment mean many fields look somewhat stripy. Fruit Orchards and vineyards are common in the hills, on land that is too steep for easy farming. Sheep are often grazed under fruit trees.

Peasants work the fields almost constantly. In fine weather, this adds to the charm of the scene, and most peasants seem cheerful. In bad weather, they hunch

over against the wind and rain and can almost vanish as they are covered with mud, making them the same colour as the fields. At such times, there are few to see them.

Most of Bretonnia's hills are devoted to pastoral farming, whilst the plains and valleys are arable. The grazing animals keep the grass short, and the view of green hills dotted with white sheep or typically Bretonnian russet cattle is a common one. The flocks and herds are tended by shepherds and herdsmen. Shepherdesses are common in the south of Bretonnia, where it is the only occupation that allows women to travel by themselves. In the north, the idea of letting women go into the hills alone is frowned upon.

Flocks of sheep are attractive to predators, starting from wolves and climbing through Goblins, Orcs, Beastmen, and the like. As a result, the life of a shepherd is much more dangerous than it looks. Shepherdesses, in particular, have a reputation as tough and dangerous fighters and generally cannot find husbands. Most of them do not particularly care. Many shepherds carry the Bretonnian Crook, a spear with a hook at the end of the handle, and are skilled in its use.

THE FIELDS OF HONOUR

Nothing is more important to a Bretonnian knight than honour and chivalry. Throughout the Bretonnian landscape are sites of famous battles in which the pride of Bretonnian knighthood has excelled and performed heroic feats on the Fields of Honour. Sometimes, a local feudal lord will decree that such fields be left alone as memorials to those Knights who fell in battle. No structure, other than the occasional monument to the fallen, may be built, and no crops may be planted on die fields of honour. Visitors are expected to move through the area with a sense of quiet awe and respect.





THE COASTS

Bretonnia's coasts are marked by many cliffs and broad beaches of golden sand at their base. Around the great river deltas, the approach is gentler, and there are a number of safe harbours. Small islands dot the waters off much of Bretonnia. A few of these are home to villages or even small towns. A number of coastal villages are built up the sides of cliffs and other rugged coastal areas, with staircases or even ladders connecting streets running parallel to the slope of the land. These villages typically rely on fishing for their official income.

However, the waters around Bretonnia are notoriously difficult to navigate. Currents, winds, and tides shift rapidly, and many sea monsters live in caves in the more rugged areas of the coast. As a result, there are many shipwrecks. This situation is exacerbated by the inhabitants of certain villages who lure ships onto rocks and then pillage the wreckage. The form of the land also makes it all but impossible to moor a ship anywhere but a major port, and tolls and duties at those ports are very high. Smugglers are also found along most of the coast, avoiding the tolls at the major ports by carrying goods in small boats they know how and where to beach.

THE WALLED TOWNS

The walled towns of Bretonnia are much smaller than the great cities of the Empire, since most of the population of Bretonnia live in the countryside and there are few craftsmen and little industry in the realm. Everything the Knights need can be made in their own castles. The towns of Bretonnia are small and compact and well-fortified with massive walls. They are in all respects just like huge castles.

Buildings also clearly reflect the social divide. Only the nobility may use stone in their constructions, and very few nobles would condescend to live in a structure that wasn't at least mainly stone.

Peasant huts are made from wattle and daub. Wattle is a woven network of thin branches, neither strong nor waterproof. Daub is a mixture of mud, straw, and animal dung, smoothed over the wattle to keep out wind and rain. The daub used in Bretonnia dries to a warm, rich orange, the colour of sandstone, so even peasant houses look solid, but it's an illusion.

Wealthy peasants have recently started to use brick extensively, as it is not stone and thus permitted. They also use fine woods, and the richest merchants gild the outside of their houses. The structures are legal but far gaudier than any noble residence.

THE PORTS

The only towns big enough to be called cities are the ports, since trade with other lands brings in foreign merchants and provides a living for many poor Bretonnians who for some reason or other abandon the land. The Bretonnians, both nobles and peasants, are at heart a rural people who do not like living in cities. Towns are regarded as distasteful places and living in towns is regarded as unnatural and rather dishonourable. Quite a lot of Bretonnian townsfolk agree and take to seafaring as sailors aboard Bretonnian warships to escape the hovels of the ports.



"They are mere hundreds, lord" said young sir Louis, pointing at the Orcs.

"Surely we can defeat them without help?" he continued hopefully.

Richemont nodded. This raiding party of Orcs had somehow slipped past the border guards and was now bound to loot and pillage the lush lands of Couronne. If he rode back to the capital to seek reinforcements, they would lay waste to his fiefdom. That would never do. Instead, Richemont ordered his dozen Knights to form a Lance, unfurl the banner of Couronne and prepare for battle...





The root of the problem is that Bretonnians stick stubbornly to their country ways, and refuse to adapt their way of life when they live in towns. They persist in building their houses out of wood and thatch rather than stone, and let their pigs and chickens run free in the narrow lanes as if in a farmyard. Houses are built as close to the walls or the castle as possible for protection. Whereas this is no problem in a rural village with only a few houses, in a town there may be hundreds of houses cramped together.

THE CASTLES

Dominating each domain is the baron's castle. Bretonnian nobles build tall elegant castles with many towers and pinnacles. The height of the towers enables the lookouts on the battlements to see far across the lord's domains, even as far as the next baron's castle shining in the distance. Castles will often be magnificent, with gleaming white stone and gilded roofs surmounted by fluttering banners. However they are all ingeniously constructed with deep dungeons, drawbridges, moats, sally ports, portcullises and every other device to confound and defeat besiegers.



Due to the varying landscape of Bretonnia, Bretonnian castles are very rarely built to the same design. Some are sited on crags, making them inaccessible to all but the most determined invader, others are built in fairly flat terrain and so are normally surrounded by a moat that is easy to defend but almost impossible to attack across. Castles located on an island in the midst of marshes are quite common, and along the coast the castles of the ruling talons can be found on spectacular cliffs and islands which provide excellent defensive positions for an army to keep watch against seaborne invaders.



There are thousands of castles scattered throughout Bretonnia, of which the castle shown here is just one example. The basic plan centres around a massive keep, which is the oldest part of the castle. This is surrounded on three sides by a walled courtyard and the domestic halls, servants' quarters, stables, stores and kitchens are all arranged along the remaining side. The gatehouse is flanked by two small towers with larger bastions at the remaining corners of the castle.

The moat, or chasm, surrounding the castle is crossed by a drawbridge. As well as this there is a huge iron grid known as a portcullis, which can be raised or lowered to block the gate against unwanted intruders.

Around the castle will be found the fields, orchards and vineyards of the baron's domain. These are tilled by the peasants who live in cottages clustered around the castle which towers above their thatched roofs. There will always be a chapel of the grail, often in some secluded place within the domain. A few chapels are very large and have their own domains bestowed upon them by the king and their own retinues of Knights to defend them.

CHATEAU GALLARDE
(From the troubadour ballad of the same name)
In the land of Lyonsse there stands,
A castle deep in Orc infested lands
Upon its rock the mighty keep defies,
And around it four towers do arise,
And walls so high that wicked foes who try,
To scale them will most definitely die!
The Baron's warhorse lives within the keep,
Together with his wife and fifteen sheep!





Gilles de Brionne, the most famous castle builder in the realm, was pouring over his parchment plans and geeing up at the old gatehouse, shaking his head. The Baron had commissioned Gilles to reinforce his great castle in the latest style but was now having second thoughts. Gilles estimate of the cost was more than he had expected.

"I don't see what's wrong with the old gatehouse," complained the Baron.

"It too small, sir. You see my lord, there is a well-tried method to calculating the proper proportions of a gatehouse."

"Well, then you had better explain it to me, master Gilles," said the Baron.

"My lord, is it indeed your desire that a column of mounted knights should be able in ride out two abreast through the gate with lances raised?" asked Gilles.

"Yes it is," replied the Baron. "We must be able to sally out across the drawbridge fully mounted!"

"Well then, my lord, a knight tiding a warhorse with lance raised has a height of one and a half lance lengths. The arch of the gateway must therefore have a height of not less than one and a half lance lengths. The drawbridge must close to cover the gate and so it too must have a length of one and a half lance lengths. Therefore my lord, the moat must be widened to be one and a half lance lengths in breadth.

Furthermore my lord, the portcullis must be raised clear of the gateway and so the height of the gateway tower must be double the height of the gateway arch. That makes the gateway tower three lance lengths in height and the flanking bastions must be at least another lance length higher. So my lord the new tower must be twice as tall as the old tower!"

"I see," said the Baron. "And the cost, master Gilles?"

I estimate twenty barges of stone and two hundred working days for the masons divided between five masons at the current rate, making in total five hundred gold couronnes my lord, not including my own fee of course, which is still to be agreed."

"Fetch me the reeve" shouted the Baron. A few moments later the reeve arrived.

"Yon wanted to see me, my lord."

"Yes double the feudal dues this year, Gaston, and cancel the tournament!"

"Alas, the harvest was poor and the tournament is already paid for, my lord" said the reeve.

"Well then," shouted the Baron. "Fetch the Castellan!" The Castellan hurriedly emerged from the old gatehouse. "Alain, I have a task to you!" smiled the Baron, slapping the Castellan on the back. "I want you to shorten all the lances."







THE DUKEDOMS OF BRETONNIA

Bretonnia is a land rich in tradition and scenic landscapes. From the emerald green fields to the imposing forests, it is a place of beauty and glory. But beneath the veneer of the splendour, Bretonnia, like the rest of the Old World hides its own corruption, its own dark secrets.

Each of Bretonnia's provinces are ruled over by dukes whose weather-stained castles rise into the air in imitation of the abandoned Elf towers along her northern coast. Like much of the country, they are under constant repair and reconstruction.

Compared to the wealthy cities of the Empire, the settlements of Bretonnia are parochial, run-down and impoverished. The land boasts no seats of learning and its castles are decorated with mouldering tapestries of past glories. The pox-stricken peasantry live in shanty towns and hovels gathered about the castle walls, as the greater part of the country's wealth is spent on the splendour of its knights, for whom a fine appearance if just as important as the keen edge of sword and lance.

Place names and titles in Bretonnia are very simple. Consider, as an example, Coutonne. The Dukedom of Couronne is ruled by the Duke of Couronne, who has his seat in Castle Couronne, which is found in the city of Couronne. This applies at lower levels, too. The Lord of Temmerais, in Quenelles, rules the fief of

Temmerais from Castle Temmerais, which overlooks the village of Temmerais. Empire folk suggest that this is because Bretonnians cannot remember more than one name.

Bretonnians, on the other hand, insinuate that Imperial nobles like to have lots of titles because they have little power. Bretonnian nobles may, in fact, have multiple titles, but using more than one at once is frowned upon; they use whichever is most relevant. Dukes almost invariably use their ducal title, the main exception being the King.

L'ANGUILLE

Most of L'Anguille consists of arable land, though the Forest of Arden covers its southernmost reaches. Despite the fame of the port at the city of L'Anguille, the coastline of the dukedom is actually rather short and famed for being particularly rugged. For most of its length, cliffs plunge straight into the sea, and rocks rise from the water offshore. The sea monsters known as Theralind's Brood that infest the area make things even more hazardous. As a result, there are very few settlements along the coast of L'Anguille, with the notable exception of the city of L'Anguille itself. Those who do live there generally want to keep to themselves; hermits, smugglers, pirates, and cultists have all been found clinging to the coast.





Inland L'Anguille is almost entirely arable, dotted with the castles of the nobility. The soil is fertile and the weather normally mild as if the storms spend all their fury on the sea-cliffs, and few monsters lurk in the fields. The villages of L'Anguille maintain long, narrow strips of woodland, no more than a hundred feet across and often narrower. These bands separate the land of one village from the next, offer a source of timber, provide forage for pigs, and cannot hide bandits or monsters.

Apart from the great city of L'Anguille, there are no real towns in the dukedom. The cities of L'Anguille and Couronne are so positioned that no area of L'Anguille is very far from them, and they have proved impossible to compete with. On the other hand, it seems as though every village has a weekly market, as no peasant wants to go as far as the cities for daily necessities.

The southern stretch of the dukedom is within the Forest of Arden, and Beastmen and fouler things often make their way out of the woods to raid the lands. For some reason, stagheaded Beastmen are particularly common in this dukedom.

The People of L'Anguille

The people of L'Anguille fall into two groups: those from the city and those from the country. They differ radically, and rivalries between them are as strong as rivalries with other dukedoms.

Those from the city are sailors, fishermen, and traders. They live from the sea and are proud of it. True courage is to be found in the face of the elements, whilst life on land is an opportunity to enjoy life as much as possible. They claim the country-folk spend so much time worrying about next year's crop that they forget to live. People leave the city to settle down or because they want to face challenges that can be defeated, rather than merely survived.



Those from the country are farmers. They are solid and reliable, and the main threats are from bandits and, especially, Beastmen. They claim the city folk are gamblers who cannot be trusted to do an honest day's work. People leave the country to see something more exciting than a turnip harvest or to take the fight to the Beastmen.

The tension between the two groups is the main factor in the internal politics of the dukedom. Duke Taubert's avoidance of the sea exacerbated this; not only does he never visit the city, but he also avoids thinking about it as much as possible. He has appointed several stewards, but previous ones all failed to impose order. The current steward, Godemar Fitzgodric, is the wealthiest merchant in Bretonnia, head of the Brethren of the Lighthouse, and fully effective in making sure that the city's taxes are paid on time.



Godemar and the Brethren, however, want independence and rulership. Godemar, as a peasant, is a very lowly servant of the Duke – a fact the Duke's court rubs his nose in every time he goes to pay the taxes. However, his position has allowed him to bring the city almost entirely under the control of the Brethren. The Council of the Brethren are currently debating their next move: should they seek independence from the dukedom of L'Anguille, or independence from Bretonnia with the lands of the dukedom dependent on them? Whilst this debate continues, they are interested mainly in political stability.

Duke Taubert's absence means he is unknown to most people in the city. There are some who are considering appealing to him about the abuses of the Brethren, and among them, he has an almost messianic reputation. Most citizens, particularly merchants, regard him as distant and ineffectual, and that's the way they like it.

Among the peasantry of the countryside, things are very different. To them, the Duke is a hero, riding personally against the Beastmen. He has set up a chain of signal towers along the edges of the forest which relay an alarm to Grasgar Castle if raiding bands are sighted. Armed bands are sent out in response, often led by the Duke in person. More than a few villages have been saved from utter destruction by the timely arrival of the Duke's men, and there are some people who have had their lives saved by him personally; this often has a major impact on their opinions of their Duke.





The Beastmen have become more cunning over the years, and the more brutish have simply turned their attentions to Lyonesse, Artois, and Couronne. This is the cause of some tension with the neighbouring dukedoms, and some of the other nobles mutter that Duke Taubert should try to defeat the Beastmen properly rather than just driving them into other lords' lands. The fact remains, however, that Duke Taubert is acting more heroically than are most other lords in the area, and this keeps criticism muted whilst making it more likely that he will be opposed on other issues.

Languille

This port, whose large fleet guards the mouth of the river Sannez, is frequently under attack from sea raiders from the north and east. Consequently its walls are very formidable, with bastions jutting out into the sea. The Duc de L'Anguille has a castle here, situated on a rocky crag which is cut off at high tide from the mainland. At low tide it can be approached by anyone who knows the safe route across the treacherous sands. The highest tower of the castle is used as a lighthouse. This castle is built upon the massive masonry ruins of a High Elf fortress, which is just as well because the stormy seas lash against the stones day and night.

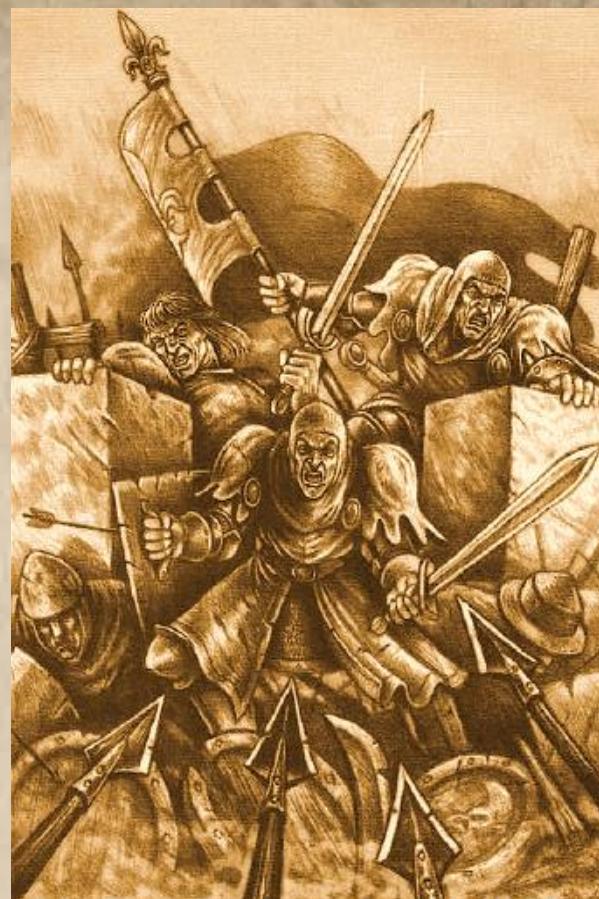
The buildings within the walls, however, are all Human-made and much more recent. The oldest is the castle, built on an island in the middle of the harbour and commanding the whole channel with its siege engines. It is somewhat rundown, as the Duke has not visited in years, but the defences are kept up. However, the Brethren of the Lighthouse have taken advantage of the Duke's absence to build four of their own watchtowers. These watchtowers are small castles, armed with cannons, and designed to give the guns the best field of fire possible. The Brethren have also installed gunnery platforms on the ends of the walls. The Castellan would complain to the Duke, but any response would come through the steward: Godemar Fitzgodric, head of the Brethren.

AQUITAINE

Aquitaine lies south of the Gilleau and the Forest of Chalons, land consists almost entirely of arable land. There are a few hills, but nothing so steep as to make pastoral farming the only option. The coastline is the gentlest in Bretonnia, with many beaches, few high cliffs, and numerous safe coves. However, there are no suitable locations for a major port, so the largest settlements are fishing (and smuggling) villages.

Inland, there are no major rivers, no obvious crossing points through the low hills, and no particularly defensible locations. As a result, no settlements have grown particularly large. Even the town of Aquitaine is no bigger than medium-size, and that is due entirely to the influence of the ducal court.

Indeed, noble influence is the main factor in town size throughout the dukedom. Noblemen encourage urban development around their castles so that they can tax



the trade and become wealthier. So far, these developments have never taken root: when the noble loses interest, the towns shrink again. Thus, there are a lot of towns with abandoned areas as large as the inhabited. The hovels there quickly collapse, but the more substantial buildings slowly moulder away.

A similar effect can be seen in Aquitaine's castles. As there are no naturally defensible locations, the lords of Aquitaine rely on construction to protect their homes. A noble facing attack or possessing extra money extends his castle, and his heirs abandon the parts that are no longer necessary to avoid the expense of upkeep.

The People of Aquitaine

The people of Aquitaine do not have to fight their land, so they fight each other. Aquitainians themselves prefer to say that they have honour and the courage of their convictions, but the result is the same.

Aquitainians have a reputation for being stubborn and for resorting to violence to solve their problems. As a result, their knights are among the most renowned in Bretonnia, and the dukedom is constantly in the grip of several small wars, revolutions, and feuds.

People often leave Aquitaine as a result of a serious disagreement with someone more powerful than they are. Others, particularly nobles, leave to prove their mettle against monsters, of which Aquitaine has remarkably few. Some, of course, leave because they are sick of the constant feuding and want to live somewhere people just get along. These folk tend to keep moving.





The internal politics of Aquitaine are in constant flux as old feuds die down and new ones flare up. The new Duke has, if anything, made things even worse, despite his best intentions. Whenever he intervenes personally to suppress a revolt or force reconciliation in a feud, he succeeds. However, if he cannot intervene personally, he tends to do nothing, which means that many other feuds are allowed to develop.

There are a few famous, ancient feuds which Duke Armand has not been able to resolve (although in these cases, none of his predecessors could, either). The feud between the D'Elbiq and Du Maisne families has continued for several centuries. It was started over the soiling of the daughter of one house by the son of the other, but no one now knows which was which (both houses claim that it was their daughter, of course). This feud has become so formalised that the locations of the battles are set in advance, and people come to watch. The feud is still real, though, so the battles are to the death, which attracts even more people.

A more recent feud is that between the Earls of Desroches, in the west of the dukedom, and Fluvia, in the north. The two men used to be inseparable friends, spending much time at the courts of the land. A little over ten years ago, something happened, and the two have been implacable foes ever since. Both are intelligent, fine tacticians and strategists, and superb warriors in their own right. Most of the time they keep their feud low-key, but as no one knows the cause, no one knows what might cause it to flare up into full-blown war. Between them, the two lords command the fealty of over a third of the nobles of Aquitaine; war between them would devastate the dukedom.

Relations between Aquitaine and other dukedoms are generally neutral. Disputes within Aquitaine stay there, and other nobles have more sense than to get involved.



Aquitaine

The ducal castle is in the southeast of the dukedom, near the border with Quenelles. It is famous for the Lace Tower, a tall spire built with so many windows that it looks as though it is made from stone lace. Dwarfs who see it mutter darkly about unsafe structures and future consequences, but the tower has stood for over a century. No one has been allowed to enter it for over fifty years, however, and leaning on it is punished with ten lashes, even if you are the Duke's daughter (much to her dismayed astonishment).

The town of Aquitaine is to the west of the castle and fairly small. It used to be entirely to the east, but over the years it drifted, and now the eastern side is entirely abandoned. The Duke sponsors expeditions to clear out unsavoury inhabitants and encourages burghers to settle there, but it isn't working.



ARTOIS

The land of Artois is dominated by the dense and mysterious Forest of Arden. Apart from a small strip of land in the western reaches, the whole of the dukedom lies within that dark woodland. The land outside the forest is predominantly arable, and is home to most of the dukedom's Human population.

The forest is not completely devoid of Human inhabitants, however. Apart from woodsmen and charcoal burners, the forest is also home to a number of village settlements. Each of these villages is surrounded by a ditch, bank, and wooden stockade. The stone keep of the noble lord granted the land typically also serves as the gate to the village. The villagers raise animals because, unlike crops, animals can be brought within the stockade when they are attacked.

Attacks are common. Wolves and bears are the least of the worries; groups of Beastmen are far from uncommon. Indeed, a village in the forest can expect to be attacked by Beastmen at least once a year. The Dukes of Artois have long made grants of land in the forest to brave younger sons of Bretonnian nobles because the ones who succeed establish vital outposts against dark forces. However, most fail, and destroyed villages dot the dukedom's eastern regions.

Beastmen are the most common monsters in the forest. For some reason, Artois sees particularly large numbers of Brays, which are generally used as cannon fodder by their Gor superiors. That is not to say that there are few Gors; there are just uncountable Brays.

Other creatures touched by Chaos are also common in Artois, and some lost villages appear to have been torn apart not by the outside depredations of Beastmen, but by Mutants arising within the population. Indeed, the level of mutation leads many to suspect that there is a potent source of Chaos somewhere within Artois; anyone who could find and destroy it would be a hero.





The People of Artois

The peasants and nobles of the western reaches of Artois are much like their neighbours in Lyonesse or L'Anguille. Indeed, many of them barely think of themselves as Artois. They like to emphasise how much they are a part of the wider culture of Bretonnia and the Old World, and younger people are encouraged to travel.

The residents of the forest also barely think of themselves as Artois. Indeed, many of them are only dimly aware the dukedom exists. Those villages sited on a major road might see a traveller once per week, but those further into the depths of the woods might not see an outsider in a lifetime. Leaving the village is regarded as suicidal folly. In most places, people hold funerals for those who leave and assume that those who return are Undead. The nobility travel to the ducal court at least once per year and so generally avoid truly extreme isolation. Residents of these villages, on the whole, know almost nothing of the outside world.

Adventurers from the west of Artois generally leave home because it is expected and encouraged. Indeed, western Artois produces more adventurers per head of population than anywhere else in Bretonnia.

Adventurers from eastern Artois usually leave because they can no longer stand living in the same place, hemmed in by the threatening woods.

Western Artois is all ruled by the Earl Larret, the cultured scion of a cultured dynasty. He is rumoured to have spent much of his time of errantry disguised as a minstrel, rather than fighting like a proper knight. He has never dignified the rumour with a response, and when he has taken the field, he has acquitted himself honourably. Whatever his background, he is a masterful politician and has made western Artois peaceful and loyal to him, rather than the Duke. He is thought to be planning to petition the King for baronial status.

Eastern Artois is made up of independent fiefs too concerned with surviving in a hostile forest to get involved with politics. The Duke is most active here, hunting down Beastmen and occasionally riding to the rescue of a besieged settlement. Even more occasionally, he arrives in time to do more than scare off carrion crows.

Slanderous rumours suggest there are Chaos cultists among the eastern nobility and even that there are villages where the inhabitants willingly consort with Beastmen. The knowledgeable dismiss the latter rumours and worry about the former.

The most widely known noble within the forest is Baron Chlodegar, a Grail Knight. He actually requested lands within the Forest of Arden, and he personally leads a group of his peasants on a trip to the city of L'Anguille every year. He is active in expanding his fief, which now consists of three settlements, and the visits to L'Anguille mean the peasants know far more



of the world than most peasants anywhere in Bretonnia. Chlodegar has also overseen the construction of a Grail Chapel in each village, fortified and designed to provide a place to fall back to. Each Chapel has a bell tower, but the bell is only rung to summon help in the case of attack.

Whilst Duke Chilfroy basically ignores his neighbours and rarely attends even the Royal Court unless summoned, Duke Adalhard of Lyonesse is trying to win the Earl Larret over to his fealty, thus expanding his dukedom and confining Artois entirely to the forest. The Earl is resisting, more out of desire for independence than any loyalty to Artois.

Artois

The seat of the Dukes of Artois is located within the Forest of Arden. As a result, it is the only ducal seat with no town outside the walls. The castle itself, however, has a substantial keep and a very large courtyard surrounded by a stone curtain wall. There is a ditch beyond the wall, but it is filled with sharpened stakes rather than with water. Duke Chilfroy is always based here, but he spends about half his time riding out to hunt Beastmen.

The courtyard contains accommodation for many warriors. The Duke found the ability to retreat swiftly after a successful battle is vital in the forest, accounting for the high number of mounted yeomen here. The large number of horses means that the castle needs even more supplies than normal; the stream of wagons is almost constant.

The Duke disdains using mercenaries in battle, but he does hire expendable outsiders as scouts. Anyone with a reputation as opponents of Chaos can find work simply by turning up at the castle and asking.





BASTONNE

Bastonne contains a wide variety of landscapes. It is bounded on its northern and eastern sides by the River Grismerie and in the south by the Gilleau. The western part of the dukedom is mainly arable, whilst the eastern regions are pastoral. The mountains of the Massif Orcal spill over from Quenelles, and to their west, much of the Forest of Chalons lies within this dukedom.

The most notable geographic feature, however, is the Black Chasm. This rift in the earth runs along the northern edge of the Massif Orcal, becoming narrower and shallower to the east, and disappearing just before the border with Quenelles. Where the Massif meets the Forest of Chalons, the Chasm is over two hundred yards wide and so deep it might be bottomless. The Chasm appears to run into the forest, but following it in is rendered impossible by undergrowth, and searching for it from within the forest is always unsuccessful. Black fogs often arise from the Chasm, chilling those caught within them to the point of death, even at the height of summer. Fortunately, the fogs do not travel far from the Chasm, and even Bretonnian knights have more sense than to build villages right at the rim. The

Chasm Spawn are more of a problem, as they can travel further. The Chasm is not entirely a bad thing, however, as it stops the Orcs of the Massif Orcal from raiding into the heart of the dukedom. It also serves to cut off the villages in the mountains. They are ruled by a Baron, Lothar the Ready, who is also a Marquis. He takes his responsibilities very seriously, but he does not really see himself as part of Bastonne.

The Forest of Chalons is almost completely uninhabited by Humans within Bastonne. There are a handful of logging villages along the edge, but they rarely last more than five years, and it is becoming almost impossible to find people willing to go. The Forest is the haunt of Undead, Beastmen, and Undead Beastmen, and they frequently raid to the north.



The People of Bastonne

Bastonnians like to think of themselves as the heart of Bretonnia. They are the people of Gilles the Unifier, and the dukedom is roughly in the physical centre of the nation. They have more pride in their nation than do the people of any other dukedom, and the worship of the Lady of the Lake is popular with peasants as well as nobles. Bastonnians have a strong tendency to believe that Bretonnians have certain virtues, particularly courage and honour, that set them apart from all other nations, and that Bastonnians display those virtues to the greatest extent. This often makes them rather pompous and chauvinistic.

It also provides the main motivation for Bastonnian adventurers: they are travelling to prove that Bretonnians are superior to everyone else. In the best cases, they strive to demonstrate their prowess. In the worst cases, they spend their time belittling the achievements of other nations, but do little themselves.

Bastonne's nobles contain an unusual number of Grail Knights, and corrupt nobles are far rarer here than in other dukedoms. However, competent nobles also seem to be rare; most Bastonnian nobles couldn't organise a fight in a Waaagh!. And, whilst the knights are noble, their stewards, bailiffs, and justiciars seem to be at best venal, at worst servants of the Ruinous Powers. The dukedom is rife with injustice, most of which the nobility would quickly rectify, if only they knew.

Bastonne and Bordeleaux have good relations since the time of Gilles the Unifier, but relations with Gisoreux and, particularly, Montfort are strained. Both of the latter dukedoms are short on land that isn't either forest or mountains. Montfort, for example, has virtually no land outside the Grey Mountains. The border lords are constantly looking at the expanse of Bastonne and plotting ways to expand their holdings. Crossborder private wars are a constant feature of life, but so far the Dukes themselves have kept out of it.

Castle Bastonne

Castle Bastonne is located almost exactly in the centre of the dukedom. The whole of it and the surrounding town are filled with antiquities made sacred by their association with Gilles the Unifier. Old buildings, statues, and bones, including the head of Smearghus stand testimony to Gilles's prowess. As well, a few ancient stone structures remain as well as a number of sections of the former castle are carefully preserved. Peasants and foreigners are forbidden to enter these places, and even nobles are expected to treat everything with respect. Things have happened over the past 1,500 years, and not everything lovingly preserved has any link to the Unifier. The largest revered structure is the Water Tower in Castle Bastonne. This was reputedly Gilles' personal residence. Most nobles are not allowed to go beyond the entrance lobby, and peasants can be whipped for looking at it too much. Every so often rumours surface about dark acts performed in secret within the tower, but they are quickly suppressed.





The town has the feel of somewhere preserved for the pilgrim trade, and indeed, it is a very popular destination. Peasant pilgrims are guided to the outside of a number of significant locations and to the inside of taverns that pay the guide a cut. Nobles can expect a personal tour, including opportunities to pray within most places. At a minimum, visiting nobles go to Gilles's personal Grail Chapel, and almost all Grail Knights have visited it at least once.

The giggling group of girls ran around the meadow, sweeping at the grass with the slender willow sticks they carried. "I've got one!" cried one. "So have I!" cried another, pouncing down to catch something. One girl, plainer than the others, moved more carefully, peering myopically into the undergrowth. "Has everybody got one?" cried the leader, Yvette, a tall girl with long blond hair. "Back to the well. Last one back's a goose!"

The girls ran back to the village well, laughing gaily as they skipped through the wild flowers. "Me first – I've got the biggest one!" exclaimed Yvette, opening her clasped hands to reveal an enormous warty toad. The other girls then showed their catches – frogs, toads and one newt – all except the plain Michelle, who'd dropped hers and stepped on it.

Everyone agreed that Yvette had indeed caught the largest, ugliest frog. "Kiss the frog, kiss the frog!" shrieked the girls, as Yvette raised the struggling amphibian to her lips and planted a smacker on its head. Nothing happened, and there was a collective sigh of disappointment. In turn, each girl kissed her catch, but no-one had any success. Disappointed, the girls disposed of their frogs in the time-honoured fashion by dropping them in the well, or throwing them at passers-by.

"Ooo look!" cried Yvette, pointing down the road. "The Knights are riding past the village – Let's go!" Screaming with excitement at the prospect of seeing so many handsome men, all the girls except Michelle rushed off to ogle the Knights.

Feeling left out and miserable, Michelle went to kick one of the frogs, but stopped her foot at the last moment, and bent down to pick it up instead. It was so big and ugly it had to be Yvette's toad. Holding the bloated creature firmly, she kissed it.

Orc Warlord Magrut swaggered out of the humie village, and looked around. Where was he? And more to the point, where were his gallant ladz? He remembered leading his army down from the mountains, where they'd come up against an army of glittering armoured knights, blocking their way west over the river. Leading his ladz from the front, he'd hacked his way through the humie knights until he reached one with a pointy hat, who wasn't wearing armour. As he'd raised his sword to attack, the humie pointed straight at him and cried out a string of harsh-sounding words... and that was all he could remember. Well, he'd soon find his ladz, and when he did, the humies would once again learn to tremble at the sound of his name.

BORDELEAUX

Bordeleaux is mostly arable land with some pastoral land near the coast. The cliffs of Bordeleaux are particularly high and spectacular, but whilst there are some offshore islands, there are very few of the concealed rocks and currents that make UAnguille's coast so hazardous. Whilst the best port is at the city of Bordeleaux itself, there are over a dozen other substantial natural harbours and even more fishing villages, many cut into the towering cliffs.

The southeast corner of Bordeleaux is covered by the Forest of Chalons. The western end of the Forest is less dangerous than the portion within Bastonne, and a number of villages seem to be flourishing within it. Nevertheless, Beastmen raid the villages fairly frequently and the inhabitants of the woods are particularly self-reliant.

In the north, Bordeleaux has a substantial border with the cursed land of Mousillon. At the mouth of the river, this is a high escarpment where the coastal hills of Bordeleaux abut the low-lying swamp that is Mousillon. As you turn upstream, however, the Bordeleaux side falls whilst the Mousillon side rises, so that for over half of the border's length the River Grismerie is the only barrier between the dukedoms. It is not very effective as such, and things frequently come across. Undead are the most common problem, but bandits, Beastmen, and Chaos Spawn are also frequent menaces. The river itself is largely abandoned for fear of the things that live in it.





The People of Bordeleaux

In stark contrast to their disciplined Duke, the people of Bordeleaux are renowned for spending their entire lives tipsy, if not completely rat-arsed. This is, of course, not universally true. Bordeleaux is home to many experienced sailors, and the perpetually drunk do not reach that status. It is true the wine produced along the Bordelen coast is particularly fine, normally abundant, and mostly consumed locally. Bordelens even drink unwatered wine with some frequency. Local wine, of any quality, is half the normal price in Bordeleaux; wine from other regions is triple the price of the local produce.

A fair number of Bordelen adventurers do so to get away from the constant drinking, brawling, puking, and passing out. Many are thus deeply disappointed in their comrades. Others left because they had the misfortune to be born near the border of Mousillon and thought that a life of adventure sounded like a safer option.

One notable feature of Bordelen life is the popularity of Manann along the coast. Whilst sailors everywhere pay tribute to the sea God, the Bordelen are particularly fervent, and even the nobles pay more than lip service to him. Bordelen nobles tend to think that the domain of the Lady of the Lake ends where the water turns salt.

The maritime traditions of the dukedom have created a split between the nobles. Those living inland are much like nobles anywhere else in Bretonnia, primarily worshipping the Lady of the Lake and drawing their wealth from land. Those on the coast worship Manann before anyone else and hold little land, drawing their wealth from the sea, instead. These nobles are as likely to send their sons out on a ship as to send them on an errantry tour. There is no real hostility between the two groups, but there is a profound lack of understanding.



Bordeleaux has good relations with Bastonne and Aquitaine, but its only relations with Mousillon are expressed in knights given fiefs along the river with the responsibility for keeping monsters where they belong. There is, however, a strong rivalry between Bordeleaux and L'Anguille, born from commercial competition. L'Anguille is easily the stronger trading port, so the rivalry is felt much more strongly in Bordeleaux.



Bordeleaux

The port of Bordeleaux is built upon Elven ruins, but here they are bigger and more extensive. The town is the biggest port of Bretonnia and the nearest thing in the realm to a city, although it is still huddled within a great circuit of high walls and dominated by the keep of the Duc de Bordeleaux. This port has the biggest fleet of warships since it is the port for trade with the Elves of the west and many other places.

The town has various quarters for Elf traders, Dwarf craftsmen, Estalians and Tileans and even the odd few Norse. Consequently there are a few bawdy taverns and the occasional brawls on the quayside. The Breonnians have walled off the upper city from this squalid area near the quay and guard the portcullises with men-at-arms so that the noble Breonnian chivalry need not be troubled by these ruffians. The Duke will exploit any opportunity to tidy up this part of the town and if plague breaks out, he will order the area to be summarily burnt to the ground, thoroughly cleansed and rebuilt.

Castle Bordeleaux, seat of the Duke, looks out over the whole city from a cliff rising over the harbour, and the siege engines on the wall can reach any point in the bay or the city itself. It is said the engineers are good enough to sink a moored rowboat without affecting the boats to either side.

The First Chapel, housed within Castle Bordeleaux, is the most sacred Grail Chapel in Bretonnia. The Dukes willingly pay a large share of its upkeep, because it brings them a lot of status, and most of the Dukes of Bordeleaux have been Grail Knights.

However, the most important temple is that of Manann, which is not exactly in the city. Rather, it is housed in an enormous ship, permanently moored near the entrance to the harbour. It is exposed to storms, but the priests say that Manann protects it, and it has survived for many years. Worshippers travel out by boat, and if possible they are supposed to help row or sail across. Grail Knights and Damsels and Prophetesses of the Lady are forbidden to set foot on board. Duke Alberic is the first Duke of Bordeleaux in generations to visit the temple.





BRIONNE

Brionne is the least threatened of the Breronnian dukedoms. Carcassonne stands between it and the mountains, Quenelles between it and Athel Loren, and Aquitaine between it and the Forest of Chalons. Even the seas off the coast are forgiving.

Most of Brionne is arable land, with some pastoral land in the east and south. The coast is typical of Bretonnia's cliffs and beaches, and there is a major natural port at the mouth of the Brienne. The city of Brionne is built here, shining like a jewel set in silver, as entirely too many poets have said.

Like Brionne itself, the castles and towns of Brionne are built for beauty rather than practicality. Many nobles have built keeps so as to harmonise with the landscape, but in completely indefensible positions. Brionnian fortifications often have large windows and seats that are ideal for listening to lays but less useful for defence. Castle towers are often confectons of white stone that are too small for a Bowman, let alone a siege engine.

Villages are also designed to be picturesque. This is difficult, as peasants insist on living there and making the place dirty. It is not uncommon for Brionnian

nobles to tear down all the houses in a village and have them rebuilt in accordance with some vision of what a happy village should look like. This rarely makes any concessions to practicality. Indeed, a few lords forbid their peasants from carrying out any activities that might dirty the village and require them to wash before entering. This makes life impossible, so a shantytown generally grows up behind the nearest hill, where the lord cannot see it when he comes to inspect his lands.

Plagues, rather than monsters, are the curse of Brionne. Nobody really understands the reasons, though ducal physicians have written learned tomes on the subject. Every year or so, a new disease rips through some part of Brionne. It brings suffering and death to hundreds, nobles and peasants alike, and then it vanishes as suddenly as it appeared, never to be seen again. Occasionally cultists of Nurgle are found and held responsible, but sometimes no plausible cause is forthcoming.

The People of Brionne

The Brionnians say everyone born in their dukedom is born a poet. Residents of other dukedoms say everyone in Brionne is born thinking he's a poet. Poetry and courtly love are as important to the Brionnian nobility as prowess in battle, and even many of the peasants catch the mood.



SIR BERENGER VAILLANCOURT, KNIGHT-AVENGER OF BRIONNE

This hermit knight owns no lands and holds no title besides his knighthood, and yet he is a legend throughout Bretonnia and beyond. He claimed the title of Grail knight younger than most and swore himself to the defence of the Grail shrine where the Lady had appeared to him.

He faithfully executed his duties for years until finally he received a messenger who informed him that his beloved sister, Sybilla, was dying. He took leave of his duties and rushed to her death bed. While he was away, the shrine was desecrated by a band of thirteen bandits – desperate men who scoured the land for gold and plunder.

When he returned, his sister finally blessed and buried, Sir Berenger was filled with divine rage. He swore that he would hunt all the violators down. He tracked them across the full length and breadth of the Old World.

Now he has slain all but one – their leader, the villainous Rainouart Ducharme.

Rainouart knows he is hunted and so, in his desperation, has sworn devotion to the ruinous power, Tzeentch, in the hope that the Lord of Change will protect him from Sir Berenger's wrath. Instead, he has become a pawn in the Changer of Ways's schemes to corrupt and transform this great knight into a servant of darkness. Will Sir Berenger give in to his rage and his need for revenge and become that agent?

Or will he avenge the Lady's dishonour and rise to become one of Bretonnia's great heroes? Only the future can tell.





The classic form of courtly love is laid down in such poems as Clovis and Ermengild and The Horn of Franez. A young Knight Errant falls in love with the young and beautiful wife of an older noble. The lady at first refuses to acknowledge him, so the knight performs great feats of valour to draw her attention. At length they meet in a beautiful tower with a view over a garden, and the lady declares the knight has won her heart. The knight, however, declares he could not betray the noble lord, her husband, and leaves on a quest for the Grail. The lady pines, sustained only by the stories of her lover's prowess, until he returns, as a Grail Knight, shortly after the lady's husband dies. They marry in a glorious ending to the story.

Whilst some knights are content to just tell these stories, most want to live them. This is not popular with older husbands of young and beautiful wives, as these men are generally not interested in conveniently dying just before the climax of the story. Adultery is the least of the problems arising: feuds, attempted assassinations, and all-out war are common.

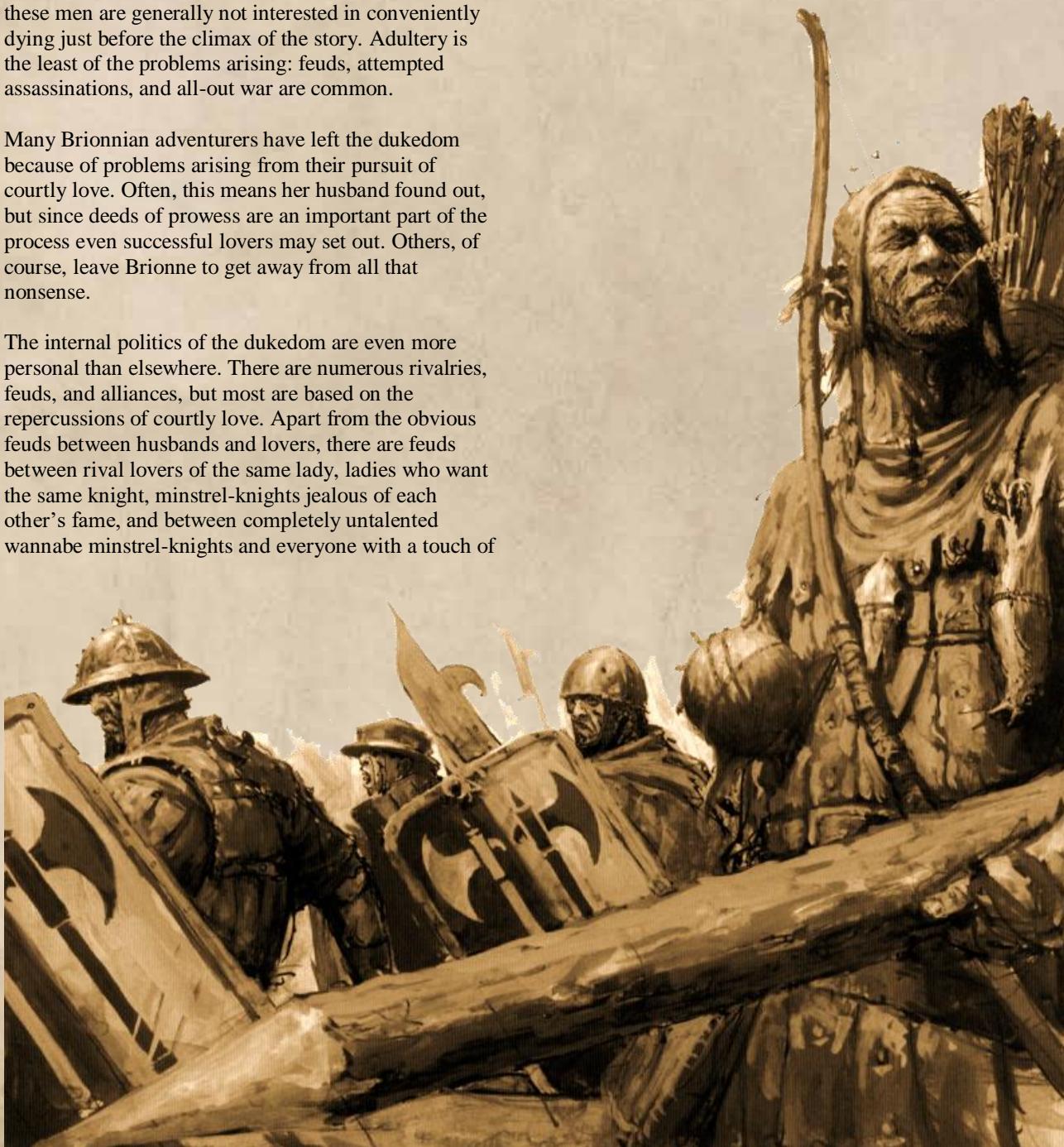
Many Brionnian adventurers have left the dukedom because of problems arising from their pursuit of courtly love. Often, this means her husband found out, but since deeds of prowess are an important part of the process even successful lovers may set out. Others, of course, leave Brionne to get away from all that nonsense.

The internal politics of the dukedom are even more personal than elsewhere. There are numerous rivalries, feuds, and alliances, but most are based on the repercussions of courtly love. Apart from the obvious feuds between husbands and lovers, there are feuds between rival lovers of the same lady, ladies who want the same knight, minstrel-knights jealous of each other's fame, and between completely untalented wannabe minstrel-knights and everyone with a touch of

musical taste. Mundane issues like land and wealth are almost never an issue.

Brionne

The port of Brionne is built on top of and among the ruins of Elven towers. Its battlements stand on top of Elven foundations. Here is to be found the castle of the Duc de Brionne who serves the king by guarding the frontier with Estalia and watching the western shOrcs for raiders. To do this not only does he rely on his barons holding frontier domains between the great river Brienne and the Mountains, but also on a fleet of warships. Like other ports, Brionne has a poor quarter around the quays which is vulnerable to outbreaks of plague. It is settlements such as these which are most at risk from Skaven infiltration or seaborne raids from Settra's fleets.





Brionne is often called the Jewel of Bretonnia... by Brionnians. It genuinely is a remarkably beautiful city, set on a peninsula linked to the mainland by a narrow neck. The peninsula forms a hill, and the city winds up the side, built with the local white stone or, for peasant buildings, white plaster. The sand of the bay is extremely good for making glass, so virtually every window in the city is glazed, and they sparkle in the sunlight.

Castle Brionne is at the centre of the city and the peak of the island. It is what other Brionnian castles want to be: the perfect merging of fanciful form and flawless functionality. The many small turrets might appear to be haphazard, but they provide excellent fields of fire. Similarly, the tall, slender towers hold watchposts that can be defended by one man against an army and command much of the area around. The many courtyard gardens can be sealed and turned into killing rooms to dispose of invaders.

The Hall of Minstrels in Brionne is the most important centre for those entertainers in the world. It stands on a small prominence in the southern quarter of the city, and is surrounded by a garden. The building itself is circular, built of white stone, and home to an auditorium with flawless acoustics. Minstrels can be found performing there at any time of the day or night.

CARCASSONNE

Carcassonne is the southern border of Bretonnia, covering much of the Irrana Mountains and bordering Estalia in the west, Tilea in the south, and Athel Loren in the east. The land is split into four regions by the three great tributaries of the River Brienne, and the Brienne itself forms the northern border.



There are narrow bands of arable land along portions of the major rivers, but the overwhelming majority of Carcassonne is pastoral or mountains. Carcassonian shepherdesses are particularly renowned in the rest of Bretonnia for strength, courage, and a complete lack of feminine charm.

The two eastern portions of Carcassonne were once the land of Glanbrielle, but that dukedom was utterly swept away in the invasions of Orcs that led to the unification of Bretonnia. The area is now distinguished by the hill-forts that were the strongholds of the Glanbrieni nobility, now abandoned. Popular legend holds they are all haunted, and in at least some cases, the legends are known to be justified.

The main threat facing Carcassonne is the constant raiding of the Greenskins of the Irrana Mountains and the Vaults. In the east of the dukedom, they occasionally get some help from the Fay of Athel Loren, but the Carcassonnians have never had as good relations with the Fay as their neighbours to the north in Quenelles. For the most part, they stand alone, trusting to their military prowess, and for the most part, that trust is justified.

In recent years, Carcassonnian knights have begun talking of the Iron Orcs of the mountains, obvious servants of Chaos who reinforce the normal Orc hordes and who are stronger even than the Black Orcs. So far, only natives of Carcassonne claim to have seen them. Even Tileans, with territory in the same mountains, have seen nothing. Many people think they are just a story to back up Carcassonnian demands for reduced taxes.

The People of Carcassonne

Carcassonnians are a martial people, believing prowess at arms is their birthright and their duty. This mentality is reinforced by the constant Greenskin raids, which often reach quite a way into the dukedom before a sufficient force can be gathered to crush them. Almost all Carcassonnians have some military training – even the peasants.

However, they do not look down on those who are not warriors. This is seen best in their attitude to Brionne, a dukedom that spends its time on poetry. The Carcassonnians like to listen to Brionnian minstrels when they have time, and those who can travel visit Brionne to see the wonders of the city. The Carcassonnians are proud of these achievements because, they say, they fight to make such things possible. They fight so that they Brionnians do not have to, and they are proud of this.

Many Carcassonnian adventurers travel to employ their martial abilities against threats in other parts of the Old World. Others travel because their talents are not martial, and they find it very hard to receive the recognition they feel they deserve within Carcassonne. Brionnian minstrels are all very well, but a true son of Carcassonne should be a warrior.





Two Carcassonnian customs have achieved a degree of fame beyond the dukedom. The first is the Birth Sword. All male nobles are presented with a fine sword at their birth: it is supposed to be the first thing that they grasp. This sword is then hung above the boy's bed until he is old enough to train with it. From that point, it rests on a rack beside his bed whilst he sleeps. Most Carcassonnians refuse to fight with any other weapon and do indeed seem to do better whilst holding it.

The second custom is the Carcassonnian "shepherd". Peasants cannot, of course, be trusted to fight independently, and it would greatly shame Bretonnians to hire mercenaries. However, the flocks of sheep in the foothills of the mountains do need protecting, and so there is no shame in hiring shepherds who can defend themselves.



"We keep the Orcs from the rest of Bretonnia. It is our duty, and we ask no reward but that we be allowed to do it. We are the men of Carcassonne, and we will fight!"

- Duke Huebald (his longest recorded speech)



On the one hand, Carcassonnian shepherds and shepherdesses are trained warriors, and they are also trained to operate alone, spying on and harassing Orc bands. On the other hand, Carcassonnian nobles sometimes hire foreign "shepherds," often in bands with a skilled leader, and give them a single sheep to look after. The pay is 50 Pennies per day, but those nobles are remarkably careless about dropping purses of gold in front of the head shepherd.

The mercenaries hired in this way find it amusing. Most manage to resist the temptation to eat their sheep for at least a week; some adopt it as a mascot.



Carcassonne

Castle Carcassonne stands on an island surrounded by the River Songez, the westernmost of the tributaries of the River Brienne that lie wholly within the dukedom. The attached town is small and exists to provide services to the large number of "shepherd" companies who come to the castle to take jobs with the Duke. As a result, it is a very rough place.

The castle itself is designed to be defensible but acts primarily as a base camp. The Duke would not fall back here to prepare for a siege; rather, he would harry invading armies whilst slowly falling back to the Brienne. There is only a single curtain wall, which encloses a large mustering area, and the keep is very small. The Duke lives in a complex of buildings that are less defensible but much more comfortable.





COURONNE

Couronne is one of the larger dukedoms and unique in possessing a significant internal division. Couronne proper sits north of the Sannez, around a cape projecting into the Sea of Chaos. The Marches of Couronne extend to the east, reaching around the Grey Mountains until they end at the ill-defined border of the Wasteland.

Couronne proper is mostly arable land with pastoral land in the south and east where it approaches the Pale Sisters and the Grey Mountains. Its coast is rugged and ill-suited to trade, and it's constantly lashed by storms coming in off the Sea of Chaos. It is also subject to frequent raids by Norscans, both servants of Chaos and simple bloodthirsty barbarians. Coastal villages are always protected by a stockade at the very least; those without even basic defences do not last a single raiding season.

The Marches of Couronne include the northernmost reaches of the Grey Mountains and wide expanses of plains that are too dry for most crops. As a result, the people of the Marches have become the greatest horse-breeders in Bretonnia, which is no mean feat given the quality achieved elsewhere.

The Marches are plagued by Greenskins from the Grey Mountains who also raid into the south-eastern portions of Couronne proper. These Orcs ride strange carnivorous horses which seem to be able to gallop up mountains as well as across plains. The Couronners do not know where the creatures have come from, and all attempts to capture, break, and breed them have failed dismally.

The People of Couronne

Despite rumours to the contrary, Couronnians are not born in the saddle. A few women have tried, but it is apparently physically impossible. They are, however, introduced to riding before they can walk and continue to practise their whole lives. Couronnians are without question the finest horsemen in Bretonnia.

What is more, almost all of them are deeply knowledgeable about and interested in equine creatures. For many Couronnians, their best friend is a horse. It is said a Brionnian would fight you to the death over his wife but cheerfully lend you his horse, whilst Couronnians are the other way around. (This is not true. Brionnian knights do not lend their horses to anyone.)

Couronnians hate to walk anywhere when they could ride. This even extends to peasants: horse breeding means most peasants have the use of a horse, even if they do not technically own it. Most Couronnians want the best horse possible, and it is not at all unusual to see a dainty noble lady riding a destrier. They claim being on such a big horse makes them feel safe, and they might occasionally need to ride on a battlefield. However, they normally just ride them to market and



back, even when the market is at the castle gates. Some Couronnians start to feel that using a horse simply to get between home and market is something of an insult, and thus leave to become adventurers. Knights Errant, of course, want to show off their horsemanship.

However, many Couronniian adventurers hate horses, or are even allergic to them. Completely unable to fit in at home, they head out to meet people who are not completely horse-mad.

The Couronniian obsession makes horse breeding and horse racing very important elements of their culture, and even their politics. Plots to undermine a rival's horses are commonplace and feuds arising from them a major feature. The summer cycle of major horseraces gives structure to the courtly calendar, and even the King attends most races. Unlike many Couronniians, however, King Louen feels that his duties as a ruler are more important than watching a dozen horses run very quickly.

Politics within Couronne are mostly concerned with petty feuding about horses. The main exception concerns the March of Couronne. Earl Adalbert, lord of the March, is a vassal of the Duke. He would much rather be a direct vassal of the King. As the two men are currently the same person, he feels that now is an excellent time to press his case. The King, however, is wary of giving such a powerful lord the independence of a Duke.

The Earl's political manoeuvrings are proceeding on two fronts. First, he tries to portray all the other non-ducal Barons of the realm in the best possible light. If they can be seen to be righting wrongs committed by a Duke, so much the better. Second, he aims to perform acts so glorious that the King will have little choice but to accept his fealty as the King. In the service of both goals, he has great need of adventurers who are willing to do a lot of work for none of the glory.





The Earl is also pressing for glorious military adventures against the Wasteland. If he could capture Marienburg, he is sure that he would be made a Baron. Recently events have drawn a lot of Marienburg's guards to the north and east, so he has stepped up cross-border raiding. The Wastlanders have complained, but so far, their emissaries have been largely ignored.

Couronne

Couronne is traditionally the capital of Bretonnia. It is the place where the Bretonnian kings are crowned and where the greatest and best Knights gather to attend the king. Tournaments, jousting, banquets and hunting are held here every day. The great castle of the king is built upon the ruins of an Elven palace and the excellence of the old Elven stonework adds to the magnificence of the castle.

Couronne, being located almost on the edge of Bretonnia and looking out from its situation on a high hill towards the Empire and the Wastelands to the east, is strongly fortified by an immensely thick wall. The gatehouses, bastions and towers of this wall are small castles in their own right held by barons, attendant upon the king. The host of Knights mustered within the walls numbers many thousands, bolstered by the cohorts of Knights Errant who arrive or leave the court every day on errands for the king.

THE CHEVALIERS OF COURONNE
The Chevaliers of Couronne are the personal retinue of the Duke of Couronne. While Couronne is traditionally the seat of the Bretonnian throne, the steward of the city and the ruler of the surrounding dukedom is the Duke of Couronne.

The regiment consists of the Knights of the Realm from the castles of the area surrounding Couronne, and is led by the Duke himself. Most of the Knights of Couronne are directly under the command of the king. However, when the king is visiting other provinces of Bretonnia, he takes most of the Knights with him. At these times, the Chevaliers of Couronne guard the capital and look after the treasures and holy places of the Lady of the Lake.

During the Crusades, the Chevaliers of Couronne served under King Louen the Righteous. It was this regiment that finally defeated the Palace Guard of Sultan Jaffar in the battle of Al-haikk. The king rewarded the Chevaliers de Couronne by granting them an enchanted banner of great potency. To this day, the regiment takes this banner with them when they go to war. It has flown over countless battlefields. At times of peace the banner is kept in the Grail Chapel of Couronne, and guarded by the best Knights under the command of the noble Duke Richemont.



Next to the Smooth Field is the Lion Ring, the largest and finest horseracing stadium in the Old World. It is a large oval built entirely in stone with ranked tiers of seating. There has been a stadium here since before the unification of Bretonnia, and some say the foundations are Elven. (Some say the whole structure is Elven, but they're definitely wrong.) Until very recently it was clearly a more spectacular structure than Castle Couronne, and recent building work has only managed to make it debatable.

The other main feature of Couronne is the Temple of Shallya. This is the premier temple of Shallya in the Old World, seat of the matriarch and goal of pilgrimages from every nation. However, it has very little influence on local politics, as the Lady of the Lake is far more important to the nobility of Bretonnia. The supreme leaders of most religions would find this irksome, but it seems to suit the matriarch of Shallya perfectly.

GISOREUX

The dukedom of Gisoreux is divided into four geographical areas. The first, the Plains of Gisoreux, is actually mostly pastoral country and very hilly. This area includes the city of Gisoreux itself and lies between the River Grismerie, the Forest of Arden, The Pale Sisters, and the Grey Mountains. Just over half of the population of the dukedom lives in this small area.

The second area is North Gisoreux. This land, between the Sannez and the Pale Sisters, is also mostly pastoral but has substantial arable portions along the course of the Sannez. The land here used to be part of the Forest of Arden but was cleared, over the course of a thousand years, by the family of the current ruler, Earl Baldhelm of Harran. The process continues in the southwest of the region. North Gisoreux is home to about a quarter of the population.

The third region is the Forest of Arden. The areas south and east of the river are relatively civilised. The roads





between the villages are patrolled by the local nobility or at least by their men-at-arms, and travel on the roads is no more dangerous than travel on most other roads of the Old World. The villages do have stockades but, in a good year, suffer no attacks. On the other hand, no one leaves the cleared areas of forest without a really good reason, and those who do rarely come back. The land in this direction is wild heath settled by shepherds and herdsmen. In dark times in the past, when Orcs, Chaos hordes, Skaven or Undead have stalked the land, Gisoreux has been completely cut off from the rest of Bretonnia by enemies on all sides. In those days, Knights would seek honour by hacking their way through the enemy to reinforce the defenders inside the town.

North of the river, where the forest runs up to the Pale Sisters, things are very different. No village founded here has ever survived more than a year. Recently, Bretonnian lords have even given up trying. The Human inhabitants are all nomadic, and there are no roads larger than a trail. The trees in this region are particularly old, large, and fine, which prompts nobles to send occasional logging forays. These sometimes succeed in bringing out a tree or two; more often, the loggers simply vanish.

The final region of the dukedom is covered by mountains, split between the Pale Sisters in the west and the Grey Mountains in the east. The two ranges are very distinct. The Pale Sisters are of white rock and tend to rounded peaks, steep cliffs, and lots of high

valleys. Access to the valleys is limited, however, and often involves climbing a cliff. The Grey Mountains are of dark grey stone and are characterised by very sharp terrain. Their peaks and ridges are narrow, as are their many passes. As a result, more people live in the Pale Sisters than in the Grey Mountains.

The People of Gisoreux

Just as the land of Gisoreux is divided, so are the people. The Plains of Gisoreux are the heart of the dukedom, and these are the people most outsiders think of when they think of Gisoreux. Gisorens are friendly people; they greet even complete strangers politely, and many people offer casual acquaintances a meal. There are, however, strict limits to this generosity. After a single meal and one night's accommodation, visitors are expected to earn any further friendliness by reciprocating. Clever and mobile rogues manage to sponge off the Gisorens' largesse for years, but far more are recognised and find themselves shunned.

These customs even extend to the more civilised parts of the Forest of Arden, but there, new arrivals are expected to begin their visit with a bath, in which they are supervised constantly by armed villagers. The bath is, of course, a courtesy, and the guards are for the guests' protection, and the fact that it is impossible to hide most mutations whilst naked is pure coincidence. Attractive female visitors may find many, many men are eager to protect them. Women pretending to be men find that people in this region are generally good at overlooking such things.





The nomads of the forest make a living as hunters and trappers and trade regularly with the villages bordering on their areas. Most of them make a trip to the city of Gisoreux at least once every few years, since they have occasional contact with the isolated villages of Artois and do not want to become like them. They also keep an eye on the Beastmen and other monsters and send runners to warn villages at risk of attack. As a result, they are accepted without prejudice by virtually all other Gisorens.

In the valleys of the Pale Sisters, the people cluster together in small communities. Given the labyrinthine quality of this region accompanied by terrible winters, few people have the means or the interest to leave their small stone homes. Few have little knowledge of others who dwell in and beyond these mountains. As a result of their isolation, each community has its own strange customs and habits, though the threat of Orcs and Chaos force all villages to concentrate on defence.

There are Human inhabitants of the Grey Mountains, but in Gisoreux this range is too rugged and plagued by monsters to support any real communities. Most of those who live here are nomadic loners, though there are some family groups. They live by hunting and by guiding travellers through the mountains. A few nobles have lands in the Plains of Gisoreux and strongholds in the mountains, with the responsibility of defending them against monsters. In many places they can do little more than keep their fortress secure and supplied, but the nobles along the Gisoreux Gap pride themselves on keeping it as safe for traffic as any road anywhere.

The internal politics of the dukedom have recently been upset. For centuries, North Gisoreux was basically cut off from the Duke in the south, allowing the Earls of Harran to go about things in their own way. They grew accustomed to this nominal independence, and it was a shock when Duke Hagen moved to Couronne for most of the time. Now, the Duke can easily deal with North Gisoreux, and it is in the Plains where he must rely on his steward. Duke Hagen's high standards of personal virtue do not help matters; he keeps coming across practices he deems unacceptable, but which the people of North Gisoreux have maintained for generations.

Gisoreux, in common with all the dukedoms bordering on that cursed place, would like to see Mousillon invaded and cleansed. However, relations with Bastonne are also strained. Nobles in the Plains of Gisoreux have repeatedly feuded with Bastonian lords in an effort to extend their holdings across the river. Since Duke Hagen moved north, these lords have become more willing to swear fealty to the Duke of Bastonne for lands in the latter dukedom. As a result, there are now a number of Gisorens lords with some holdings in Bastonne as well, which makes relations between the dukedoms even more complex.

Gisoreaux

Gisoreux is located beside the River Ois, guarding the pass between the Pale Sisters and the Grey Mountains into the Empire. The fortress town is very strongly defended, having three circuits of walls with the towers and gatehouses becoming taller and stronger on the inner circuit. Facing the frontier with the Empire is the great keep of the Due de Gisoreux. He has a vast retinue of Knights with which to hold back invading hordes who may attempt to come through the pass. Many battles have been fought here over the centuries and there are many castles which have been ruined by siege to the east of the town.



The city of Gisoreux is a busy place filled with traders and travellers stopping on their way along the Grismerie. There are more Imperial merchants in Gisoreux than in any other city in Bretonnia, and it may be the only place in the world where people do not immediately think of sailors when they think of Marienburg: a number of land traders come from the Wasteland through the Gisoreux Gap. The city has fine merchant houses pressed right up against decaying slums, many of which used to be fine merchant houses. For some reason, merchant families in Gisoreux rarely maintain their prosperity for more than one generation.





The city is dominated by Castle Gisoreux, an enormous, sprawling complex that runs along a ridge in the east of the city. There is only a single curtain wall, but it is over a mile long and encloses two large keeps as well as many other buildings. Since the Duke began spending most of his time in Couronne, most of Castle Gisoreux has been closed down. Lord Hincmar, the Duke's steward, lives in one of the keeps, but the other is now deserted.

The area of the city nearest the castle is reserved for the town houses of the nobility. There is quite a lot of empty space here, as the city has never attracted nobles in the numbers one would expect. Gisorens lords seem to prefer the countryside.

LYONESSE

Lyonesse is one of the largest Bretonnian dukedoms, sprawling along the north-western coast of the country. The coast is rugged and has many small islands. The offshore currents are tricky for newcomers but predictable enough for natives to handle easily, and the islands have better harbours than the mainland coast. As a result, most of the coastal villages of Lyonesse are actually offshore, scattered throughout the islands.

Inland, the dukedom splits in two, though both areas consist mainly of arable land. In the north are the original lands of Lyonesse, the domain of Thierulf, first of Gilles le Breton's Companions. In the south are lands that used to be part of Mousillon.

The northern area is dotted with the hills that locals call mattes. These landforms are roughly circular, normally less than a hundred feet high, with almost level tops and very steep sides. Openings in the top lead into a complex of caves that invariably reaches a drinkable underground river. As many people have noted, they could have been designed as a place to put a castle, but they appear to be entirely natural. These days, every motte has a castle or the ruins of a castle on top of it.

The southern area largely lacks mattes, but the land is crossed by dozens of small rivers which frequently enlarge into small lakes. Many of these lakes have islands of a suitable size for building a castle. Most are now fortified, and the natural moat also provides drinking water. Towards the border with Mousillon, these lakes spread out even more, and the land becomes marshy in a few areas. However, the true marshes are not reached until one is actually within the cursed dukedom.



A tongue of the Forest of Arden protrudes into the southern region of Lyonesse, but the rivers and lakes continue within. The islands in these lakes often hold small villages as Humans try to hold their own against the Beastmen.





The People of Lyonesse

Lyonens are renowned for their feuds and schemes. People blame the unusual geography, particularly the prevalence of excellent sites for fortifications. It is very difficult to utterly defeat a Lyonen noble, so rivalries, once started, tend to continue for decades, if not centuries.

Whilst the complex tangle of Lyonen politics may have started with simple feuds between noble families, it has since become much murkier. Nobles who couldn't hope to win militarily turned to political plots, hoping to isolate their rivals or stir up other enemies against them. Those who found themselves beset by these schemes turned to trade and economics, hoping to bolster themselves whilst starving their rivals of essential supplies. To respond to that, some lords even recruited peasants as agents in their schemes.



Things have now reached the point where virtually every Lyonen noble spends his entire life reacting to developments in various schemes established by his ancestors. Few fully understand the schemes they are involved in, and many are completely lost beyond day-to-day reactions to crises. Indeed, there is a (possibly fake) story of a lord who arranged his wife's assassination and then his own assassination in revenge, without realising.

About the only way to get out of the tangle is to simply leave Lyonesse, and a lot of adventurers have taken that option. Others found that they had no choice but to leave, having been caught out when a scheme went badly wrong. Some, however, leave as part of their schemes, hoping to return in a far stronger position.

The only broad divide in Lyonen politics is that between the north and the south. Whilst the southern nobles were happy to be liberated from the rule of the mad and bloodthirsty Dukes of Mousillon, they were less happy when the liberators claimed many prime fiefs and proceeded to keep the "Old Mousillese" out of the corridors of power. Any attempts to work as a bloc are undermined by the feuds that exist between the Old Mousillese, but they do believe that they should work together to claim their rightful place.

Lyonesse

The ducal seat is on an island off the northwest coast of Lyonesse. The walls of the castle, built centuries ago, are washed by the sea at high tide, and small boats can sail right in to the outer courtyard. The inner courtyard is higher up and always completely dry, whilst the Great Keep stands on the very peak of the island, commanding a fine view of the bay. Duke Adlahard's feasts can be heard across the whole island.

When the tide falls, the top of the island can be seen to resemble a motte. What is more, a causeway leads down from the main gate, disappearing into the sea.

Legend states Lyonesse was originally set on a hill in the middle of the finest city in the Old World, but the sins of the city's inhabitants drew the wrath of Mannan, and the whole area was sunk beneath the waves. Only the Duke's citadel was spared, because only the Duke had remained virtuous.

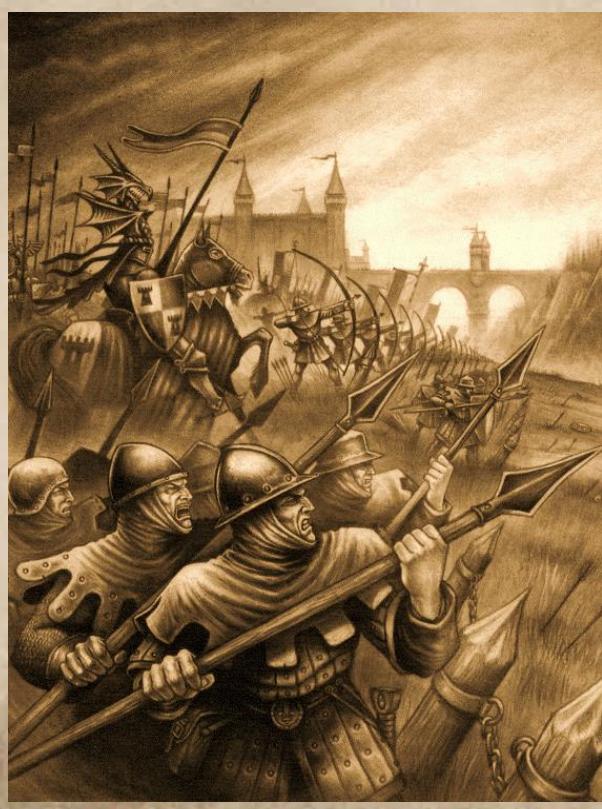
Some adventurers have worked out ways to explore the seabed and claim that there are ruins down there, but that they are protected by strange creatures. A few golden items have been brought back; not enough to make an expedition worthwhile, but enough to keep people trying.

MONTFORT

The dukedom of Montfort lies almost entirely within the Grey Mountains, running from just south of the Gisoreux Gap to just south of Axe Bite Pass. To the north and west of the Grey Mountains, the border of the dukedom and of Bretonnia runs along the edge of the mountain range, whilst within Bretonnia a narrow strip of pastoral land forms part of the dukedom.

There is little farmland within Montfort, and even that is not particularly fertile. The dukedom is barely self-sufficient in food in a good year and must import if there is any problem with the harvest. In a dukedom plagued by Goblins and Orcs, problems with the harvest are common.

Fortunately, the dukedom has two other source of income. The first is the tolls on Axe Bite Pass. This is the main trade route between the Empire and Bretonnia, as merchant caravans come over from the Reikland and then take ship on the River Grimerie to Gisoreux.





The pass lives up to its name. For most of its length, the road runs along the bottom of a steep, narrow V-shaped valley, with only a narrow strip of sky visible overhead. The road is wide enough for two merchant caravans to pass easily, but there is very little space off the road. It normally takes several days to pass through, so there are inns placed along the route where the lie of the land permits. This has created 'Ludwig's Run' near the middle of the pass, where the gap between two inns is more than a day's travel. If a caravan really pushes hard, it can make it, and most try to. Almost unique among isolated inns, those two ("Ludwig's Nose" and "Ludwig's Toes") open the gates after dark if convinced that an arriving group is genuine.

The second is mining. The Grey Mountains in Montfort contain a number of rich veins of iron ore, as well as other metals. There is even a single gold mine, the location of which is kept secret.

The mountains in Montfort are as sharp as the Grey Mountains in Gisoreux, but whilst the Gisorens do not try to live in them, the Montfortians have no choice. Flat land is for crops and livestock, not houses, so all mountain homes, including castles, are built on steep rocky slopes.

The People of Montfort

Montfortians live in a hostile environment, and it shows. They live for the moment even more than most Bretonnians, working extremely hard and playing even harder when they have the chance. They live in isolated communities, which has two possible results. Either the community becomes extremely close, or it disintegrates under the pressure of internal rivalries and hatreds. Obviously, the communities that are still there are mainly of the first type.

THE BATTLE OF MONTFORT

Quite why Von Abresicht chose to sally out of the Reikland and assail the Bretonnia fortress-town of Montfort is a question that has been debated by scholars for many years. Surely he had some great purpose worthy of hiring to him all the sellswords that money could buy and raising the militia regiments over which he had authority? Alas, since an exploding field cannon killed Von Abresicht in the early moments of the battle, and the Imperial court have been less than forthcoming about his motivations, the cause will likely remain forever unknown.

However it came about, the Battle of Montfort was the single bloodiest confrontation to occur between the Bretonnian crown and the armies of the Sigmarite Empire for several decades. More than six thousand men lay dead on the field at its conclusion, and only the last minute intervention of the Duke of Parravon prevented the Imperial troops from carrying the day.



Few Montfortians are suspicious of Human-looking outsiders, however. Every community has been rescued by knights sent from one of the mountain castles, and every mountain community relies on food brought by outside traders. Non-Human outsiders, including Dwarfs, Elves, and Halflings, are likely to get a hostile reception, as the residents assume they are some kind of Orc.

Some Montfortians leave because they get tired of looking at the same rocks every day, others because they do not get on with their neighbours. A considerable number of adventurers leave because they are among the few survivors of an attack on their village.

Greenskin attacks are a fact of life in Montfort. Almost everyone has some experience of fighting the Orcs and Goblins, and villages are built to be able to withstand an assault long enough for help to arrive. Axe Bite Pass is the only route wide enough to allow an army to enter Bretonnia, and so it is heavily guarded. Montfort itself guards the Bretonnian end, whilst fiefs have been established along its length. Most of these nobles have encouraged inns in the protection of their castles and derive their income mainly from taxes and tolls. A few have built castles overlooking the main routes into the pass from the mountains. Each of these nobles normally controls a mine, which serves as the main source of income.

The nobles of the foothills are constantly seeking to expand their holdings, across the Grismerie and into Bastonne and Quenelles. None are willing to foreswear their Duke, however, so those who succeed are eventually driven back. When challenged by the other Dukes, Duke Folcard promises to do something about it when the Greenskins give him some time. Of course, they never do.





Relations with the Empire are excellent. A large part of the Duke's income relies on traders using Axe Bite Pass, so he is ruthless with nobles who might think that taking land from the Empire is a good idea. Nobles do occasionally push into the Wasteland, but the land there is not worth much, and Marienburg is more worried about Couronne. As long as Duke Folcard maintains official disapproval and does not allow it to get out of hand, the Marienburgers are willing to overlook small incursions.

Montfort

The castle and town of Montfort sit at the Bretonnian end of Axe Bite Pass, an important line of defence against possible invasion by Greenskins or the Empire. The castle is the most impressive Human-built fortification in the Old World. The main body of the castle is on the north side of the pass, with walls rising over sixty feet from the rock in five tiers, each independently defensible.

The lower three tiers stop against the rock of a cliff-face, but the top two tiers and the keep are on a smaller peak and thus run all the way around. There is a well within the keep, which stories say is over a thousand feet deep. The water is certainly a long way down.

Double walls run from the lowest tier of the castle, closing the whole pass. They are anchored by a small castle at the far end and a large gatehouse in the centre. This is the only way to enter or leave the pass, and the place where tolls are charged.

As a result, the town of Montfort is split in two. The town within the pass buys iron from mining caravans and forges it into useful goods before shipping them on, as the tolls are then a lower portion of the price.



Bernard sighed and lowered his bow, leaning back against the embrasure where he had been posted atop the battlements of Montfort Castle. Despite the incessant drizzle that obscured his vision, for a moment, Bernard had thought he'd seen movement at the edge of the forest a few miles to the east of the castle.

Suddenly, he saw three hulking shapes emerge from the forest and start lumbering; slowly towards an outlying farmstead. Straining his vision the keen-eyed young Bowman recognised the dark silhouettes as trolls and immediately reached for his bow, firing a strangely fletched arrow high into the sky. The loud, high-pitched shriek of the arrow would rouse his masters to arms, who would ride out to intercept the foul creatures before harm could befall the farmstead. His duty done, Bernard prayed the knights would be victorious.



The town outside the pass provides services to merchants and is generally a more pleasant place to stay. The craftsmen of Inner Montfort are the finest in Bretonnia, and their weapons and armour are highly respected. The inns of Outer Montfort are renowned for providing absolutely any sort of lodging you could desire, as long as you can find the right one. There is very little contact between the two towns, as even residents must pay to pass through the gate. It is said that a resident of Inner Montfort is more likely to have visited Altdorf than Outer Montfort; this may actually be true, as Inner Montfort is home to one of Bretonnia's largest Imperial expatriate communities and the largest temple of Sigmar on Bretonnian soil.

MOUSILLON

Mousillon is the smallest, poorest, and most cursed of the dukedoms of Bretonnia. Much of its land was taken by Lyonesse in 836 (1814), after the corruption of Duke Merovech was revealed. The Duke of Mousillon slew the King of Bretonnia and drank his blood before the assembled nobles. War was the only solution.

The remaining land falls into two areas. In the west, the coastal areas are dominated by swamp with isolated areas of higher and firmer ground. In the north and east there are rugged hills and the edges of the Forest of Arden. The whole of Mousillon is plagued by extreme weather. When the air is still, thick fogs gather. If there is wind, it is always strong and almost always accompanied by rain or hail. Thunderstorms are common, as are fires started by lightning strikes. Fortunately, these fires do not spread very far.

Mousillon's swamps are even more treacherous. The firm ground of a trail often sinks an inch or so beneath the level of the water. This poses no problem for those in stout boots or on horseback, apart from the existence of sucking mud and quicksand under the same water a yard or so to either side. To make matters worse, Swamp Mat creates false trails. Swamp Mat is a grassy





plant that grows out from solid ground, over water, mud, and quicksand, forming a raft about six feet wide and up to hundreds of yards long. It traps mud in its leaves and draws much of the water from it, so that the top of the Swamp Mat is hard to distinguish visually from the trails it links to.

Those stepping on it can easily tell the difference, however; Swamp Mat cannot support anything heavier than a small rodent. The cursed dukedom is haunted by Undead, in far greater numbers than elsewhere in the kingdom. Indeed, the land positively encourages the Undead. Undead creatures summoned by necromantic spells do not revert to normal corpses if they become uncontrolled. Instead, they continue to obey their last order until destroyed in combat. Wandering Undead can sense the borders of Mousillon and turn back.

If forced across, they become normal corpses unless they are still controlled. These energies seem to be appealing to other Undead, as well; there are many reports of Vampiric nobility, though not on the scale of Sylvania.

There are surprisingly few reports of Beastmen. Beastmen Zombies and Skeletons are common near the Forest of Arden, but living Beastmen seem to avoid the area. The exception is tales of man-sized rats and Ratmen; such creatures are often encountered in the swamps.

The People of Mousillon

The people of Mousillon are generally Human, though you would not always know it to look at them. Most peasants are horribly deformed and suffer constantly from foul diseases. The residents of Mousillon are there because they cannot leave: many deformities that are normal in the dukedom would get someone burned as a Mutant anywhere else. Indeed, there are a number of Mousillon peasants who are Mutants but who live in what passes for normal society because nobody has realised.

Some people do come to Mousillon from outside. These are the most depraved and evil bandits, cultists of the Ruinous Powers, and Necromancers. They believe, rightly, that few people will bother to pursue them once they enter the cursed dukedom. Many such immigrants find that the monsters waiting for them are more dangerous than any Bounty Hunter, but a few survive to add to the peril for the next set of arrivals.

Mousillon villages look poor and rundown. The peasant hovels are on the verge of collapsing, streets are little more than sewers, and there are as many dead animals to be seen as living ones. The inhabitants watch any visitors silently from their homes, cowering within and giving only occasional glimpses of their malformed bodies.

The castles of the nobility also appear to be decaying, but here the appearance is somewhat illusory. Ruined portions are not unusual, but the parts that are still

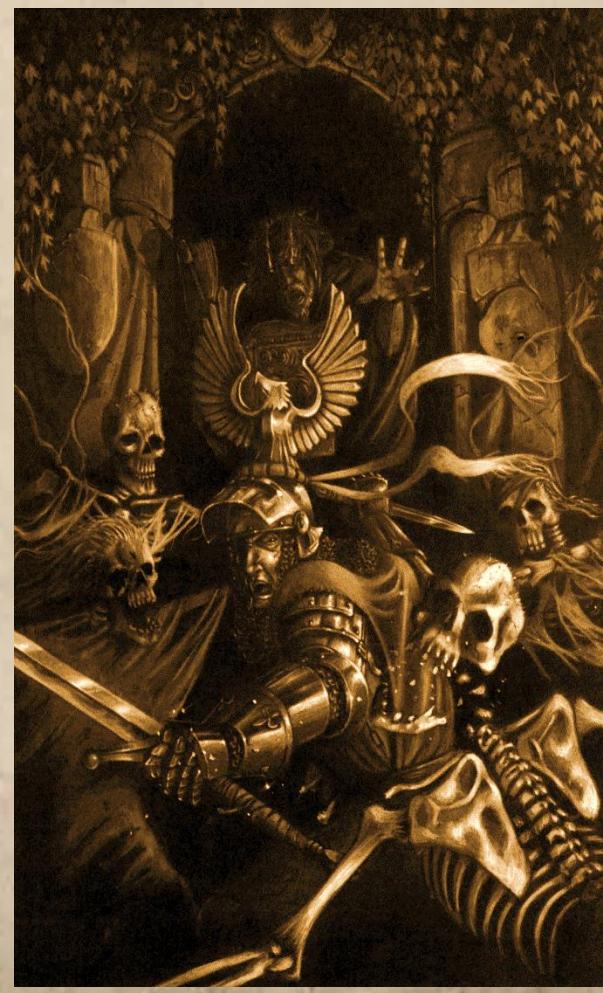
inhabited are always well maintained but never beautiful. The decaying corpses of gibbeted criminals hang outside most castles, fat ravens feeding on the remnants. The nobles all wear black armour with a helmet, and they never reveal their faces.

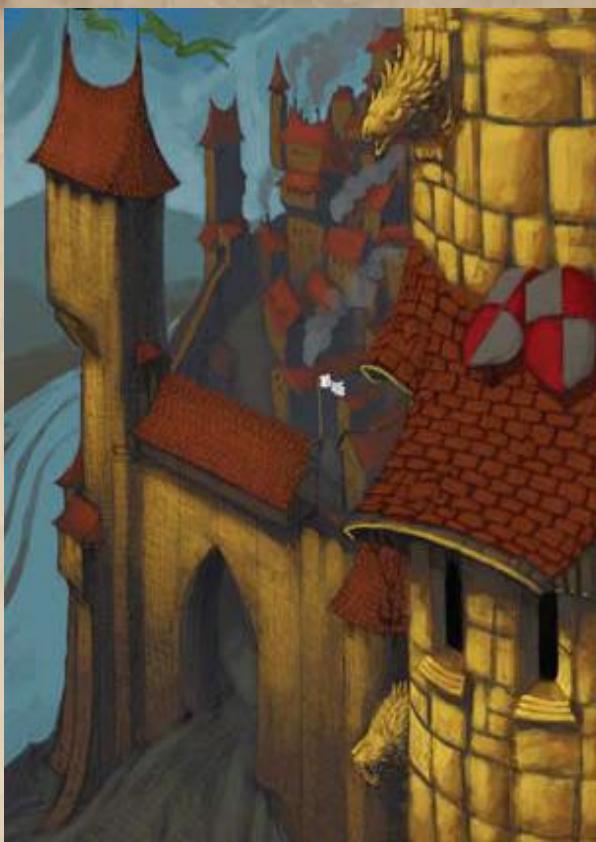
Some are actually Undead, Vampires, Wights, or Mummies, and the same lord has ruled for centuries. Others are Mutants, or servants of the Ruinous Powers bearing the marks of their lords. A few are simply Human and need to hide that fact lest their neighbours think them weak.

Adventurers do not need a reason to leave Mousillon. They left because they were able to do so. Many lived near the borders in the first place and were lucky enough to be born undeformed. A few were simply born with more courage and drive than those around them, and for these adventurers, leaving Mousillon is merely the first step. Almost all lie about their origins: Mousillon's reputation for degenerate evil is not one most adventurers want to carry.

Mousillon

Mousillon is situated in the marshy valley of the River Grismerie and originated as a trading port. The settlement rapidly grew into a big town, especially during the Dark Age of Bretonnia when refugees from Settra's raids huddled within the walls. Eventually so many people sought refuge here that their hovels





clustered around the outside of the walls as well and extended along the banks of the river. Their descendants were to remain as the city's poorest inhabitants finding work at the quays or as sailors on board Bretonnian ships. Needless to say, the lower parts of the city suffered badly from the frequent flooding of the river causing conditions to become unbearably squalid. The poor state of the city at this time attracted Skaven and Settra's raiders. Elements of the latter managed to gain hold in the crypts of the city setting up a persistent presence.

Many of the kings of Bretonnia have desired to cleanse and rebuild Mousillon, but despite every effort the city tended to revert back to squalor. For centuries the dukes of Mousillon have been trying to hold back the decay, but the battle is now lost for the time being. Like other port cities of Bretonnia with similar poor areas, Mousillon is plagued by the Red Pox from time to time. The last outbreak two centuries ago was so bad that the city was almost entirely depopulated. This happened shortly after the Affair of the False Grail in which Maldred, Duke of Mousillon, dishonoured himself. The Duke shut himself up in the castle but failed to escape from the plague and perished. The king has never appointed a new duke.

The city of Mousillon stands near the mouth of the River Grismerie, surrounded by swamps. It seems to be slowly crumbling back into the swamp, but somehow it still survives. Few parts are actually maintained, the walls being one of the main exceptions. The repairs are not pretty, but they are effective – the residents of the city want to keep the inhabitants of the swamps out in the swamps.

The economy of the city is something of a mystery. There are taverns, brothels, drug dens, fighting pits, and places where even darker vices are indulged. There are shops selling forbidden books, the accoutrements of forbidden cults, and poisons and assassins' tools of every variety. There seem to be no basic food shops, or tailors, or any of the normal requirements of a city. Most of the residents seem to have some business outside the walls, and wagons and boats laden with basic necessities arrive every day. Most observers think that the Mousillonians barter among themselves for the basics.

Mousillon is now virtually an uninhabited ruin. The few remaining townspeople are dwindling or settling in new domains along the coast established by vigorous Knights. In this way the king and his Knights are tirelessly building a 'cordon sanitaire' of castles around the city which is regarded as virtually lost to Bretonnia. Brave Knights Errant and Questing Knights make forays into the ruins hoping to slay monsters and other fiends. Ultimately the city will be redeemed for Bretonnia in time, but for now, its days as a port are over and it is regarded as a lost territory to be reconquered. The present king is constantly being urged by his Knights to declare an Errantry War to cleanse the city's ruins.

PARRAVON

In some ways, Parravon is reminiscent of Gisoreux: most of the territory of the dukedom is covered by either mountains or forest. However, the forest in Parravon is the north-eastern portion of the Forest of Loren, a very different place from the Forest of Arden.

Most of the border between Parravon and the realm of the Fay runs along the River Grismerie. Where the river turns south, however, the border turns north to meet the mountains. The border is marked by a line of trees, guided over centuries into an elaborate network of interlocking branches. Even the most city-bred Dwarf can tell that they are not natural. The Fay stay out of Parravon and expect the Parravonese to return the favour. Deliberate trespassers are dealt with harshly.

The Bretonnians are very reluctant to log extensively within the Forest of Loren, even the part that the Fay have permitted them to claim. There is a sense that the whole forest is very closely connected to the Lady of the Lake and is therefore sacred. Wood from the forest is often used in the construction of Grail Chapels but, even then, the use is sparing. Those villages within the forest live by herding pigs, gathering from the forest, and minimal farming. Many are built around the trees rather than clearing them, and most have platforms in the branches to serve as refuges from attacking Orcs. Much of the population of Parravon is found in Parravon Vale, a fertile valley cradled in the mountains. The land around the edge is pastoral, but the central portion, running down to the Grismerie, is arable. Villages here look much like typical Bretonnian settlements.





The Grey Mountains become less sharp and jagged as they pass through Parravon, so the number of people who can live and farm there increases. Villages clinging to cliff faces exist in the north, but south of the city of Parravon there is more flat and infertile land, so most houses are built on the level. No one in the mountains would build a house on fertile land, however, so homes fixed to steep slopes can be seen in all regions.

The castles of Parravon are noted for their high towers. In the forest, this allows lookouts to see over the trees, although they can't really see anything approaching through the forest itself. Elsewhere, it is an architectural preference more than anything else, though knights with Pegasus mounts do often stable them at the top of such towers. Most Pegasus appreciate being high up.

The People of Parravon

The forest folk of Parravon stand somewhat apart from the rest of the population. Many ordinary Bretonnians think that they are part Fay (which is nonsense) and that they have some sort of extraordinary sense for the hazards of the world around them (which is true). The forest folk move through the world as if they could be punished with death for scraping against a tree. Even those who leave try to disturb nothing, including piles

of rubbish. Many of those who leave do so because they are tired of feeling that they are constantly watched by forces only too willing to punish infractions.

The rest of the Parravonese travel a lot. For centuries, it has been the custom for children to leave home at adolescence and be raised by relatives in a different village. After that, they travel to yet another village to be properly trained. When they marry, they are expected to settle in still another place. This scatters families across the dukedom, but family members still gather for one of the annual holidays, almost always a summer one. Parravonese nobles have similar customs and so invariably grant permission to travel for these purposes.

On one hand, this means that Parravonese know that there is a world outside their village and are confident about travel. On the other, they tend to think they have seen everything already, and anything that is true all over Parravon is true all over the world. The combination of these attitudes and the willingness of Parravonese nobles to permit travel have led to very large numbers of adventurers coming from this dukedom. Whilst many head home after their first adventure when the world proves a bit too different, others persevere.





The internal politics of the dukedom appear to be calm and harmonious. However, Duke Cassyon's neglect of the diplomatic functions of his office has led to growing resentments under the surface. Two lords in the north of the dukedom, Sir Liutpol and Sir Fredergar, have been disputing over the right to gather a toll at a particular point on the Grismerie for years. There is no sign of a ducal resolution, and a feud between them would have a serious effect on river trade and thus on the whole dukedom.

External relations are generally good, but that may not last. Sir Chloderic, in the extreme south, is eyeing the mountains to the south of his fief acquisitively. They are part of the Empire, but they do not seem to be firmly held, and he suspects that there may be exploitable veins of metal. When he makes a move, he will technically be invading the Empire, and once the Empire notices, the repercussions will be profound.

Parravon

Parravon is a frontier town set in the foothills of the Grey Mountains, surrounded on all sides by chasms and approached only by a narrow bridge built by the Elves. The walls are high and support many tall towers giving the defenders a view across the mountain passes into the Empire to the east. The town is held by the Duc de Parravon who has his work cut out in defending the frontier of Bretonnia from marauding Orcs, Goblins and the ambitions of the warlike counts of the Empire.

Situated between the Massif Orcal and the Grey Mountains, the fortified city of Parravon is constantly plagued by Orc and Goblin hordes. As well as protecting the lush lands of central Bretonnia from marauding greenskins, in its strategic position at the western end of Axe Bite Pass, Parravon must also defend the kingdom's borders against occasional invasions by the Empire.

Parravon is a starkly impressive city, carved directly from the rock of the mountains. It is part of an outcrop at the edge of a spur of the Grey Mountains, and the River Grismerie runs along its base. Over the millennia, the people of Parravon have cut homes, businesses, walls, Grail Chapels, and palaces from the stone.

Bretonnia's sumptuary laws state only nobles can use stone in building. However, the Dukes of Parravon have never wanted wooden buildings messing up their glorious city, so they have long maintained that a peasant living in a carved stone building is no different from a peasant living in a cave. Indeed, given the quality of many peasant homes in Parravon, the difference really is minimal. The wealthy merchants of Parravon naturally push this allowance to the limit.

Parravon is the only city in Bretonnia with a substantial population of Dwarfs. Most of them were originally Imperial expatriates, but some came directly from the Dwarfholds of the Vaults and World's Edge Mountains. There are now some Dwarf families who



have lived there for generations, though they still keep themselves somewhat apart from the Human citizens.

Castle Parravon, seat of the Dukes, dominates the top of the outcrop with its soaring towers. Like the rest of the city, it is carved from living rock, and thus has not been significantly altered since it was first carved, two thousand years ago. The Dukes have needed more space, however, and have extended the castle down into an extensive series of tunnels.

Underground rooms are quite common in Parravon, as they are often less work to carve than an aboveground house. Tunnels linking those rooms are also common, and tunnels further back into the mountain provide more storage. It is said that you can go from any point in the city to any other without taking more than ten steps under the open sky. Parts of the tunnel network have been abandoned by Humans, and darker creatures now live there.

QUENELLES

Quenelles is the largest of the dukedoms of Bretonnia, stretching over most of the middle of the land. In the east, it has a long border with the Forest of Loren, and Quenellers have more direct dealings with the Fay than the inhabitants of any other dukedom. To the south, the dukedom faces Carcassonne across the River Brienne, and then, working clockwise, borders Brionne, Aquitaine, Bastonne, Montfort, and Parravon, divided from the last two by the River Grismerie.

Broadly speaking, northern Quenelles is pastoral whilst the south is arable. The north of the country is dominated by the Massif Orcal, a range of mountains rising up in the middle of the land and the source of the River Gilleau. The mountains of the Massif are





relatively low, rounded, and eroded into networks of caves. These caves are inhabited by large numbers of Greenskins who mount frequent raids on the surrounding settlements.

Few Humans choose to live in the Massif, but the Dukes encourage a Human settlement in the hope of weakening the Orcs. Most villages are sacked within a few years, so ruined villages and castles are a common sight. However, a few have survived, and these are now very well fortified. The most notable is Viefin, which sits at the end of the road through Axe Bite Pass. Viefin is a small town, but the houses are dwarfed by the massive walls and watchtowers. All inhabitants of Viefin are trained to fight, and all but the very youngest or newest immigrants have experience of fighting attacking Orcs.

Between the Massif Orcal and the River Gilleau is a part of the Forest of Chalons. This area seems almost completely free of monsters: one or two small groups of Beastmen or Orcs are seen in a year. Small groups of hunters, charcoal burners, or woodsmen can work in the forest unmolested.

All attempts to establish villages have failed, ending in the complete destruction of the village. The village is replaced, overnight, by a bare depression in the soil, as if something had scooped up the entire settlement and taken it away. The Quenellers suspect something similar happens to large bands of Orcs or Beastmen. Nobody knows who or, more likely, what is responsible.

TOURNEYS AT QUENELLES

The old town of Quenelles is renowned for the many splendid tourneys which are held there. At least four times a year a cavalcade of Knights and their retinues throng the rutted tracks and country roads on their way to the tourney at Quenelles. These tourneys are held in Mid-winter, spring, mid-summer and harvest time. The festivities are timed to coincide with religious holidays and so there will often be a sacred aspect to the event. Sometimes, a holy relic is displayed as the prize. This might be a sword retrieved by a gallant Questing Knight forte a ruined grail chapel that had become the lair of a monster, or a chalice of such fine workmanship that it is considered to be like the grail itself, except by credulous and naïve peasants who think that it is the real thing!

It is not surprising them that the tourneys at Quenelles attract more Questing Knights than any other tournament. Knights Errant, often seeking to win their spurs and the hand of a noble lady, tend to gather at Couronne or Parraon which are surrounded by rich feudal domains. There are always some which lack a Knight to defend them. Quenelles, on the other hand, located as it is near to the secret Forest of Loren, has always had a strong association with the perils and mysteries of the grail quest.

The southwest of Quenelles was once, before the founding of Bretonnia, the land of Cuileux. The knights of Cuileux were wiped out by Goblinoids and their lands absorbed by Quenelles. However, the courage of the last stand of the Cuilen has made them legendary. A large area is known as the Grave of Cuileux and is not farmed. Stories say that anyone who tries to do so is killed by the ghosts of the knights of Cuileux, who believe that only an Orc would disturb their rest. The occasional discovery of Orc and Human bones in the area tends to suggest that this really is the site of the last ride of the Cuilen.

The People of Quenelles

The people of Quenelles are most renowned for their unrelenting hatred of the Greenskins that constantly raid their lands. This is a little strange: it is certainly true the inhabitants of the Massif Orcal raid very frequently, but Greenskin raids have not had the same effect in other regions. Some people think that the dead of Cuileux have placed some sort of curse on the inheritors of their land, compelling them to continue the fight. Certainly, it is notable that every single Queneller festival involves burning a Goblin or Orc, in either effigy or a real one.

A lot of Queneller adventurers left to take the fight to the Greenskins. Such folk often head into the Massif Orcal, but there are Goblins and Orcs in all mountain ranges, so others go further afield. They often ally with the Dwarfs, seeking to drive the Greenskins from the Dwarfholds.

The politics of the dukedom are dominated by the succession question, as Duke Tancred is not the only one to have noticed that he is getting old. If Einhard returns, he is the clear heir, but most Questing Knights who are going to return have done so within ten years. There are about half a dozen nobles with a realistic claim to the dukedom, but two stand out.





Earl Hincmar is the eldest son of the Duke's elder sister. He is also lord of a large fief around the Massif Orcal and known for his great courage in the face of Orc raids. He is feared even by his own vassals, as he is famous for the arbitrary cruelty of his "justice."

Lord Therevault is the grandson of the Duke's younger brother, and the next male in line if Einhard does not return. However, he is not yet twenty and became a Knight of the Realm prematurely on his father's death in a hunting accident. The accident was clearly genuine, but Therevault is not ready to rule. A number of wilier nobles are thus backing him, hoping to have a pliable puppet.



The final decision rests with the King, but Duke Tancred is not the only noble who really hopes that Einhard can be found. Earl Hincmar would really like Einhard to be found dead. Lord Therevault does not know what he thinks.

Quenelles

Quenelles is situated on the upper reaches of the River Brienne, almost on the edge of the Forest of Loren. Indeed, the walls do not guard the

eastern edge of the city: instead, they run up to the trees and stop. A broad stone road runs along the border of the forest. This used to be the eastern wall, but it was cast down over a thousand years ago at the command of the Fay. Pilgrims come from all over Bretonnia to stand on the road and gaze into the forest, hoping to catch a glimpse of the Fay. Some are lucky enough to do so, as the Fay keep a constant watch on the city, but most see nothing that does not come from their own imagination.

As a result of the flux of pilgrims, the eastern end of the city is the entertainment district, with many inns, taverns, and houses of ill repute. Castle Quenelles stands to the north, a surprisingly modest structure given the power of the dukedom. Rumour has it that the Fay have forbidden any major expansion.

Quenelles is a truly splendid town in which much of the old Elf stonework remains intact. The region is renowned for its vast vineyards and splendid court held by the Duke de Quenelles. Feasting and tournaments are held here throughout the summer. In the outlying glades of the Forest of Loren which can be seen from the towers of Quenelles are many chapels of the grail each one built where the grail as reported to have appeared. Some of these are already so ancient as to be overgrown and forgotten.

Just to the west of the eastern border road stands a Grail Chapel unique in Bretonnia. Called the Chapel of the Enchantress, its windows depict the Fay Enchantress rather than the Lady of the Lake. There are always at least two Grail Knights keeping the place, though few do the job for more than a year. Rumours speak of treasures under the chapel or claim the Fay Enchantress herself visits at least once per year.



The Questing Knights Tale

Galeron de Valois approached the ford across the forest stream. On the opposite bank he spied another knight also riding towards the ford. Like himself, he displayed the fleur de lys of a Questing Knight. Galeron knew what to expect and spurred his warhorse onwards to the water's edge. Then he heard the deep-voiced challenge of his unknown adversary, muffled by his closed visor but no less menacing for that.

"None shall pass," he seemed to be saying. Galeron rode on into the water. "None shall pass!" The knight repeated his challenge and lowered his lance. Galeron raised his visor. "I defy you!"

"Then you shall die!" came the reply and the stranger aimed his lance and spurred his warhorse to the gallop.

Galeron immediately did likewise. The two knights clashed in mid-stream. Both broke their lances upon each other's shields and swaying in their saddles reached the opposite banks. There they paused and Galemn lifted his visor once more. "You joust well sir knight, why not join me in my quest rather than slay me – there is no honour in slaying a fellow Bretonian!"

At this Galeron's adversary raised his visor. "I spare your life," he said, and added "I had no intention of taking it!"

"Nor I of letting you," replied Galemn "It was a noble jest!"

Now that Galeron and the stranger had greeted each other in the customary manner of Questing Knights, they sat down to share a flagon of wine. Galemn enquired as to the stranger's name, which was Joinville de Roy, a knight from a distant part of Bretonnia. They spoke of their exploits so far in their quest for the grail and were amazed to learn that they had both recently experienced the same dream. In this dream each had seen a stone circle in the midst of a dark forest. Within the circle were horned bestial creatures dancing. In the middle of the circle was a shining chalice.

The two knights debated the possible meaning of the dream. Both agreed that it was a sign from the Lady of the Lake that the grail itself was in the possession of evil creatures who would profane it with their foul rituals. It was this dream which had led both of them to the very forest where they now made camp.



Galeron awoke in the darkest hour of the night and beheld the stars between the branches of the trees. The fire had died down to a few glowing embers. Joinville was already awake. Both knights listened to the noise that had woken them. Wafting through the forest came the sound of ritual drumbeats and eerie chanting.

Both knights were accustomed to sleeping in their armour and without speaking, got up and untethered their warhorses. They mounted up and as stealthily as they could, rode along the forest track, relying on the horses to find their own way.

The sound of drumming and chanting grew louder. Foul though the noise was, the clanking of armour and harness would not be heard above it. The knights approached a glade lit by flaming torches and paused between the great oaks, concealed by the shadows. They saw the very scene revealed to them in the dream. The sacred grail about to be defiled by the drooling mouths of capering Beastmen!



Galeron and Joinville grinned at each other and shut their visors. They each made the sign of the grail and drew their swords. Their noble battle cries rang out into the night and brought the chanting to a sudden stop. The knights charged into the stone circle hacking and slaying Beastmen on all sides. They had the advantage of total surprise and in the confusion more than a score of Beastmen were hewn down without returning a single blow. The rest fled into the shadows. Galeron and Jonville spurred their horses in pursuit. This was a mistake.

No sooner had they ridden among the trees than they were set upon by the Beastmen, this time armed and bellowing for vengeance. Galeron felt the crude weapons battering on his shield and helmet as he wielded his sword to left and right. It was almost impossible to see the foe, but he heard their cries as his sword struck flesh. It was not until he found himself slashing at thin air and branches that he knew that all had been slain. Then he raised his visor and looked for his companion Joinville.

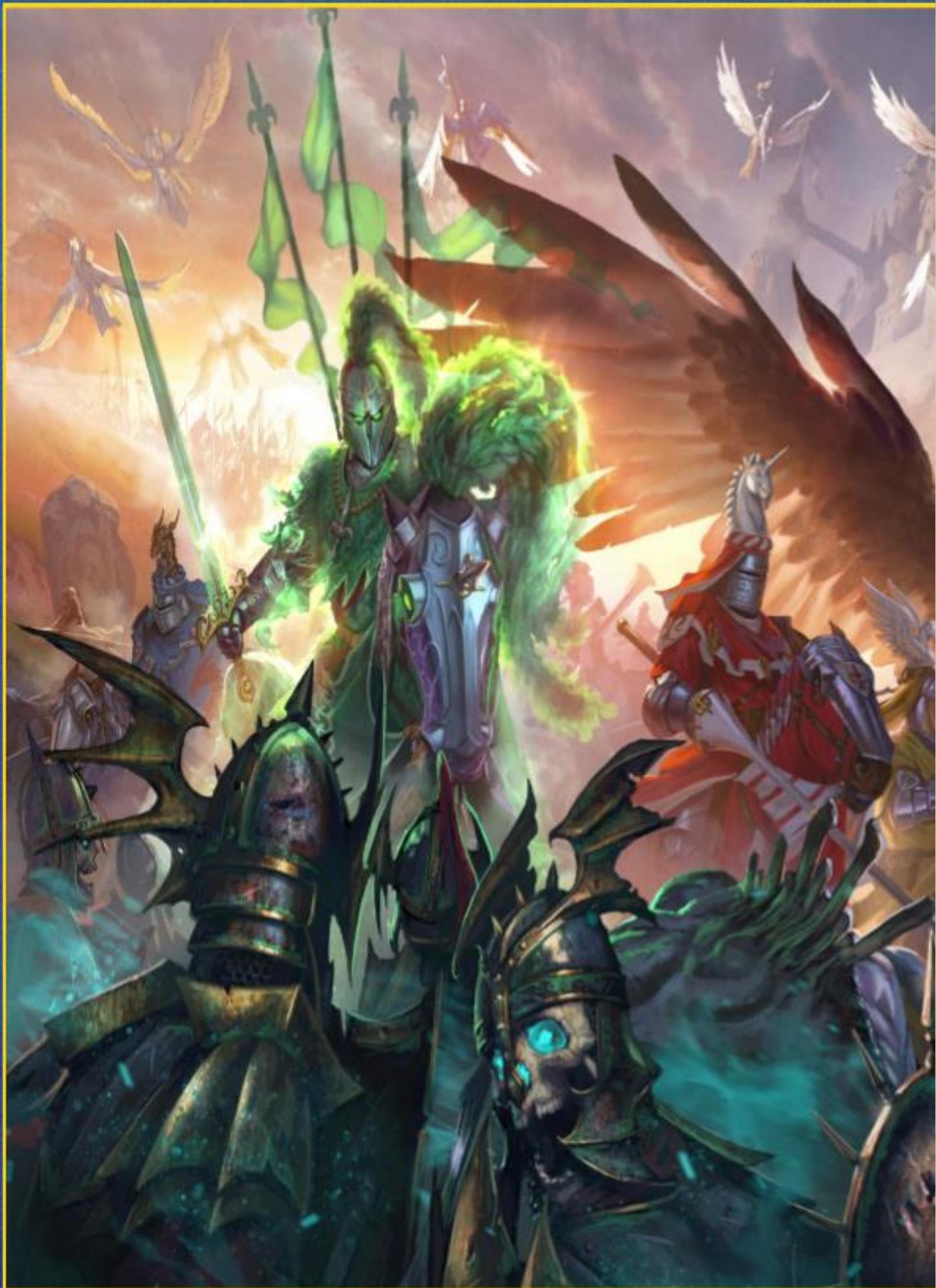
As he gazed towards the flickering torches still lighting the stone circle, he saw Joinville, slumped in the saddle. His warhorse standing still, surrounded by slain Beastmen. Galeron rode up beside Joinville and dismounted. He helped him from the saddle and saw that Joinville's surcoat was stained red with blood.

"I'm dying," whispered Joinville. "It is not my fate to reach the grail."

Just then, the torches mysteriously perished plunging the stone circle in darkness. The air became damp and a strange mist began to rise from the ground. In the centre of the circle, where the knights had seen a shining chalice, they now saw an apparition condensing from the mist. It was the image of a Lady of incomparable beauty who seemed to be rising up from the very earth itself. In her hands she held out a chalice more wonderful than the one they had seen earlier. This was indeed the true grail.

Both knights knelt as the Lady drifted towards them.

She offered the grail to Galeron, but Galeron, like the noble knight he was, raised up Joinville's bloody lips to the chalice and watched as he sipped the life-giving essence.





THE MUSTER OF BRETONNIA

The Bretonnian army is a highly mobile force with a predominance of Knights, from the youthful and impetuous Knights Errant to the god-like and fearsome Grail Knights. As well as this varied cadre of warriors, the Bretonnians also have a large reserve of peasants to draw upon, including Bowmen, Men-at-arms and even a mighty stone throwing Trebuchet. And to lead this noble force are pious Dukes and Paladins with Damsels blasting the foe from distance with a barrage of powerful spells. The Bretonnians attack head on without fear, for their trust in the Lady is absolute and unswerving.

In this section you will find details for all the different troops, heroes, monsters, and war machines used by a Bretonnian army. It provides the background, imagery, characteristics profiles, and rules necessary to use all the elements of the army, from Core Units to Special Characters.



ARMY SPECIAL RULES

This section of the book describes all the different units used in a Bretonnian army, along with any rules necessary to use them in your games of Warhammer. Where a model has a special rule that is explained in the *Warhammer* rulebook, only the name of that rule is given. If a model has a special rule that is unique to it, that rule is detailed alongside its description. However, there are a number of commonly recurring ‘army special rules’ that apply to several Bretonnian units, and these are detailed here.

THE LANCE FORMATION

Bretonnian Knights often form up into a powerful formation called the ‘Lance’. This formation enables the Knights to charge deep into enemy units, angled so as to maximise the number of attacking Knights.

Any Cavalry unit with this special rule may deploy in the Lance formation and/or reform into it during the game. A unit in Lance formation follow the rules for Monstrous Ranks that apply to Monstrous Cavalry. In effect, if by any means a unit of Bretonnian Knights is formed into a unit three models wide, it is treated as being in Lance formation. Note that if a unit is ever wider than three models, it no longer counts as being in Lance Formation. In addition to this, the unit may form a unit up to 5 ranks deep.

Characters must be placed in the front rank, displacing Champions, Standard Bearers or Musicians into the second rank. Standard Bearers and Musicians operate as normal even if not in the front rank.

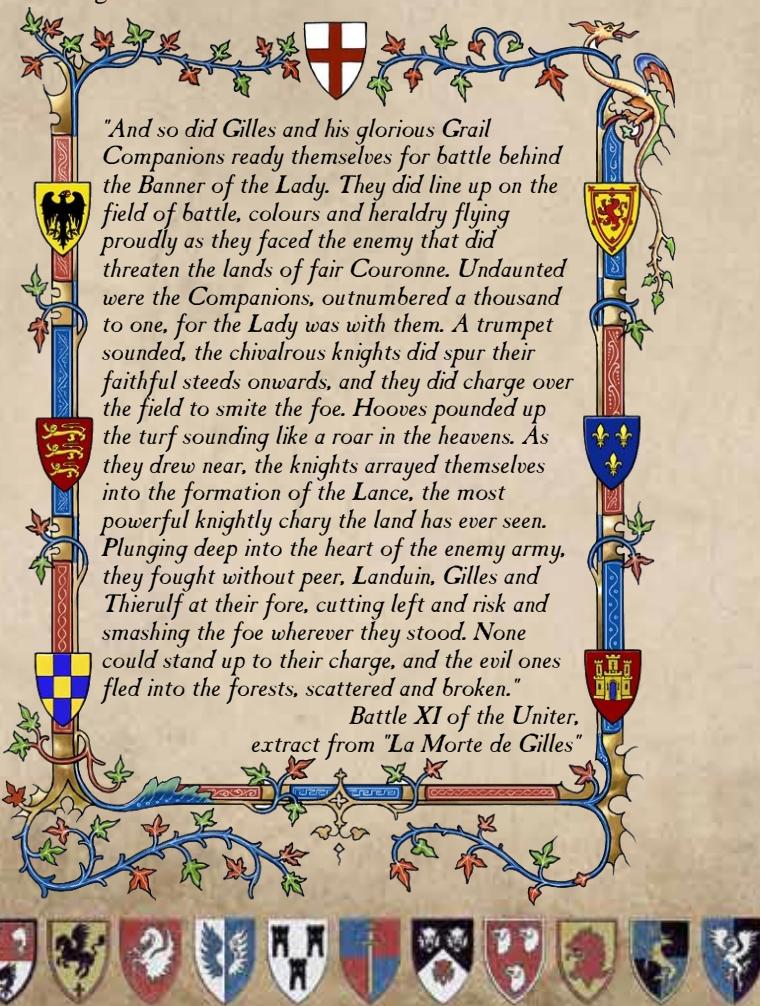
A Damsel or Prophetess may be placed in the centre of the second rank of the Lance formation rather than the front rank, as the Knights form up protectively around



her. Note that she remains fully in play even if she is not in the front rank (so the unit may use her Leadership, she may cast magic, etc.). If a second Damsel or Prophetess joins the unit, she may be placed in the centre of the third rank. If the rank in front of the Damsel or Prophetess ever falls below three models, she will move forward to take up the empty space. However, a Damsel or Prophetess that is not in the front rank obviously has no line of sight.

On the turn that a unit in Lance Formation charges, the models with this special rule have the Devastating Charge special rule. In addition, all Knight models on the flanks of the first 3 ranks of the unit are allowed to fight as if they were in the front rank (including resolving Impact Hits), as long as they are directly behind a model in the front rank which is engaged in close combat to its front. If the unit remains in combat after the first round, it will automatically reform into a normal formation for the remainder of the combat if possible.

When removing casualties from the Lance formation, rank and file models are always removed from the centre of the back rank before removing those on the flanks. After casualties have been removed, the models in an incomplete back rank are not automatically moved to the centre of that back rank, but can stay on the edges, so that they can still fight if the Lance charges.





VOWS OF BRETONNIA

Your army's General must always be a model with the Knight's Vow, the Questing Vow or the Grail Vow.

The Peasant's Duty: *"Son of the soil, thou art born to labour and to serve, protected by thy betters. Thou shalt give unto thy glorious liege the taxes that he requires. Thou shalt labour all but feast days, and no more than a tenth-share shalt thou keep for kith and kin. Rejoice! For a knight of Bretonnia provides your shield."*

Models with the Peasant's Duty treat all friendly models with the Knight's Vow, the Questing Vow or the Grail Vow within 6" as having the Inspiring Presence special rule. Unit standards in units with the Peasant's Duty do not confer any additional victory points if captured.

The Knight's Vow: *"I pledge my service and my loyalty, body and soul, to my Lord. When the clarion call is sounded, I will ride out and fight in the name of liege and Lady. Whilst I draw breath the lands bequeathed unto me will remain untainted by evil. Honour is all. Chivalry is all. This I swear on my blood and my breath."*

Models with the Knight's Vow have Immunity (Panic) caused by friendly models. In addition, they may only join units with the Knight's Vow.



The Questing Vow: *"I set down my lance, symbol of duty. I spurn those whom I love. I relinquish all, and take up the tools of my quest. No obstacle will stand before me. No plea for help shall find me wanting. No moon will look upon me twice lest I be judged idle. I save my body, heart and soul to the Lady whom I seek."*

Models with the Questing's Vow have Immunity (Panic) caused by friendly models, may re-roll failed Psychology tests, and may only join units with the Knight's Vow or Questing Vow. In addition, they ignore Initiative penalties from using great weapons in any turn that they charge, but they may not use any lance (unless specified).

The Grail Vow: *"That which is sacrosanct I shall preserve. That which is sublime I will protect. That which threatens, I will destroy. For my holy wrath will know no bounds."*

Models with the Grail Vow have the Immunity (Psychology) and Magical Attacks special rules, and may only join units with the Knight's Vow, Questing Vow or Grail Vow. Characters with the Grail Vow add +1 to their Leadership.

THE BLESSING OF THE LADY

The Lady's blessing is a wondrous gift freely graced upon all Bretonnian subjects, should they but kneel and offer their devotion. The Bretonnian army kneel to pray for the Blessing of the Lady before the battle begins.

Models with this special rule have the Ward save (6+) special rule. This is increased to a Ward save (5+) against missile attacks. Models with the Grail Vow always have the Ward save (5+) special rule.

Models with the Blessing of the Lady will lose it if they flee for any reason or refuse a challenge. Keep a note of which units have lost the Blessing.





BRETONNIAN LORDS

Bretonnian folklore is replete with the mighty feats of famous knights as they battle against the odds to defeat their evil foes and win the day. In these stories and poems, noble knights seek out and slay ferocious dragons that terrorise the realms, battle and defeat evil warriors and destroy entire armies of Greenskins single-handed. No stories are more impressive than those told of Gilles le Breton and his Grail Companions, tales that every noble son learns from a young age. It is a common sight to see such youngsters romping around their father's castles, playing out the roles of Gilles and the Grail Companions as they take on and defeat the foul enemies besetting the lands. Weaned from a young age on these stories of individual heroism and bravery, it is every knight's utmost desire to have great deeds of their own to be sung and recounted for years after their deaths. A knight's honour is of utmost importance to him, and he would gladly lay down his life rather than have his name disgraced.

Despite the exceedingly high standards the knights set for themselves, there are mighty individuals who live up to these goals and become legend. They are the heroes who have performed great deeds on the battlefield and defeated particularly dangerous foes. Their reputation precedes them, and their names and heraldry are known throughout all the dukedoms. Whenever one of these mighty heroes enters a town, his presence will be known within minutes, news of his arrival spreading through the crowded streets like wildfire amongst the commoners, who will flock to get a glimpse of the heroic individual.

THE SEVEN KNIGHTS

Bretonnian troubadour song tells of a heroic battle in which seven gallant knights fought against many times their number of Goblins. The Goblins, led by Ironfang had accomplished the defeat of Baron de Fate's army, which had been caught unawares through recklessness and been ambushed in rugged countryside. Only seven knights survived the battle and were riding back, tired and bleeding, to carry on the fight from behind their own castle walls. Their names are recorded as Louen de Ledarre, Guy le Galant, Jules de Touph, Gaston de Reclasse, Bertrand Lestrung, Gui du Lambert and Evrard de Mellay. As they crossed a bridge and rode through a village, the villagers begged them not to abandon them to the Goblins and appealed to their honour. They pointed to the famous grail chapel which would fall into enemy hands. The honour of the knights had been stung by defeat and they decided that this was as good a place as any to win it back or die in the attempt. The knights armed themselves with holy relics from the shrine and took up their positions awaiting the onslaught. The Goblins appeared and tried to swarm across the bridge as well as various points along the stream, only to be hurled back by the reckless bravery of the knights, charging into the hordes. By the end of the day, all the brave knights lay dead or dying, but not one Goblin crossed the stream and the village was saved.

Many of these mighty heroes are Grail Knights, having drunk from the Grail and become the epitome of chivalric knighthood. However, there are many other legendary individuals who have never attained the station of Grail Knight, but are in no way lesser heroes for that. Sometimes the responsibilities of governing may hold a knight back from embarking on his quest, though this would surely cause him much pain. The dukes themselves are all-powerful and renowned warriors, for they could not retain their station were they not. Birth in itself does not guarantee success, and the sons of the dukes must earn their honour and renown as any other knight. Indeed, a knight of any echelon of birth (though obviously never a peasant) can attain heroic status through great deeds and acts of bravery, rising rapidly through the ranks.

The dukes of Bretonnia are the most powerful nobles in the land after the King himself. They owe their loyalty to the King and also have the task of defending their own domain against invaders. The Duke's army is made up of all the barons and knights within his dukedom plus his own retinue of knights, squires and men-at-arms from his castle and also bowmen raised from among the peasants on the barons' lands.

Heroes renowned throughout the land, brave and true to the cause of Bretonnia, it is upon a Paladin that the great honour of carrying the Bretonnian Army Standard is bestowed. They are great warriors riding down their enemies with fiery zeal, holding the banner aloft to steel wavering hearts.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Lord	4	6	5	4	4	3	6	4	9
Paladin	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Blessing of the Lady, The Knight's Vow, Lance Formation.





DAMSELS OF THE LADY

Sometimes, young children within Bretonnia are seen to have strange and mystical powers. They might be born with eyes of different colours, milk may sour in their presence or they may be able to predict events before they occur. Other children claim to see ghostly apparitions walking about, or are heard talking to beings that others cannot see. A superstitious people as a whole, whether noble or low-born, the Bretonnians will generally be fearful of such gifted children, and go out of their way to avoid them whenever possible, invoking the protection of the Lady of the Lake and Shallya. Often, especially within Quenelles, such children are perceived as having been touched by the fey inhabitants of the forest, or even replaced with a changeling. However, for every child who shows signs of such mystical powers, there are other 'gifted' children that never display any outward sign of their strange, otherworldly talents.

Some of these children are sent to the Empire, if they come from particularly wealthy families, to learn the arts of magic, but this is a rare occurrence. Before they reach puberty, almost all children with these strange talents will be visited by the Fay Enchantress. She takes them with her to the Otherworld, and they are mourned by their parents as if they were no longer living. Nevertheless, it is a great honour to be taken by the Enchantress, and it is believed they go on to a better place, where their powers are used to serve the blessed Lady of the Lake herself. While nothing is ever seen of the boy-children again, sometimes the girl-children will return to Bretonnia years later as damsels and prophetesses.

Damsels and prophetesses are powerful individuals, for in their years away from Bretonnia, their innate abilities have been honed and tempered. Their magic is more oriented around nature than that of most other human wizards, for they are taught by the handmaids of the Lady. Riding into battle, the damsels and prophetesses use their powers to lend protection to the noble warriors of Bretonnia, warding away the foul magic of their enemies as well as casting down the foe with their own powerful spells. They are able to mystically encourage the landscape to fight the enemies of Bretonnia, and the trees themselves lash at their foe; flocks of birds descend on the enemy at their call and some can even draw lightning from the heavens to strike down in devastating arcs. The Damsel's possess a true affinity with the Lady of the Lake who favours them above all others. As such the Lady protects her Damsels against the effects of harmful magic.

When not in battle, they fulfil such roles as advisors to the dukes and king, where their magical abilities and visions may aid their lord. They use their powers to scry into the future, to protect the sacred glades favoured by the Lady, to detect the truth in the hearts of men and to lend the Lady's healing where needed. As priestesses of the Lady, they also maintain her shrines and lead devotions and prayers. In a similar way to the Enchantress herself, these powerful individuals exist somewhat outside the usual hierarchy of Bretonnia, and may come and go throughout the realms as they please, for none would dare to cross one so favoured by the Lady herself.

Grail Damsels are completely outside the laws of Bretonnia and equally outside its social customs. No one would dare to criticise one, even behind her back. They are all beautiful, appearing young for many years before suddenly withdrawing to the Forest of Loren, where most assume that

they die. Many go about with their hair uncovered, and not a few are notorious for their promiscuity, though no tales of a Grail Damsel giving birth are known. Few claim to understand their behaviour, but the arcane support they give to Bretonnia's armies is much appreciated.

Experienced Grail Damsels are called Prophetesses of the Lady, or Grail Prophetesses. These Damsels have the power to foretell the future and provide counsel to the highest nobles. Some Prophetesses travel Bretonnia, giving counsel to many different people, as they see fit.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Prophetess	4	3	3	3	3	3	3	1	8
Damsel	4	3	3	3	3	2	3	1	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: A Damsel is a Wizard that may use spells from the Lore of Life, Lore of Beasts, Lore of Heavens, Lore of Light or Lore of the Lady.

SPECIAL RULES: *Blessing of the Lady.*

Aura of the Lady: *Damsels and Prophetesses are divinely protected by the Lady of the Lake.*

Damsels have Magic Resistance (1), and Prophetesses Magic Resistance (2).





TEMPLAR CRUSADERS

Perhaps the greatest deed a Knight can perform is to go to war in the name of the Lady. In ages past, especially during the crusades against Araby it was unusual for a knight to not go on crusade at some point, but in more recent times crusades are far less common, especially on such a scale. Templar Crusaders are those knights who are veterans of crusades, who have earned great glory for their Lord and Lady through their deeds in foreign lands against the enemies of Bretonnia. They are world-wise men, skilled at fighting in all manner of conditions and against all manner of enemies, and many knights who return from a crusade find their deeds forever etched in the legends of Bretonnia.

While Templar Crusaders are well-versed in battle with years of experience, they spend most of their time in prayer or study in their monasteries during times of peace. Unlike most other Knights who dream of glory and whose greatest wish is to drink from the Grail and become Grail Knights, the Templar Crusaders take more solace in serving their goddess spiritually as scholars and educating her faithful servants on the matter. They can often be found walking around the towns and villages preaching about the tenants of the Lady to anyone who would listen. Thus, it is very rare to find a Templar Crusader to go out on the grail quest.



Whereas most knights would rather spend their time training and fighting, the Templars consider their knowledge being their greatest power. They are powerful orators, so gifted that they can move entire armies with their persuasive words. The Bretonnian Lords view Templar Crusaders with a great deal of suspicion, as they are often far too capable of stirring up dissent or sowing mistrust against their own Lords. If they can be properly directed however, they are also very useful for rallying the people in times of war. Thus the high ranking nobles treat the Templar Crusaders with caution and sometimes even favour.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Templar Crusader	4	4	3	4	4	2	4	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: *Blessing of the Lady, The Knight's Vow, Lance Formation.*

Fiery Zeal: The Templar Crusader and any unit he is with gain the Hatred special rule for as long as he remains in the unit.

THE SPOILS OF WAR

Crusades are ridiculously expensive to finance, for they are typically large wars fought on foreign soil far from home. A cult or order might raise a good deal of the funds themselves, but much of the financial burden is placed on the shoulders of the crusaders, and they are often forced to sell much of what they own to help pay for the crusade.

It is therefore considered an unfortunate necessity that those who go on crusade are entitled to the spoils of war usually amounting to whatever they can loot from their enemies.

Sometimes this may be fabulous amounts of gold, making the returning crusaders-or their orders at least-very wealthy indeed. At other times, crusaders are forced to take whatever treasure they can, as unusual or impractical as that might be, whether it is in the form of strange foreign beasts, unusual weapons, ancient relics, or hostages.

The lavish nature of such practises might seem at odds with the austere nature of many holy orders, but allowing knights to take spoils of war is both an incentive to go to crusade, and a great boost to morale to those who have given everything for the opportunity to fight for their faith.





PRIESTESSES OF SHALLYA

Shallya, the Goddess of Healing, Mercy, and Childbirth, is by far the most important God for most peasants. The life of a Bretonnian peasant is extremely hard, and the relief brought by Shallyans is very welcome. No village is more than a day's walk from a substantial temple, and Shallyan priests are as sacrosanct as Damsels of the Lady. No peasant family would choose to live more than a few minutes' walk from a Shallyan shrine, and one sits at the centre of most villages. The nobility have recently taken to endowing small shrines of Shallya near Grail Chapels, a custom that is rapidly growing in popularity.

Individual temples of Shallya are exceptionally well organised, with clear responsibilities for all residents, and defined chains of authority. This enables them to respond to crises, and to deal with the dozens, if not hundreds, of supplicants who come every day. The cult as a whole, however, does not have policies or plans of action. Shallya is concerned with relieving the individual distresses of the people, not with grand schemes.

Priests wear white robes, often with a hood, with a heart embroidered over the left breast. On daily robes, this is embroidered in yellow, but most priests also have ceremonial robes, made of expensive fabric and with the heart embroidered in gold. Otherwise, Shallyans wear little in the way of ornamentation.

The Old World's main temple of Shallya is in Couronne. Because of the presence of the Cult of the Lady, it has almost no political influence, which suits most Shallyans very well. Being apart from politics, they can concentrate on bringing healing and succour to the needy. The Cult of Shallya has a nominally feudal structure, with each shrine or temple owing tribute to a larger, local temple, and these large temples owing tribute to the chief temple of the nation. All the



national temples owe fealty to the temple in Couronne, and all the chief priests and priestesses meet once every six years as the governing body of the cult. The Matriarch in Couronne has authority over all Shallyans, in particular the authority to cast them out of the faith. This power is only used when a follower turns to the Dark Gods, as mercy is appropriate for anyone else.

A common heresy among the peasants is the belief that the Lady of the Lake is a servant of Shallya, who guides the nobility to protect the peasantry. The indisputable fact that Grail Knights treat peasants better than almost any other noble lends some weight to this belief. The Grail Knights and Damsels, however, are ruthless in suppressing it whenever it rears its head. Vigorous investigation has failed to uncover a network of believers, despite the constant reappearance of the heresy; it appears to be a natural weakness of the common folk.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Priestess	4	2	2	3	3	2	3	0	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES:

Healing Hands: The unit The Priestess is with (but not herself) gains the Regeneration (6+) special rule.

Blessings of Shallya: *The blessings granted by Shallya fall into two main groups: those that allow her servants to heal the troubles of the world, and those that allows them to endure those troubles to bring relief to the suffering.*

Priestesses of Shallya know the three Prayers listed below. Prayers are innate bound spells (power level 3). All Prayers are **augment** spells. In addition, the Priestess may channel Power and Dispel dice just like a Level 1 Wizard.

- Shallya's Endurance:** The Priestess invokes the power of Shallya to temporarily boost a target's vitality. When cast, the unit she is with (but not herself) gets +1 to its Toughness until the start of her next Magic Phase.
- Martyrdom:** The Priestess creates a sympathetic connection between her and one friendly character of your choice within 12". All wounds caused on the chosen character are ignored, and the Priestess suffers a Strength 3 hit with no saves allowed for each wound suffered instead. Remains in Play.
- Purify:** All Hex spells effecting friendly units within 12" are automatically dispelled. In addition, any Undead or Daemonic units in base contact with the Priestess takes D6 Strength 5 hits.





KNIGHTS ERRANT

All noble sons of the realm are committed to the path of knighthood from the moment they are born. Though birth into nobility guarantees his place within the circles of knighthood, a young noble is not honoured until he has proven his worth. Some earn status through faithful service to their lords, others through powerful connections and family ties, but the most glorious and only true way for a young knight to fulfil his calling is to test himself against the foe on the field of battle.

According to the code of chivalry, the First and lowest rank of knighthood is the Knight Errant. Knights Errant are, by their very nature, young and inexperienced. The old tradition of a would-be Knight proving his worth by brave and noble deeds and thereby winning the lordship of a domain was upheld as a just and right foundation for knighthood. A Knight Errant is assigned a task or 'errand' by his patron, who according old tradition, will usually be the fairest damsel in the village. The young Knight Errant must serve in the retinue of a Lord of Bretonnia until such time as he is given a specific task to undertake, or until he proves his worth by some heroic feat of arms on the field of battle which is considered of equal merit. They may spend several years as Knights Errant in the retinue of a senior Knight, baron, duke or even the King before finally achieving their task. Once the king or a senior noble feels the Knight Errant has had enough experience and proven his skill and bravery, he

promotes the knight to a Knight of the Realm. Indeed this custom had always served Bretonnia well in the past.

Upon reaching adulthood, an age that varies slightly from family to family but is always in the late teens, a male noble is dubbed a Knight Errant and sent out into the world to prove himself. In Bretonnia, knights start off riding their own trail, as they set off on their errantry tour. Bretonnian knights learn from the best school there is: genuine experience. At the start of their tour, they don't have any genuine experience, but most make up the deficit with their enthusiasm.

Knights Errant are expected to travel widely, often alone, seeking out perilous situations in which to prove their worth. Social pressure to pursue the perils of errantry is very strong, and so most nobles at least make a show of it. As a result, at any time there are large numbers of young nobles travelling around the country, looking for trouble. Naturally, they find it. Often enough, it is of their own devising.

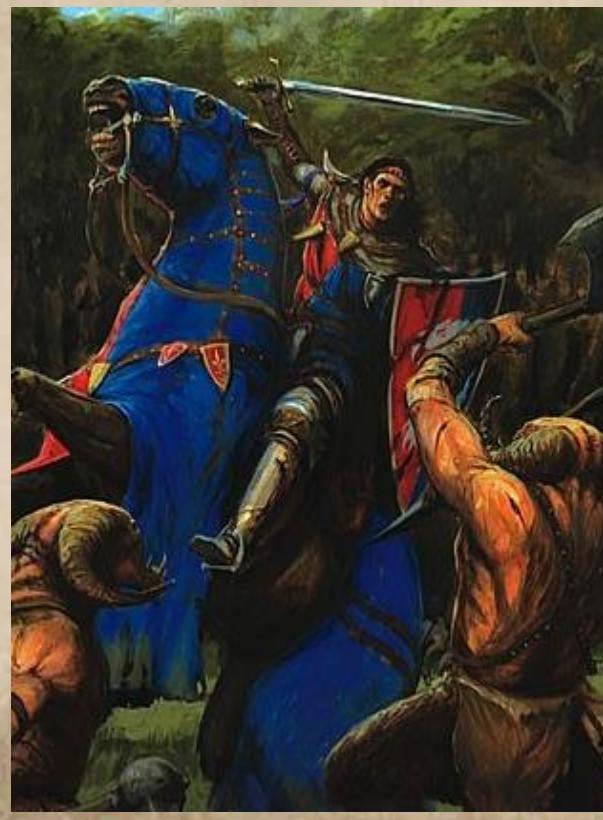
Travelling the roads of Bretonnia alone is perilous even for Grail Knights; for young Knights Errant, it is almost suicidal. Some knights travel alone for precisely that reason, hoping to meet with glorious adventure but often finding a cold and lonely death instead. Most knights, then, find travelling companions. Other Knights Errant are the most popular choice, as they are of the same social class and truly understand your concerns. However, this is a case of the blind leading

Sir Tomas the Shieldless is renowned among the younger knights of Bretonnia. A poor young stablehand, his life changed one night when he aided an old knight battling a pack of brigands. Out of gratitude, the knight, Sir Geoffrey, took Tomas as his squire.

Tomas served Sir Geoffrey faithfully for two years, until the day they had the misfortune to run into the same brigands a second time. They drove off the brigands again, but this time Sir Geoffrey was mortally wounded. Before he died he knighted Tomas and bequeathed his armour, weapons, and horse to the youth.

The armour was old and dented but still serviceable, the horse in good health, the sword well-kept – but the knight's shield had been shattered by a heavy mace blow. Tomas threw it aside, vowing that he would carry no shield until he had earned a heraldic device of his own, and charged off to find the men who had killed his mentor.

Sir Tomas continues his search for his patron's murderers to this day. He has won some fame as an honest knight with decent sword skills and excellent horsemanship. However, he has yet to earn the rank of Knight of the Realm, so he continues to travel and to try proving his worth.





the blind, so wiser or luckier knights find themselves joining up with adventurers from a variety of backgrounds and social classes. Knights expect to be the leaders of such groups, of course.

Knights Errant usually travel with few worldly possessions. Most knights errant carry their arms and armour, their horse's gear, one or two sets of basic clothing, a few small coins, some food, and a few personal items. Some knights cover their shields, hiding their heraldic device to show that they are seeking experience and justice rather than personal glory. This rarely happens with a knight errant, however. They are, after all, trying to establish their reputation, and so they take every opportunity to display their device and proclaim their name and lineage.

Knights Errant are equipped in the full panoply of a Knight when they are appointed their errand of knighthood. During this time they wear the plain unadorned heraldic colours of their dukedom of origin or colours chosen by the liege-lord whom they serve. They do not display blazons.

A knight cannot cease to be a Knight Errant until he receives a position from a Bretonnian noble. This can be a fief or a position as a household knight. Some lords give these positions out to their sons within a few weeks of the beginning of errantry, allowing the knight to return from the perils of the road. It is possible, and honourable, to refuse such a position on the grounds that you have not yet sufficiently proved yourself. The only exception is that if the King personally offers you

a post, refusal is not an option. Some Knights Errant travel, proving themselves and waiting for the royal blessing. This only comes if they can really distinguish themselves from the masses, however.

Knights Errant project an air of bravado, dealing with peasants and fellow knights alike with a brash self-confidence and haughty manner. Knights errant are renowned for answering any and all calls to arms. Eager to prove their skill, and thus attain status and renown, these young nobles are bold and enthusiastic to the point of recklessness – a trait that the common folk idolise and admire. When a duke begins to marshal support for a crusade, Knights Errant flock to his banner, vying with one another for martial glory.

On the battlefield they are impetuous, eager to earn fame and honour in the thick of the fight. They charge boldly into the fray, heedless of danger and earning either great honour or a glorious death. They are also the first in line for any charge and the last to retreat, as their headstrong nature overwhelms their common sense and their sense of strategy. The older, more experienced knights rarely discourage them. Some see it as a way of pruning the ranks, others as a suitable outlet for the enthusiasm of youth, but none would deny a young knight his destiny. Those whose skill and bravery are proven will go on to become Knights of the Realm.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Knight Errant	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Cavalier	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Blessing of the Lady, The Knight's Vow, Lance Formation.

Impetuous: After charges have been declared, if any Impetuous units did not declare a charge but are within charge range of an enemy, then they must take a Leadership test to restrain themselves from charging. If this test is failed, they are forced to charge. If the test is passed, they may move normally.

So reckless are the Knights Errant that whenever they charge, they have Immunity (Psychology) and may re-roll one of their charge distance dice.

UPGRADES:

Errantry Banner (Magic Standard)

This tattered banner has been across the length and breadth of the Old World and beyond, whipped by the arctic winds of the Troll Country and bleached by the burning sun of Araby. It instils its bearers with fiery zeal and holy strength.

All Knights Errant in the unit get a +1 Strength bonus on any turn they charge. However, a unit with this banner suffers -2 to its Ld for any Impetuous tests.





KNIGHTS OF THE REALM

If and when a Knight Errant has accomplished his task, he becomes a Knight of the Realm. He has proven himself in battle and assumed his full responsibilities as a Knight. The Knight of the Realm is a noble whose task is to rule and protect his people, serve his feudal lord, and provide an example of knightly virtue for others to aspire towards. It is honourable for him to accept the feudal dues and tithes of the peasants because he can defend them in return. Upon his investiture, the knight is given the responsibility of administrating a domain – generally a few acres of land, a village and a castle. As the common folk in the domain are bound to the service of the knight, to work his land and pay their taxes, so too does the knight swear fealty to the higher orders of nobility.

Knights of the Realm make up the bulk of the nobility of Bretonnia and command great respect both for their station and for the deeds they have performed to reach it. Knights of the Realm are the backbone of the Bretonnian army and the most common members of its ruling elite.

The main distinction between a Knight Errant and a Knight of the Realm is in the display blazons and in the magnificence of the crests worn on their helms. When a Knight Errant achieves his errand of knighthood he is allowed to adopt a blazon or blazons appropriate to the task he accomplished. So, if the Knight slew a Dragon, he may display the image of a Dragon as his blazon.

This may be displayed on his shield, surcoat, warhorse, bardings and lance pennant. It is superimposed onto or incorporated into the simple heraldry adopted as a Knight Errant. The Knight may now wear a helmet crest depicting a ferocious Dragon's head. Many Knights adopt more than one emblem, especially if their task was complex and required many adventures to achieve.

A Knight of the Realm is duty-bound to defend his people and his land until death. As a noble trained in the arts of battle, a knight is expected to defend himself and his domain against minor threats without assistance from others, and even defend against a monster or a warband of a dozen or so raiders single handed. He may call upon his men-at-arms and bowmen to assist him in his role of commander of the manpower of the village. If the situation is more desperate, the knight may either marshal the peasants of the village to fight with him, or instead shelter the commoners in his castle where he can defend them if the threat cannot be dealt with in open battle. If the domain is attacked by larger forces then the Knight may honourably call upon other Knights to help him. Unless the domain is very isolated, other Knights will already have rushed to fight by his side before he needs to do this.

Above all, a knight is required to maintain the standards of knightly honour, obeying the strict tenets of Bretonnian chivalry. Amongst the most important of these is to respond to the call to war, when he will fight alongside other knights, not as a rite of passage as he did as a Knight Errant, but as duty required by his station. For a knight there is no greater shame than to fail in these responsibilities, thus betraying the chivalric code. If he does so, he may be stripped of all titles and rights, and be banished from the realm until he can prove himself once more.

When new lands are conquered it is better to carve out new domains for Knights Errant than to enlarge an existing domain because it is difficult to defend a domain that becomes too big. The simple fact is that a domain is most easily defended by a single Knight if he can see all of it from the highest tower of his castle and can ride all around its boundary in a single day. It is also good if the neighbouring lord's castle can be seen from the tower of your own castle so that you can signal for reinforcements and give warning of a large force of raiders entering the domain.

A Knight of the Realm who manages to hold his domain for many years may end up with a retinue of Knights Errant including his own grown up sons. Since the time of Gilles it has become common practice for a Knight of the Realm to relinquish his castle and domain to a son when he has accomplished his errand of knighthood. The senior Knight then sets out on a grail quest and becomes a Questing Knight.

ARMS AND ARMOUR OF A KNIGHT OF THE REALM

The knight wears a mail coat as his main defence, though solid schynbalds protect the shins and poleyns guard the knees. The elbow is protected by a simple couter, the disk design used here is primitive even by the standards of Bretonnian armour and, together with the studded leather vambraces worn on the forearm, suggests a poor knight. The coat extends to just above the knees and down the arms where it forms mail mittens. Beneath the mail is worn a vertically quilted padded coat.

A brigandine is worn over the mail. This is a canvas jacket lined with plates of metal or whalebone secured by rivets. The helm is attached by a chain to the mail coif beneath, to prevent loss in battle and, unusually for a Bretonnian knight, bears no crest. This man does not bear any aillettes, small shield-shaped bits of parchment or wood bearing his heraldry. Instead he wears many badges pinned to the ends of his belt or to the straps attached to the edge of his coif.

The knight carries a sword and a small flanged mace he might employ in preference against heavily armoured opponents. A boar commonly appears on the heraldries of knights from Artois in memory of Morthanok, a dangerous beast slain by a Lord of Artois to make the centrepiece of a feast for the Companions of Gilles the Uiter.



If there are several sons, the eldest and first to accomplish his errand of knighthood succeeds to the domain. The others on accomplishing their own errands can be given a portion of the domain if it is large enough. This will usually be a tract of wild land on the margins of the domain, perhaps still waiting to be conquered and settled. The errand of knighthood might actually be to conquer the land and hold it long enough to build a castle and settle it with peasants. In this way new domains are constantly being calved out of the wilderness while the Orcs and other enemies are kept under pressure.

If there are no suitable lands to be assigned, it is the custom for younger sons to relinquish their claims to a castle on accomplishing the errands of knighthood and either join the retinue of a duke or the king, or set out upon the grail quest straight away.

Knights of the Realm have responsibilities and thus cannot simply ride off in search of adventure. However, household knights are often sent to deal with threats or investigate turnouts, and knights with their own fiefs find that plenty of adventures come to them.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Knight of the Realm	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	8
Gallant	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	8
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Blessing of the Lady, The Knight's Vow, Lance Formation.



ACCUSATIONS REGARDING THE ANACHRONISTIC QUALITY OF BRETONNIAN WARGEAR

Military experts in the Empire often remark on the fact that the Bretonnians persist in utilising wargear that other armed forces of the Old World relegated to museums centuries ago.

Their armour is (by varying degrees) cumbersome, expensive, difficult to repair, and slow to produce in comparison to modern designs.

Many theories are proposed for this. Some remark on Bretonnia's isolation from the dwarf holds of the World's Edge Mountains (whose help was invaluable in developing the intricate plate armour and gunpowder weapons famously employed by the Empire's armies), whilst others blame it on a complacent attitude that is supposedly intrinsic to the inhabitants of the kingdom. When pressed on the subject most Bretonnians are dismissive, claiming piety protects better than steel.





QUESTING KNIGHTS

Since the days of Gilles the Uniter, the Grail has been the ultimate symbol of Bretonnian chivalry, and the ultimate goal of any true knight. Knights of the Realm may choose to go on a quest for the Grail, hoping to meet the Lady of the Lake in person and drink from the sacred chalice. A knight who begins the quest for the Grail relinquishes all his worldly possessions and all ties to his domain, and in return are accorded honour above even the finest lords of Bretonnia.

To undertake the quest for the grail is the most noble tradition of chivalry. A Knight who has served his lord long and well, and who has made provision for the future of his domains, is free to embark upon this most sacred mission. Younger Knights may be inspired to undertake the quest on behalf of the Lady herself, a gesture that is especially fine and noble.

A knight who takes the Questing Vow renounces his duties to mundane lords in favour of his duties to the Lady. The Questing Knight is now free from any obligation to defend a domain and may set off on a personal and spiritual quest leading to new adventures and new honours. To symbolise this, he lays aside the lance, because it is the weapon of loyal service, and a Questing Knight stands apart from the feudal hierarchy until his quest is complete. Instead, they normally fights with great, two-handed weapons. Household knights simply leave their lord's service. This is entirely honourable and indeed reflects well on the lord, so it is the best way to get out of a commitment to a lord you do not like. Knights

with their own fiefs appoint a steward to care for the fief in their absence. There are a number of Bretonnian folk tales of the abuses perpetrated by such stewards and of the return of the new Grail Knight that sets everything right once more.

Sometimes a Knight Errant on accomplishing his errand of knighthood may set out on the grail quest without having been given the lordship of a domain. Although he is entitled to be a Knight of the Realm, he relinquishes his feudal rights to pursue a career in the service of the Lady of the Lake and thus will soon be accorded greater honour as a Questing Knight. This is considered to be a particularly noble gesture. It is common for sons of lords who are not chosen for a lordship to do this and indeed, even for the king's sons, including the heir apparent to the realm. In this way it will often be a Grail Knight who sits upon the throne if Bretonnia!

Following in the footsteps of Louis the Rash, they cross Bretonnia and the rest of the world, seeking the blessing of the Lady of the Lake. They roam far and wide, fighting the foes of chivalry wherever they find them. Those knights who have succeeded in their quest have met the Lady in a variety of places, so the quest is not a search for a place. Rather, it is an effort to prove oneself worthy of the Grail. Thus, Questing Knights strive to show themselves to be paragons of knighthood, seeking out dangerous situations in which to uphold the honour of Bretonnia and the Lady of the Lake.





The following months and years of the knight's life are filled with trials and hardships that strengthen his mind, body, and soul. The path of a Questing Knight is a winding one, for they are pledged to never sleep two nights in the same place and never to yield in their search while they yet draw breath.

Only a Knight who has overcome many perils and hardships can expect to find the grail. His courage, valour and perseverance will be thoroughly tested. During his long quest he may see the Lady of the Lake in dreams and visions, holding the grail. This leads him ever onward and inspires and encourages him in his quest. Since the first appearance of the Lady of the Lake to Gilles, she has appeared countless times to many Questing Knights in every part of Bretonnia. She is a magical being and the spirit of the land who can appear anywhere at any time. To see her is to know that you have her favour and rewards. Indeed often a Questing Knight will be led by visions of the Lady to find an ancient magical weapon or similar relic. The ultimate favour is of course to sip from her enchanted chalice.

Any Knight who sets out on the grail quest has put all worldly ambitions aside. He is accorded far greater rank, honour and respect than either Knights Errant or Knights of the Realm even if the latter are powerful dukes. Questing Knights soon become superior to either of these lesser ranks of Knights because of the greater tests and hardships they encounter and the rewards of the Lady of the Lake which no Knight can hope to attain without setting out on the grail quest.

The questing knight lives on the road, accompanied by his loyal squire who prepares his food while the knight cares for his weapons and says his morning prayers to the Lady of the Lake. A knight who knows of worthy challenge immediately sets off to face it, and much of his day consists of heroic battle against overwhelming odds, upholding the honour of knighthood and Bretonnia. He may find himself patching wounds and resting for several days thereafter.

Those looking for their next challenge wander as the whim takes them. They are sometimes guided by visions from the Lady of the Lake, but these are not always forthcoming. Such knights speak to any nobles they meet, and have their squires speak to peasants, asking for rumours of monsters, beastmen, or greenskins. Many rumours prove to be nothing more than that, but sometimes the knight finds a challenge while chasing an empty rumour. In any case, one direction is as good as another, and the knight should never waste his time in idleness.

SIR PANTELEON THE OLD

Sir Panteleon is in his late fifties, and has been a questing knight for almost thirty years. His reputation is second to none, and knights, ladies, and peasants across the whole of Bretonnia sing the praises of his great deeds. He singlehandedly slew an orcish warband in the mountains of Carcassone, saved villages from beastmen in the Forest of Arden, and shattered the fortress of a necromancer in Mousillon.

Through all this, he has been denied the vision of the Lady and the honour of drinking from the Grail that would promote him to the position of Grail Knight. Sir Panteleon himself has no idea why he is denied the vision, but sees no reason to abandon the quest.

"We tread your path, we fight your fights, we climb the highest peaks and delve into the endless depths. Tells us, Lady, what is it we must do? How best to gain your blessing!?"

- Lancelot Pondrecoq, Questing Knight

As members of the Bretonnian nobility, questing knights can demand food from any peasants they meet. As they are trying to be paragons of chivalry, questing knights try not to ask more than a peasant can afford. Of course, most questing knights are completely ignorant of the realities of peasant life, and thus often get this wrong. Questing Knights behave much like Knights Errant, except that they are looking for signs left by the Lady which might indicate their path. The Lady does take an interest in genuine Questing Knights, so the dangers they face build into a pattern.

The final peril faced by a Questing Knight is the Green Knight, a servant of the Lady who challenges all such knights to prove their worth. Those who succeed here soon find themselves face-to-face with their Goddess.

Many Questing Knights live a solitary existence, the Lady of the Lake their only companion. Driven by visions of the Lady and the Grail, a knight may travel for countless leagues. The quest for the Grail knows no physical boundaries and it is common for a Questing Knight to travel far beyond his domain and often beyond the realm of Bretonnia itself. As he searches, the knight strives to prove himself to the Lady, performing good deeds, slaying foul beasts, entering into single combat with great and terrible foes, or through valour on the field of battle. Throughout all, the quest is always foremost in the knight's mind, daring to hope that one day his efforts will be rewarded with a sight of the Grail. Few Questing Knights ever achieve this honour, many are slain in combat with mighty and fearsome foes. Others live their whole lives without sight of the Grail, their souls in constant yearning for it.

Many Questing Knights retain all the heraldic colours and blazons they have already earned and add to these the sacred emblem of the Lady of the Lake. Others simply replace their old heraldry with an entirely new design showing only the Lady's special device, the blazon of the fleur de lys, which is a magical lily that grows only in places where the Lady of the Lake appears. This emblem is worn to bring good luck for the quest as well as displaying the Knight's devotion to the Lady of the Lake.

The fleur de lys emblem can be worn in any colour and any pattern upon any part of the Knight's heraldry. In addition, fantastic crests fashioned into Fleur de lys adorn helms and warhorses. The emblem is not restricted to Questing Knights but is also used decoratively as a symbol of the Lady of the Lake on various things such as tapestries and banners hung in grail chapels and on the crown of Bretonnia itself.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Questing Knight	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	8
Paragon	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	8
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Blessing of the Lady, Lance Formation, The Questing Vow.





GRAIL KNIGHTS

A Grail Knight has attained the ultimate order of chivalry, for he has not only undertaken the quest for the grail but has been rewarded with success. His deeds have earned him the favour of the Lady of the Lake. She has appeared before him in her true and pure glory and offered him the grail so that he might sip its contents, and thereby reap the greatest reward of a noble life.

Only when a Questing Knight has proved his valour and purity beyond all doubt does the Lady of the Lake appear to him in a vision, rewarding him not only with the sight of the Grail, but also permitting him to drink from it. Only a Questing Knight who has battled his way through many perils and overcome many terrible foes while on his quest is likely to ever find the grail. Many Questing Knights perish having never found the grail at all.

Few indeed are allowed to sup from this, the holiest of Bretonnian artefacts, and only those knights of unblemished purity survive a taste of the blessed waters from the chalice. Those who drink from the mystical chalice are changed forever, granted lifespans many times that of normal men, as well as other, stranger gifts. The first thing that those who knew him as before will notice is his greater stature and presence. In battle and on campaign he will be able to endure greater hardships than any ordinary Knight as if they were of no account. Their dedication to the ideals of chivalry becomes absolute, and most shine with a fay light. This light fades over a few days after the knight drinks from the grail, but it may brighten once more when he is fighting particularly bravely for the Lady of the Lake. From that moment on, the knight is irrevocably committed to the service of the Lady and the Grail, a bond that can only be broken by death.



Mighty foes will look upon him with fear. When he speaks, which is not often, it is with awesome authority and inspires confidence in all that hear. He knows no fear or despair. Even magic often fails to affect him at all. Grail Knights stand back from the everyday concerns of the world; they serve only the Lady of the Lake. They do this by upholding honour, virtue and the right. Bretonnia is the sacred domain of the Lady of the Lake and they will not allow evil or corruption to profane the land.

Grail Knights sometimes re-enter the feudal hierarchy. However, no Grail Knight would swear fealty to a lord who was not himself a Grail Knight, and the only lord they would serve as a simple household knight is the King himself. Since the King of Bretonnia is always a Grail Knight, most Grail Knights swear fealty directly to the King, thus avoiding the possibility of an awkward situation if the heir to a Grail Knight is not a Grail Knight himself.

Many Grail Knights, however, choose to live a little apart from normal society. On returning from his quest a Grail Knight will not resume the lordship of his old domain, this is the concern of his appointed successor. Instead the Grail Knight will often become a hermit Knight residing in grail chapels, found throughout the countryside of Bretonnia and dedicated to the grail and the Lady of the Lake. Grail chapels were originally founded by Grail Knights in places where they first saw a vision of the Lady of the Lake, or where a magic weapon was found. Many of these chapels are in very remote places or in the woods and wilderness just beyond the edges of the domain. These are often simple places - an abandoned chapel, a lake, or a woodland grove - but all are sacred to the Grail Knights.

Later generations of Grail Knights choose to live in old chapels, but new ones may be founded from time to time. Grail chapels become the resting places for the bones of Grail Knights who have died and for their magic weapons. Knights Errant swear on the relics kept in the chapels and in times of peril old relic weapons may be taken up and used in defence of the domain. Peasants from the domain attend the grail chapels to worship the Lady of the Lake. They believe that her sacred chalice, the grail, causes the land to flourish. The Grail Knights are her servants on earth who protect the land in their lifetimes and after death continue to do so as her avenging angels.

"The darkness is upon us! Every heart must decide, shall I forsake my kingdom, my sacred honour, the Lady herself? No! We shall rise as one and cry 'Back, daemons! Back to the hell that spawned you!'"





Each Grail Knight takes over the duties of guarding the holy places of the Lady. Here the Grail Knight is looked after by the peasants and fed and served as is his due as a Knight. In return they can count on his watchful eye and his sword to help protect the domain. Indeed, many foes will meet their end by his sword long before they ever stray into the fields of the domain. Should a corrupted creature set foot within one of these places they will face the awesome fury of its defender, for the Grail Knight will never flee from his defence of the Lady's land. A Grail Knight will only leave his sanctum in dire need, eschewing the luxuries of a noble life for a lifetime of service. Although some dukes will formally renounce their titles upon completing their quest, to better protect the sacred places, many often decide that they can best guard these places by defending the whole land and so retain their title and other responsibilities. In times of dire peril, the lord of the domain might send word to any Grail Knights in the region for assistance. Sometimes, when all seems lost, a Knight defending his domain against impossible odds will be joined by a Grail Knight, coming unbidden to fight by his side. Together they beat back the foe. After the victory the Grail Knight will ride off seeking no reward.



Other Grail Knights wander, much like Knights Errant, righting wrongs wherever they find them. These are the Grail Knights most likely to attract Grail Pilgrims. When such a knight journeys through a village or town, desperate crowds will surround him as the common people fight to touch the champion of the Lady and thus share in her blessing. Grail Knights command respect and awe from all listeners, lowly peasants and mighty dukes alike. It is indeed a bold or foolhardy individual who will speak against a Grail Knight, for their wrath is fearsome and terrible, and their words are those of the Lady. Even within the most remote and isolated village in the realm the people tell the tales of these paragons of earthly virtue, and of their glorious deeds in the Lady's name. In the end, no Bretonnian questions the decisions a Grail Knight makes. If he decides to fraternise with peasants and foreigners, there must be a good reason for it.

To the commoners of Bretonnia, Grail Knights form a pantheon of living deities, their names spoken as a reverent mantra throughout the land, and are often worshipped in their own right. They are tireless, and know neither fear, hardship nor despair, their words and deeds immortalised forever. Some five centuries since his death many still recount how the eyes of Riquard of Brascard glowed with a terrible light as he slew the enemies of the Lady, while others speak of a golden aura that protects all Grail Knights from harm. Amongst the most famous of all, Laudyricus of Couronne, was believed to have been possessed of a heart so pure and noble that he was anathema to all unclean creatures and could slay them with his merest touch.

The Grail Knights are the flower of Bretonnian chivalry and the most powerful of all the Knights of Bretonnia. They are the very pinnacle of the chivalric ideal to which all other knights aspire, at least in theory. The King of Bretonnia is always a Grail Knight, as are a number of the Dukes. There are also, however, many Grail Knights of lesser rank, including the hermit knights who spend their lives tending Grail Chapels.

Grail Knights are rare, but as many tend to travel, most Bretonnians have seen one at least once. Many of the peasantry treat them as living saints, and the attitudes of most nobles are not far behind. Grail Knights are among the greatest warriors in the Old World. They are also, without exception, truly noble, upholding all the virtues of chivalry.

Grail Knights are entitled to display the image of the grail upon their shields and superimposed upon their heraldry. They may even adopt the grail as a helmet crest. This emblem is worn in addition to the Knight's other heraldry and achievements, or replacing his former coat of arms.

A Grail Knight will often have the most magnificent heraldry of any Knight, bearing the colours of his errantry, the blazon of his errand of knighthood, the fleur de lys of his grail quest and the blazon of the grail itself. The grail emblem has no standard form, but can be depicted however it appeared to the Knight. There are thus many different versions of the grail emblem, but it is impossible to confuse it with any other blazon.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Grail Knight	4	5	3	4	4	1	5	2	9
Grail Guardian	4	5	3	4	4	1	5	3	9
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: *Blessing of the Lady, The Grail Vow, Lance Formation.*

THE SEVEN OF SALLÉS

This band of seven Grail knights all sipped from the sacred chalice the same day after slaying the dragon Hallerung in the Fields of Salles. Thus their fates were bound together. It is said by some that at the completion of their great quest, the Lady of the Lake laid a new mission upon them – a quest so important and secret that the very destiny of Bretonnia and perhaps all the Old World hinges upon it. Since then they have scattered all across the Old World on this mysterious quest. There are many theories concerning what they seek, but few facts. What is certain is that these Grail knights have been hunting down and slaying witches.

A squire heard one of them demanding from his defeated opponent to know the location of "the Hag's Eye". The meaning of this cryptic demand remains unclear.





PEGASUS KNIGHTS

Pegasus look like magnificent white draft horses with elegant feathered wings. Their coats sparkle under the sun in a manner reminiscent of light playing over new-fallen snow. They are elegant and noble creatures, favoured by knights who prefer skill and strategy in battle to wild slaughter. They are prouder and more intelligent than horses but still tolerant of Humans and each other. A Pegasus is stronger and faster than even the mightiest warhorse, easily capable of staving a soldier's head in with a well-placed blow from one of their hooves and cover great distances swiftly. While they seldom take to the ground, preferring the sky, when they do they are swift runners. Pegasi that have not been battle trained are far more likely to fly away than fight, excepting when their foals are in danger.

Most knights who want to ride a Pegasus raise it personally from a foal. It takes around a year before the Pegasus is ready to accept a rider. However, it is not a full-time activity, as there is no problem with having other people help. Most Pegasus foals are bought very expensively, but a knight that wishes, can go into the mountains to find his own.

Pegasi make their nests about the peaks of the Grey Mountains in the Old World. Hunters from both the Empire and Bretonnia brave the dangers of the mountain passes to secure Pegasus foals which they can sell for a high price to nobles. Several of the knightly orders of Bretonnia have become exceptionally fond of the Pegasi and a few lords have even begun to field whole units of Pegasi riding knights.

Most Pegasus Knights hail from around the border city of Parravon, hard on the slopes of the Grey Mountains where many of their noble mounts can be found. Their numbers are made up almost exclusively of Knights of the Realm, and then only the richest and most influential knights can boast of owning a battle trained Pegasus, for the creatures are difficult to capture and harder still to train. Accordingly, to own such a beast is the ultimate symbol of wealth and success for their owners, but in truth a pegasus is also a great practical boon for any knight fortunate enough to acquire one.

Breeding the foals of the Pegasi has proved exceptionally difficult. Well, that is to say, it's difficult to get them to fly. Let me explain. Several of the foals that we've reared have never learned to fly, their wings atrophying, as they grew older. Even those that had mothers who actively participated in their flying lessons didn't always take to it. I suspect that without the inherent danger of the high mountain nests that a more naturally reared Pegasus grows up with, they are smart enough to realise that they don't truly have a 'need' to fly. Thus, we are still at the mercy of the mountaineers and the Dwarf rangers who specialise in acquiring Pegasus foals. Something I find fascinating though, the Pegasus that never learn to fly are the swiftest runners that I've ever heard of outdistancing any other mount, save perhaps a Pegasus on the wing."

- Jean-Marc, Bretonnian Husbander





Indeed, in the more wild and inaccessible domains of Bretonnia there is real merit to a steed that is not prone to becoming mired in mud or entangled in thorns. On the battlefield, small groups of Pegasus Knights will group together, often outstripping the rest of the army as they search for honourable combat.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Pegasus Knight	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	8
Gallant	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	2	8
Pegasus	8	3	0	4	4	2	4	2	6

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Blessing of the Lady, Fly, The Knight's Vow.

ROYAL PEGASUS

The purest of all Pegasus, legend has it that these creatures are descended from Glorfinial himself, the steed of Agilgar, first Duke of Parravon and Grail Companion of Gilles le Breton. Noble and proud, these creatures are amongst the most intelligent of beasts, often displaying exceptional loyalty for their masters. Most famous of all was the steed of Fandrallan the Flamboyant which loyally tried to defend his severely wounded master from an angry dragon. Though the dragon was at first unperturbed as the Pegasus gamely attacked it with flailing hooves, the giant beast lost all interest in Fandrallan after it had suffered several wounds. It turned its attention to the Pegasus, thus saving the wounded knight. Bretonnian folklore is filled with many other such tales and it is said that only death will separate a Royal Pegasus and his master.



Only the richest and most powerful nobles own a Royal Pegasus, for they are incredibly rare. Those fortunate enough to own one treat it with the greatest respect, almost as if it were their peer. Each lord will have a handful of Knights Errant in his retinue whose responsibility it is to care for this, his prized possession and noblest of steeds. Peasants are never allowed near these beasts, lest their stench or clumsiness causes the Pegasus harm – indeed, tales tell of the obsessive Volstall of Quenelles who executed any peasant that even gazed upon his steed.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Royal Pegasus	8	4	0	4	4	2	4	2	7

TROOP TYPE: War Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly.

It is said that the most magnificent warhorse that ever lived was Oriel, favourite mount of King Guillaume. Long is the Chanson of Guillaume, for in his youth he burned with an insatiable lust for adventure, and spent years exploring the lands he would inherit, riding from the white cliffs of Lyonesse right across to the Grey Mountains. The 332nd verse of the chanson tells how Guillaume chanced upon a band of Orcs attacking some Wood Elves in the hilly lands of the Massif Orcal. Without a thought for his own safety, the fearless young prince charged straight into the fray, skewering five Orcs on his lance with his first attack. In the bloody struggle that followed, Guillaume and the Elves eventually drove off the greenskins. The Elves were grateful to their rescuer, for one of their party was Eoth, a prince of their kind. In thanks for his help, the Elves gifted Guillaume with a white colt to replace his horse, which had been fatally wounded in the fighting.

Within a year, the white colt had grown into a magnificent stallion, bigger and more beautiful than any other horse in Bretonnia. In his stable, Oriel was so gentle that a child could sit on his back, but in battle he was like a raging wind, so proud and furious that the king's enemies would run in terror at the mere sight of the massive horse and his mailed rider.

Oriel lived to a great age, and sired many fine foals. The white stallions that are traditionally ridden by Bretonnian kings can all be traced back to him. Indeed, one of the many duties of the College of Heralds is to record the lineage of the warhorses bred by the royal stud. Horse breeding is taken very seriously by the nobility, who constantly vie with each other to breed bigger and fiercer horses to carry the Bretonnian Knights into battle.





HIPPOGRYPH KNIGHTS

Hippogriffs inhabit the upper reaches of the Grey Mountains, occasionally prowling the green lands below for sheep and cattle, although they also hunt Men, Orcs or any creature than cannot hide quickly enough. They compete with Pegasi for eyrie space, though they wisely leave the Great Eagles alone. Hippogriffs are savage and attack with little to no provocation. When roused, Hippogriffs are almost berserk in their reckless fury, and only tearing their foes to ribbons of flesh will sate their aggression. In this manner, a Hippogriff will destroy an entire herd of animals, wantonly slaughtering every beast in sight. They are unrelentingly territorial and will fight to the death against any creature that strays into their chosen domain, whether it be a lost peasant or roaming dragon – so it is of little surprise that Hippogriffs tries to give each other a wide berth. When Hippogriffs do meet, they are likely to come to blows, typically in a violent and bloody battle that will last until the death of one or both creatures. It is certain that neither Hippogriff will back down or retreat.

The Hippogriff possesses ferocious instinct, rather than fearsome intellect. Whilst hunting, its uncomplicated mind naturally assumes that a prey out of sight is a prey that has evaded it forever. Thus a Hippogriff prefer to swiftly close the distance between itself and its chosen prey before there is even a chance of escape. Victims that do elude a Hippogriff are quickly forgotten and the beast will look elsewhere for more immediate gratification.

Hippogriffs have the head, forequarters and winged feathers of a bird of prey and the rear end of a horse, complete with tail. Their unusual appearance speaks to their Chaotic origins. Hippogriffs' desire for warm flesh is so great that those around them can literally sense their terrible hunger. Survivors of a Hippogriff's attack often keep a sharp lookout skywards for years afterwards.

Hippogriffs are a favourite mount of Bretonnian knights who want a creature with a more vicious nature than the gentle tempered Pegasus. Even a young Hippogriff is capable of defending itself, which makes taking the beast along on adventures more practical.

"Many of my fellows would say that the Pegasus is the grandest mount that any knight could ever aspire to. They speak of the Pegasus's grace, beauty and speed, extolling these as the greatest virtues to be had in any beast. But the only virtue I see in speed is if it gets me to the battlefield quicker, there is grace enough for me in the clash of arms and I forgot how to perceive beauty years ago. I don't expect tricks from my mount, I expect carnage and I get it from Eiao, my Hippogriff. Let other knights have their elegant winged horses, I prefer my savage friend."

- Lord Gildas Frangeau, Bretonnian Noble





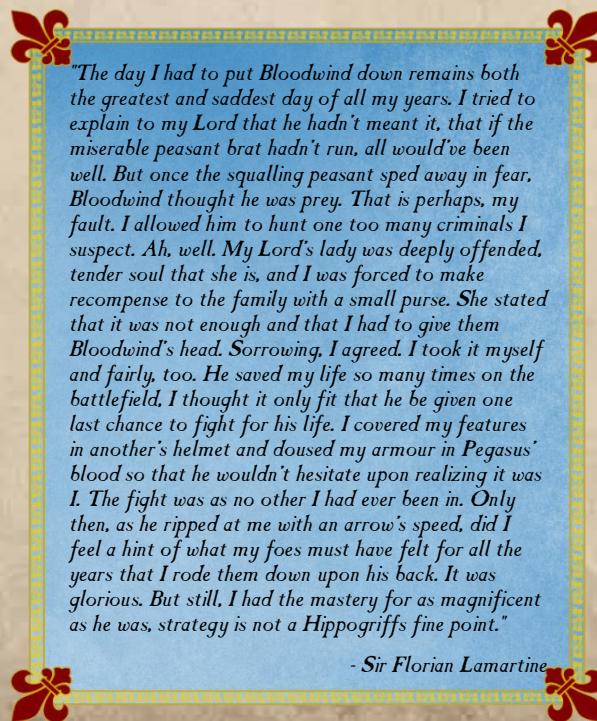
Taming a Hippogryph presents a challenge that many Bretonnian lords cannot turn down, and this has made them into much sought after steeds. To successfully train a Hippogryph, the animal must be captured and broken at a very young age but, given the relentless territorialism of adult Hippogryphs, acquiring a chick or an egg can prove to be a very dangerous proposition indeed. Occasionally, the task of appropriating such a beast is given to a Knight Errant as a way of proving himself. More often, a duke will find suitable 'volunteers' from the peasantry, promising a huge reward to any survivors that return with a healthy, young Hippogryph.

His eventual rider must raise a Hippogryph by hand from a very young age, for he will never accept any other in his saddle. Hippogryphs constantly hunger for meat, which they prefer raw. This constant hunger can cause an incautious master trouble. Only the most committed of men can ride one of these beasts for Hippogryphs are strong-willed and ill-tempered, more than willing to fling their rider from his saddle should he prove lax upon the reins.

Only the wealthiest of Knights can afford such a mount as a Hippogryph. These warriors are often drawn from Knights of the Realm around Parravon, where the steep slopes of the Grey Mountains are home to these magnificent creatures. Stronger and more ferocious than the Pegasus, Hippogryph Knights soar high into the sky upon their mounts seeking battle wherever it presents itself.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hippogryph Knight	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	8
Chevalier	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	8
Hippogryph	8	4	0	5	4	3	4	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Cavalry.



SPECIAL RULES: Blessing of the Lady, Fly, The Knight's Vow.

ROYAL HIPPOGRYPHS

Royal Hippogryphs are the largest and fiercest of the Hippogryphs that inhabit the Grey Mountains, making them rare indeed. Royal Hippogryphs are terrifying and violent creatures, ridden as mounts by very few knights, most notably King Louen Leoncoeur himself. They do not tolerate people, horses, other Hippogryphs, or, indeed, anything they could possibly eat. As a result, there are no units of Royal Hippogryphs-riding knights. Only the bravest Bretonnian Lords is given the honour of riding one of these magnificent beasts into battle.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Royal Hippogryph	8	5	0	5	5	4	5	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly.

UPGRADES:

Shredding Talons: The Hippogryph gains the Armour Piercing (1) rule.

Serrated Maw: The Hippogryph gains the Multiple Wounds (2) special rule.

Swooping Strike: The Hippogryph gains the Devastating Charge and Strength Bonus (1) special rules when charging.

Bloodrage: The Hippogryph is subject to Frenzy and Hatred.





FOOT KNIGHTS

The nobility of Bretonnia is notoriously inflexible in its attitude to warfare, preferring to fight on horseback wherever and whenever possible. However, there are obviously circumstances when this is impossible, and even the flower of chivalry is obliged to fight on foot. If his horse is slain beneath him, or the battle takes place upon a muddy mire, the Knight's Lord may order him to dismount to continue the battle. Few would let pride take the upper hand in these situations, and thus all Bretonnian Knights are also trained for infantry combat. Whilst most knights of Bretonnia have a reputation for rashness whilst fighting mounted upon their fine warhorses, some knights inevitably are pragmatic enough to realise that sometimes it is better to fight on foot. Rarely comfortable in this role, the Knights do not fight so well as when mounted, but none the less they are easily the best foot soldiers in the Bretonnian army. In the Dukedom of Montfort however, Knights fighting dismounted is more norm than the exception due to the difficult terrain in the mountains. Others simply prefer the freedom of being able to move with more ease without the constraints of the saddle in battle.

Poorer Knights, often the younger sons of a noble, might not even be able to afford a warhorse to begin with, and faced with the decision of purchasing armour for one's person or a mount, most tend to go with the former. Though Foot Knights are somewhat looked down upon by other mounted knights as "peasant



lovers" or "beggar knights", they are unquestionably useful in battle, where the common Men-at-Arms simply lack the skill. They are used to hold important positions, defend castles, assault fortifications and, above all, prove how much better they perform in battle compared to the common peasantry.

Whereas the mounted knights are usually limited to a charge with their lances followed up by drawing their swords, Foot Knights can be found wielding all manner of weapons in combat, be they swords, morning stars, axes, pole-arms or great swords, making them very versatile troops indeed. Foot Knights are often found in the front of the battle line, leading the charge of the units of peasants behind them. For a knight to be fighting dismounted just like the commoners fills the peasants with some sense of pride, and make them more likely to stay and fight for their lord.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Foot Knight	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	8
Gallant	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Blessing of the Lady, The Knight's Vow.

TRIAL BY COMBAT

Discipline and honour among Knights is maintained by the custom of trial by combat. If a Knight accuses another of dishonour, the accuser and accused are required to fight a single combat. This can be fought to the death or until one Knight decides to spare his defeated opponent having proved his honour. The contest may begin as a mounted joust at lance point and end with both Knights dismounted and battering each other with hand weapons.

The field of combat is ringed with men-at-arms fanning a wall of shields who will not allow either contender to leave the field until the matter is decided and honour is satisfied. A superior lord, either a bann, duke or even the king presides over the trial, depending on the rank of the contenders. Magic items are banned from the contest and as in a tournament, it is a serious offence to strike an opponent's warhorse.

If a defeated contender is spared and not slain he is punished with exile from the realm and may only redeem himself by pledging himself to a second Errand of knighthood. This is known as a Task of Redemption. Such tasks are usually extremely perilous!





MEN-AT-ARMS

Bretonnian Men-at-Arms are the soldiery of Bretonnia. Whilst knights are the backbone of Bretonnian armies, peasants form the bulk. Some receive no training at all and are simply rounded up and pointed at the enemy. Men-at-Arms are the lucky ones. When they were paraded before their lord, he decided they had the potential to fight back and ordered that they be trained.

Each midsummer, commoners flock to their lord's castle to present their sons in the hope that they will be trained as men-at-arms. For a peasant to have a son accepted into the ranks of a knight's household is a great honour. Some young peasants will have been guided towards this goal through their entire life, encouraged to stand up straighter and taller than the usual peasant 'slouch' to better improve their chances of selection. All morning and afternoon the knight inspects the candidates. By dusk, the luckiest and strongest are selected and are taken back to the castle where they are given basic training and outfitted in the livery of their lord.

Still, the training and equipment that Men-at-Arms receive are not very good, and whilst they do receive some pay, it is far less than you might expect for risking your life. Most important, they are given no choice in the matter. As a result, it is not uncommon for Men-at-Arms to seize any chance to desert, and many deserters take up a life of adventure.

The inductee is given an extravagant bounty for joining, though this all too often vanishes as the new recruits are sometimes expected to pay for their new uniform, equipment, and even make a contribution to the temples of Shallya. They are given room (a rough straw mattress in a barn) and board (thin gruel and stew) and earn a wage for their faithful service. On

KHARMOURT'S BLADES

These elite troops are the personal pride of Baron Larieu of Kharmourt, an adjutant of the Duke of Carcassonne. While other Bretonnian barons might field poorly-trained or under-equipped men-at-arms, his officers train two detachments of greatswordsmen in tabards of black and green – the baron's colours.

Those worthies promoted to sergeants are presented with mail coats, while the two commanding veterans proudly wear their lord's raven and toad on their breastplates. All of them brandish greatswords and know how to wield them in close ranks, never losing ground due to disorder or injury to one's fellows. (Many of Sir Larieu's fellow nobles try and fail to lure away some of his officers, hoping to train their men-at-arms to such magnificent discipline.)





paper, their wage is quite generous, far exceeding anything a peasant could otherwise legally earn, but what the militiamen actually receive is but a mere fraction of this total – if indeed they receive anything at all. Every conceivable expense is deducted from this salary, from their food and accommodation through to each and every equipment loss and breakage – some miserly lords will even levy a charge for any funeral expenses incurred!

While not terribly strong or skilful, men-at-arms provide the knight with a body of troops with which he can safeguard his domain. When the knight is summoned away to war he will take many of these troops with him but will always leave enough behind to safeguard his castle and, if needs be, shelter the local villagers until he returns. In more peaceful times the men-at-arms perform routine tasks, watching the borders of the domain and patrolling the knight's lands.

Every Knight needs to maintain a retinue, whether he is a humble master of a village or the King of Bretonnia himself. These troops serve the Knight, guarding the borders of his domain, holding his castle, and marching beside him when he goes to war. A Knight's retinue is usually armed and provisioned at his expense, and so his soldiers wear the uniforms he provides, often bearing his chosen colour or displaying his device.

"*You shall fight at his Lordship's command and his whim. You shall be better than you were, for you wield and wear the arms of his Excellency! And you shall die, if that sacrifice be demanded of you, but you die well for the cause of our Lord.*"

These are all humble commoners and as such are not entitled to wear personal heraldry. Instead they wear the livery colours of the knight, baron or duke in whose retinue they serve. This will be the plain unadorned heraldic colours of the dukedom or colours chosen by their lord. Usually he will choose one or two of the colours from his own heraldry: Occasionally they will also wear their lord's badge or motto. Badges are normally simple devices similar to a Knight's blazon. Armed with polearms, they are emboldened by the presence of any Knight ensuring they do not take flight and battle to the last, as is their vow.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Man-at-Arms	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6
Yeoman Warden	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	6

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: *The Peasant's Duty.*



WALKING AWAY

"I'm tired, Artor. Can't we stop a while and rest? Or at least find some food?"

"Shut it, Artor!" Vaorn whispered over his shoulder. "Do ye want to draw his lordship's hunters or no? We'll be hanged at best, if 'n we're caught! Now step where I be once I move..."

The drizzle dampened Artor's leathers and the bog into which he and Vaorn had fled kept soaking over the top of his boots. He kept having to steady himself with his halberd like a staff as they moved through the bog. He hoped he'd not have to use the weapon soon, slimy as it was.

Vaorn had always thought for both of them, even when they were kids. He told him they'd been picked to join his lordship's army, not saying until later which lordship. Artor went along anyway, happy at first for more regular meals and drink than they ever got as stable hands. They got leathers and smart uniforms, and trained to fight with a halberd.

His lordship, the knight Sir Jhollas, promised them land to call their own, land they needed to earn by fighting for him. Course, they didn't learn they were to reclaim part of cursed Mousillon from the Baron Perryol, until they were marching along the Grimerie.

After two months battling against the poxed and press-ganged forces of the baron, Vaorn was the one to whisper "Pox on this. I'm running..." as they gnawed that night's maggoty biscuit soaked in a cold stew more dog than deer. As always, Artor followed his brother's lead, which brought them to this cold, fetid bog.

Vaorn moved into a patch of reeds, slipped, and splashed into a deep pool, swearing as he fell. He half-rose out of the dark water but lurched forward again before he could fully stand up. The burly man disappeared beneath the surface, the reeds shaking as he fought beneath the fetid water.

Artor whispered, "Vaorn?" before the arm clamped onto his left leg, the putrescent black-green flesh only covering two of five fingers and part of the forearm. Maybe life as his lordship's man-at-arms weren't as bad as this...





PEASANT BOWMEN

When the call to war comes, every peasant able to fight must serve in the armies of Bretonnia, a willingness reinforced by the promised bounty of a copper coin for any who survive the campaign. A few are pressed into service alongside the standing companies of men-at-arms, bulking out ranks thinned by casualties or sickness. However, most are employed as levies of longbowmen who are expected to engage enemies unworthy of a knight's attention. Though the tenets of the chivalric honour forbid a knight to use any kind of missile weapon, there is, of course, no such restriction on the peasants who are not expected to know better. Though the wage of a peasant archer could be judged pitiful by most standards, to the commoners of Bretonnia it is a princely wage indeed. Most parents will encourage their offspring to practise with a bow so they might increase the family's earnings.

Unlike men-at-arms, peasant bowmen are not equipped from the armouries of the castle and turn up to battle in all manner of garb. Likewise, their longbows will often be their own possessions, handed down from father to son (though it is a rich family that can afford more than a single bow) and accordingly can be of variable quality. To make their numbers count, these longbowmen congregate into huddled units on the battlefield, directing volley after volley into the enemy. Like men-at-arms, peasant bowmen are not very reliable if left to their own devices, but under the stern gaze of a knight can aspire to adequate, though not exceptional, deeds.

Bretonnian Bowmen are usually deployed where they can lend the force of their longbows to the Bretonnian knightly charge, softening up the enemy with a continual volley of deadly arrows. In battle they make use of deadly wooden stakes to defend their position, causing the enemy attack to falter.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bowman	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	1	5
Villein	4	2	4	3	3	1	3	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: *The Peasant's Duty.*

UPGRADE:

Defensive Stakes: Set up the stakes at the start of the game when the unit is deployed. Every model in the front rank has a stake base placed in front of it (these stakes must also be set up within the army's deployment zone).

Defensive Stakes are treated as Defended Obstacles, and remain on the table during the game. All Troop Types apart from Infantry and Swarms suffer D6 Strength 4 hits on the turn that they charge a unit behind Defensive stakes. In addition, enemy models in base contact with the Defensive Stakes suffer -1 to Hit in the first round of close combat. These rules only apply when fighting the unit's front.





PEASANT MOB

The peasantry makes up the preponderance of Bretonnia's population. While the nobles rule and the merchants trade, the peasants toil. They are farmers, labourers, and herdsman. In times of war, they fight and die for Bretonnia. Many peasants seek a better life in the city, only to join the legion of beggars on the verge of starvation. The majority spends their whole lives in the village they were born in, surrounded by hostile country and only occasionally getting news of the outside world.

Peasants labour from dawn to dusk, seven days a week. They must pay their taxes, plus their rent and any other expenses, out of the foodstuffs or goods produced by their labour. It is difficult to imagine a drearier, bleaker existence than the sort of life scratched out by a hard working peasant.

The life of a Bretonnian peasant is thankless, impoverished and - if the gods are merciful - short. Yet it is their duty to labour for, pay tribute to, and die in service of their Liege. Yet although a life spent toiling the land for pitiful gain is a damnable existence, it pales next to a day upon the battlefield. And indeed, should a Duke ride to war, he will surely drag his droves of human chattel along with him.

"The desire for errantry beats in the heart of every noble Bretonnian but not the peasants, you understand? We feel it in every motion, in every step, in every breath. But the peasants, of course, do not. Obviously."

- Grégoire du Haut Chateau

Peasants who do not even own a bow do not make very good soldiers and are rarely taken on campaign. However, when times are hard, a lord is obliged to defend his lands and the peasants are expected to take up pitchforks and scythes and do their best. Even the lowliest peasant can be pressed into military service. These civilians are known as the levy, and they include craftsmen, farmers and other relatively well-to-do individuals as well as less reputable souls. They have little real military experience or training. Peasants are unruly and ill-disciplined if not actually unwilling combatants. They are however also cheap and very expendable. These hapless wanderers are then assuredly butchered in their multitudes as fodder to their Lord's worthy cause.

Although they speak their vows of duty, the peasants of Bretonnia do not understand. It is not their business to understand or to think – only to do. They do not know why they are summoned to fight - these things being beyond their regard – yet when the Greenskin hordes are bearing down upon them, low-born men know they must fight or die.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Peasant	4	2	2	3	3	1	3	1	4
Rabble Leader	4	2	2	3	3	1	3	2	4

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: The Peasant's Duty.





TRUFFLE HOUNDS

Bretonnian truffles grow underground, on or near tree-roots, and leave no obvious sign at the surface. Finding them would be impossible, were it not for the uncanny senses of the male Bretonnian Truffle Hound. These dogs can smell a buried truffle from over a hundred feet away, and, if possible, they immediately rush to the spot, dig the fungus up, and devour it.

This is bad for two reasons. First, the dog has eaten the truffle. Second, a Truffle Hound who has eaten a truffle becomes extremely paranoid about possible male rivals for the affection of Truffle Hound females, disregarding species entirely, and takes direct action to deal with the most immediate threat. A number of truffle hunters can explain, in fine soprano voices, exactly what happens, though most other men would rather not listen.

To avoid such accidents, wealthy and experienced truffle hunters have two dogs, each on a sturdy chain with a barbed spike on the end. When the dogs scent a truffle, the hunter rams one spike into the ground to hold one dog in place, and then drags the other off to one side, before fixing it in place. Both dogs strain to reach the truffle, so the hunter knows to dig at the point where their lines of sight cross.

Poor or beginning truffle hunters have a single dog and wait until he has begun to dig. They then drag him back from the spot, spike the chain to the ground, and dig the truffle up. This puts the dog very close to the truffle, and accidents do happen. Such truffle hunters rely on strength, speed, prayers to the Lady, and a solid steel codpiece, preferably with spikes.

The truffle must be stored in alcohol, normally cheap brandy, so that the dogs can no longer smell it, and all the tools that touched it must be washed in the same liquid. If something smells of truffles, Truffle Hounds become extremely affectionate towards it and are very insistent in pressing their attentions. They don't become dangerously violent unless they actually eat the fungus, however.

Some lords like to smear criminals in truffle and throw them to the Truffle Hounds. There are two ways to do this. One involves simply rubbing the truffle lightly on the skin; the results of this are painful and deeply embarrassing but rarely fatal. The other involves actually crushing truffle onto the skin and is much more serious.

Truffle Hounds are notoriously ugly dogs with faces that look as though they have been dropped and put back together by a clumsy five-year-old. Only peasants with a license from a noble are allowed to own them, and they must be kept under close control at all times to stop them running into the forest and eating all the truffles.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Truffle Hound	7	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3

TROOP TYPE: Warbeast.

SPECIAL RULES: Frenzy.

Truffle Madness: A Truffle Hound who has eaten a truffle becomes extremely paranoid and aggressive, and can become a dangerous foe to any opponent unfortunate enough to meet a newly truffle-fed Truffle Hound.

A unit with one or more Truffle Hounds must place them in the front rank of the unit along with any command group models and/or characters. They may be attacked separately from any other models in the unit.

If the unit they are with did not themselves declare a charge this turn, the Truffle Hounds may be released in the Charge sub-phase of the Movement Phase, and do not need to test for Berserk Rage. The Truffle Hounds must then declare a charge as if they had failed their Berserk Rage test. After they have been released, they will automatically form their own unit of Skirmishers. From that point, they will keep having to declare charges as if they had failed their Berserk Rage whenever possible for the rest of the game.

Your opponent will only receive Victory Points for Truffle Hounds if the unit they were bought with is destroyed.





YEOMEN

Yeomen are the elite peasant warriors of Bretonnia. As they hold such privileged positions as head gaolers and militia sergeants, to become a yeoman is the highest rank to which a peasant can aspire. It takes many years of dedicated service for a man-at-arms to be so promoted, and even then only an act of bravery on the battlefield will guarantee his ascension.

Many knights are dismissive of their achievements, arguing that "elite peasant warrior" has a similar meaning to "large mouse". However, whilst it is true that the nobility are far better equipped, the Yeomen are as skilled as most Knights Errant, and they take justified pride in their martial abilities.

Indeed, the overwhelming majority of Yeomen are dedicated professionals because it is their dedication that has distinguished them from the mass of Men-at-Arms around them. Yeomen, in return, receive mounts and are used for scouting missions that are unsuited to knights (too little glory, too much risk). Though no peasant may ride the steeds of the Bretonnian lords, favoured yeomen are permitted to ride to battle on draught horses. Such troops will often scout ahead of the main army and keep the knights informed of enemy movements – a dangerous task, and one which earns no honour, so it is a task that the nobility believe is best performed by peasants. Eventually, some Yeomen grow tired of making things easy for "social superiors" and strike out on their own.

Most lords allow their Yeomen to retire honourably after a few years of service or after a spectacular act on the battlefield. Others, however, simply desert, usually whilst on a scouting mission so that their lord assumes they were killed and doesn't go after them.

All Men-at-Arms dream of one day becoming a Yeoman, possibly because of the folk stories that tell of Yeomen being raised to knighthood after performing a great service or some brave deed. The truth is that it is almost unheard of for a peasant to be elevated in this way – the nobility has no wish to sully their ranks with low-born commoners.

Yeomen are often better disciplined than their newly knighted counterparts, having at least seen a battle and whetted their weapons. Some Yeomen have taken up sword and shield and become Knights Errant, using their skills to eventually earn knighthood and renown, so long as they can keep their low birth a secret.

Yeomen and knights have a strange relationship. Yeomen are peasants, of course, so they should defer to the knights, who are noble-born. But both are warriors, and on the battlefield, it is often the yeoman who steps up and defeats a foe while the knight is hampered by codes of conduct. As a result, most knights have a grudging respect for yeomen, and allow them a level of

familiarity otherwise unseen between the classes. However, this does not extend beyond the battlefield – a Yeoman can shout at a knight and most knights will not take offense, recognizing a warning or rebuke from a fellow combatant and putting the comment to good use, whereas outside of battle, the same comment may result in the Yeoman's death.

Yeomen take no vows and have no code of conduct, so they can do whatever it takes to accomplish their tasks and come out alive. This also means they can scavenge corpses, so yeomen often help themselves to the weapons, armour, and money of fallen foes. They consider this their due, since they are not paid much and often have only what equipment they can buy or scrounge for themselves.

Because of their own low birth, Yeomen understand other peasants far better than knights do, and can use this to their advantage. A smart yeoman makes friends with the soldiers and Men-at-Arms around him, knowing these men will then help him if he needs aid.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Yeoman	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6
Warden	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	6
Horse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Fast Cavalry, The Peasant's Duty.



SQUIRES

The Knight needs trustworthy servants to look after his household, his horses and attend to his needs on campaign. Knights are served in peace and war by their Squires, commoners who accompany him to war. He also needs companions when he goes hunting. Since this is always good practice for campaigns, and as Knights like to feast on wild boar and venison every day, they spend a lot of their time hunting.

Squires are personal household troops brought along into the battle by the Knights and other nobles of Bretonnia. They wear the livery of their feudal lord who may well be one of the Knights fighting elsewhere in the army alongside his brother Knights. Squires are well trained and are properly equipped and led. This means that they are amongst the best foot troops in the Bretonnian army.

Every Knight always has several Squires in his retinue. These are chosen from the best of the Men-at-Arms and bowmen or may even be the Knight's own sons. They are the fittest and youngest of his retinue, and they are the most skilled fighters of all the Knight's people. Their task is to look after the Knight's armour, warhorse and supervise his feudal domains. They also have to man the lookout towers on the borders of the domain and patrol the muddy roads, exact feudal dues, pursue brigands, chase poachers, escort noble ladies, take messages, stalk Orc raiders and keep an eye out for intruders.



A squire awakens very early in the morn, long before his lord stirs from slumber. Although the squire learns much from his master, he is both servant and student, and gains lessons as much from performing mundane tasks as from careful instruction. If the squire is in his lord's manor, he might sharpen his master's steel or prepare his master's horse. If on the road, he might cook his master's breakfast or clean his clothes. The squire always attends the immediate needs of his master as the day begins.

During the day, a squire receives instruction on various matters, either from his lord or his lord's servants. The lord may instruct the squire on topics of heraldry or history, and may let the squire observe affairs conducted in his court. The lord's master-at-arms could provide tutelage with swords, both wielding and caring for them. A squire is expected to learn to wage war with both weapons and words, and the lessons learned reflect this belief.

At night, the squire gets to relax from a weary day. However, his lessons do not always end. If not traveling with just his master, the squire finds company with other squires of the court, comparing what they have learned and commiserating over the foolishness of some of their lesser masters over a mug of ale.

If a Squire performs some great deed or service to his master he may be raised to the ranks of knighthood, though in the case of commoners, this has hardly ever happened. A Squire of noble blood often progresses to become a Knight Errant and will earn full knighthood for himself. By following the Knight on campaign he will learn the art of war and the code of chivalry, though as a humble Squire he is not bound by it in the same way as a Knight. This means that Squires are allowed to use the longbow.

When the Knights go hunting, the Squires act as beaters to chase the beasts out of their lairs. As a result, Squires often become skilful scouts and woodsmen. During times of war, the Squires accompany the Knights as camp servants and fight as skirmishers. In battle the Squires group together and fight with stout bows, the weapons of the hunt, using their skills to infiltrate woods and rough scrub.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Foot Squire	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6
Equerry	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	6

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: The Peasant's Duty, Skirmishers.

"For the Lady and the King!"

- Standard Bretonnian battle-cry.





BATTLE PILGRIMS

Whilst worship of the Lady is centred on the nobility, the peasants do not ignore her. It is true that most peasants give their primary devotion to other deities. A few peasants, however, are as devoted to the Lady of the Lake as any Grail Knight.

As these peasants cannot become Grail Knights or Damsels themselves, they try to be as close as possible to those who have. Damsels of the Lady are more feared than loved by most peasants, and most would drive off any peasants who started following them around, so the vast majority of these peasants join the entourage of a Grail Knight. Such people are known as Grail Pilgrims.

Wherever the Grail Knights travel, they gather a trail of fanatical worshippers whose only goal in life is to bask in the reflected glory of these mighty individuals. Grail Pilgrims are peasants devoted to the Lady of the Lake, as represented by her Grail Knights. They believe that Grail Knights are paragons of courage, justice, and courtesy, and that the best way they, as lowly peasants, can serve the Lady is to serve a Grail Knight. To this end, they choose a Grail Knight and follow him around.

A Grail Pilgrim, as long as he follows his Grail Knight, accepting the hardships of life on the road, is deemed to be on pilgrimage and thus cannot be seized by his lord. Few join

purely for this independence, however, as Grail Knights seek out dangerous places, and the life expectancy of Grail Pilgrims is not long.

Most Grail Knights believe their Pilgrims are especially under their protection, but they do not speak to them, even to give orders. The Grail Knights are, after all, far above the Pilgrims in station. This does not bother the Pilgrims, who share the knight's opinion and are delighted to be allowed to stay close to him. Peasants who do not share this opinion do not become Grail Pilgrims. Most try to be of service to their knight, whether cleaning his gear, preparing his food, or even serving as guards whilst he sleeps.

Driven by relentless obsession, these pilgrims collect almost anything that a Grail Knight casts away, whether it be scraps of ruined armour, clothing, or even discarded food, and treasure them as relics, a means of contact with the holy. Anything will do; a typical Grail Pilgrim wears a number of old buttons, socks, armour rivets, and pieces of leather strapping. The more fortunate might wear a broken campstool as a hat or have a strip of cloak wound over the heart. Such is their burning passion, these religious scavengers will follow their idol through all weathers and lands, exulting in his acts and praising his sparing words. And if the Grail Knight is in danger, they try to fight for him. Most Grail Pilgrims do not have long lives.





Novice Grail Pilgrims run and hide when the knight goes into combat, but over time, they learn to provide some military support. The more experienced become Battle Pilgrims, Grail Pilgrims who have survived following their Grail Knight for some time. As a result, they have become competent fighters, nearly as skilled in a fight as any knight of the Realm. In most cases, they have also become even more fervent admirers of their Grail Knight and worshippers of the Lady of the Lake, having seen what the flower of Bretonnian chivalry is truly capable of. A Grail Knight with a group of Battle Pilgrims is a truly formidable enemy.

Battle Pilgrims are the effective leaders of groups of Grail Pilgrims, as the Grail Knight never condescends to give orders to peasant rabble. Some Grail Pilgrims resent taking orders from someone no better than they, so Battle Pilgrims often have to impose order by force. Wiser Grail Pilgrims note that their chances of survival are greatly increased by doing as the Battle Pilgrims say.

In the simplest sense, Battle Pilgrims leads pilgrims into battle alongside their Grail Knight, emboldening their brothers-in-arms. However, a Battle Pilgrim must also protect his Grail Knight from the zealous predations of his own followers. Grail pilgrims claim anything from a discarded clout to bedstraw left after breaking camp. True Battle Pilgrims keep such craven behaviour out of their lordship's sight (and punish those who usurp their rightful first refusal of such holy relics).

Battle Pilgrims also have a host of mundane roles in their Grail Knight's service, such as ordering the breaking or making of camp, acting as a knight's aide or squire as needed, assigning followers to work as grooms for any horses in the retinue and the like.

The pilgrim must be ready to defend himself, for he follows the Grail Knight through wild areas of Bretonnia, where beastmen and greenskins wait to waylay travellers. Sometimes the inhabitants of a farmstead are unwilling to provide the pilgrim with the provisions he needs, and violence often ensues. Should he encounter the Grail Knight he follows, the grail pilgrim will immediately make showy obeisance. Such encounters usually result in uncomfortable stand-offs, the Pilgrim too awed to speak and the Knight somewhat humiliated by the presence of a low-born devotee dressed in his cast-off gear. When the Knight sets off again there is palpable relief, and the Pilgrim waits a while in respectful reverie before following after his hero once more.

The knights bear these followers with a dutiful resignation that borders on the stoic, though they endeavour not to encourage their self-appointed apostles. This is a vain hope, for even the merest word or gesture is seized upon as an act of great import and eagerly immortalised in tales and discordant song. If a Grail Knight is unfortunate enough to fall in battle, his devoted followers will swarm over his corpse, picking it clean of anything that could bear the Blessing of the Lady.

It has been known for these desperate peasants to mistake gravely wounded knights for dead – indeed it does not stretch credibility to believe that more than a few Grail Knights could well have met their demise as a result of being crushed by scavenging pilgrims. To such a zealot the most prized of all the possessions of a Grail Knight is his body itself. In fact, many bands of pilgrims cart around a reliquae wherever they go, with the corpse of a departed knight resting at its centre. The corpse is dressed in armour, placed on a skeletal horse, and carried on the shoulders of Grail Pilgrims. The outside of

the reliquae is a gaudy mélange, adorned with trinkets gathered from many Grail Knights from across all corners of the realm. The pilgrims devote themselves to this construction, supplicating themselves before it as if it were a living Grail Knight, praying for its blessings and drawing strength from the presence of their saint. These groups can last for decades and tend to contain more Battle Pilgrims than most groups that follow a living knight. It is not uncommon for a lord to ask them to join his army.

It is a fiercely contested honour and privilege to bear the company's reliquae, as it is oft considered the ultimate symbol of their devotion and fidelity to the Lady of the Lake and her knights – mobile shrines from which the chosen amongst them can preach their creed. There is never a shortage of listeners for these demagogues, for at each town or village the common people will flock to the reliquae so that they might hear in graphic detail the latest tales and deeds of the heroic knight who unintentionally leads the procession. These gatherings can often turn ugly, the fanatical zeal of the pilgrims exploding into violence that the local militias can have difficulty containing. Such outbreaks are always short-lived, subsiding instantly at the command of a Grail Knight, the pilgrims collapsing into rapture at the thought of actually having been noticed by their idol.

Often, peasants in the crowd will choose to join the ragtag band of pilgrims, drawn by promises of salvation and the blessing of the Lady. Others are drafted into the ranks through threats and near blackmail, generously being offered an opportunity to earn the redemption of the Lady for crimes and misdeeds that are sometimes real but, more usually, invented by the fanatical preachers who are ever eager to expand their flock through any means.

Grail pilgrims are looked on with a mixture of contempt and fear by the normal folk of Bretonnia. The peasantry of the kingdom all agree Grail Knights are awe-inspiring figures, and so understand how easy it might be to idolise them in this manner. On the other hand, Grail Pilgrims are notoriously zealous and dangerous, and have been known to raid villages and farmsteads when foraging for supplies.

The Bretonnian nobility view them as pests in peacetime. Some dukes may see wandering bands of pilgrims on their lands imprisoned or killed. In times of war this attitude changes, for the fanatical pilgrim bands make doughty fighters and their presence on a battlefield is viewed as a boon.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Grail Reliquae	4	3	3	3	3	6	3	4	8
Battle Pilgrim	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: **Hated**, **The Peasant's Duty**, **Stubborn**.

Grail Reliquae: This holy shrine must always be placed in the centre of the front rank. The Grail Reliquae counts as both a Standard Bearer and a Musician in all aspects. Only once all the Battle Pilgrims in the unit are removed does the Reliquae itself start taking wounds.

In addition, the presence of the Grail Reliquae means that the entire unit will be affected by the Blessing of the Lady.





HERRIMAULTS

The harsh laws of Bretonnia turn many Peasants into outlaws. The acts that many nobles commit with impunity turn many outlaws into avengers. The Herrimaults hold themselves above both groups by keeping to a strict code of morality. Whilst they operate outside the laws of Bretonnia, they do so because the laws are unjust. A Herrimault always acts rightly.

Of course, most Bretonnian nobles see no difference, and so the Herrimaults are hunted as enthusiastically as other Outlaws. A Herrimault's ethical obligations do bring popularity among the peasants, and the braver souls often seek to join up. Even a few nobles, shocked by abuses they are unable to legally prevent, have been known to take up the bow of the Herrimault.

Despite what tavern talk would suggest, Herrimaults do not plot the downfall of despotic nobles at all hours. As with any life, there are the everyday aspects overlooked by those who glorify this vocation from the outside looking in.

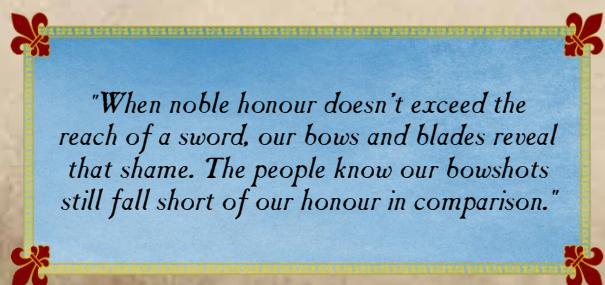


Herrimaults are outside the law, but they fight for justice, robbing the rich to feed the poor and overthrowing oppressive nobles condoned by their peers. They are a popular subject of peasant tales, and over the years, these stories have come to be attributed to a single group, led by The Faceless, which acts all over Bretonnia. The Herrimault is a style of hooded cloak popular a few centuries ago, worn by the characters in these stories. The name has come to be applied to the men themselves, who are also called Hoods, Hoodies, Wood Hoods, Woodies, and Herrings. The Faceless prefer that but are also called Crownless Lords, Nameless Men, Him Out Back, and Cod. The fish names are not particularly respectful, but even so, using them distinguishes the Herrimaults from common outlaws, so almost no nobles do so.

Herrimaults have diverse backgrounds. Many are peasants who served in their lord's army and saw enough of the world to want to help the unfortunate. Other peasants started by trying to right a local injustice, were condemned to outlawry in the process, and joined the Herrimaults to continue their quest. Some groups form in response to a particularly evil noble, drawing mainly from his lands. Many women who are caught passing as men flee justice to become outlaws, and most of them join the Herrimaults. Ironically, they must still conceal their sex, even among outlaws, because the sexist attitudes of Bretonnia persist. Finally, some Herrimaults were noble-born but made outlaws because they tried to right an injustice committed by a more powerful noble who was able to turn the courts against them. These individuals expect to become leaders, and their military training means they are often suited to the role.

Herrimaults live by a code of honour that is clearly set out in the tales of the Faceless. The order of the injunctions is roughly their order of importance. Groups of outlaws who harm innocents (generally defined as women, children, and the aged) lose any claim to be Herrimaults, even if the harm was caused in the pursuit of justice.

Loyalty to one another is, of course, vital among outlaws, as is the prohibition on asking about a member's past. Peasants and even nobles who wish to leave some traumatic event behind often join the Herrimaults, concentrating on their new goals.





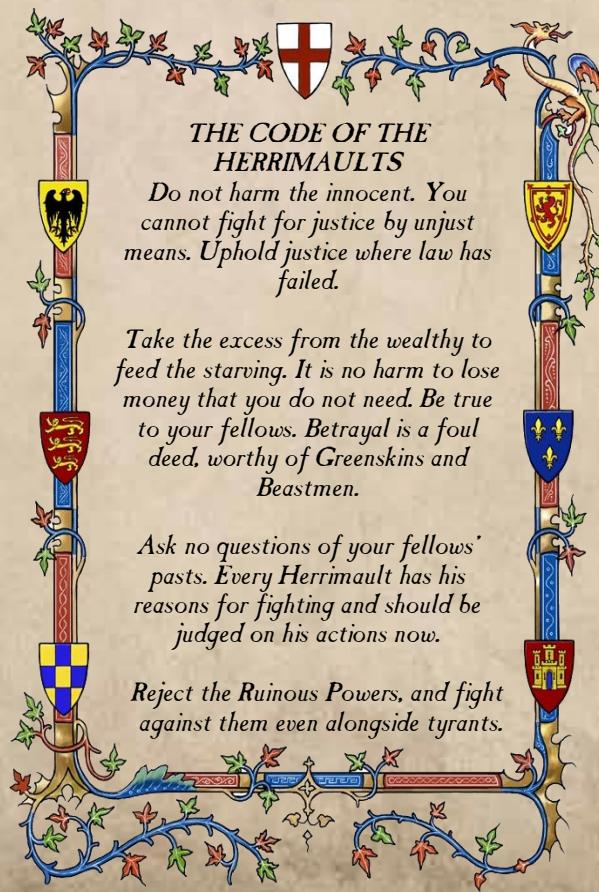
Becoming a Merry Man (a member of the Herrimaults) is simple; become an outlaw, and declare yourself to be one. If you uphold the Code, others will recognise you as such, and you gain the benefits of their good reputation.

However, lone outlaws do not survive for very long, so most aspiring Herrimaults look to join an established group. Traditionally, as described in the story cycle,

applicants walk through the forest where the group hides, loudly declaring their intent to join. An applicant who survives doing this is clearly competent enough to join; the chances of avoiding being attacked by beasts, Beastmen, or Orcs are very slim.

The applicant is confronted by the Herrimaults and required to swear to the Code. These probationary members are watched carefully for some time until The Faceless judges them to have proved their loyalty. Infiltration by spies is a constant problem for bands of Herrimaults, so wise Herrimaulted Men organise their bands so that they can survive any single member turning out to be a spy. The normal method is to split the gang into groups with separate hideouts and never tell anyone in advance when they plan to gather the whole band.

Bands of outlaws that hold to the Code of the Herrimaults are very popular among the peasants, who call on them to right perceived injustices. It is common for Herrimaults to steal shipments of heavy taxes and return the food and goods to the peasants who paid them. Groups that have survived for some time know



how to do this without arousing the suspicions of the lord. Herrimaults also rescue peasants sentenced to hang, protect villages from Beastmen and Greenskins, and attempt the overthrow of particularly oppressive nobles.

They are also very protective of their reputations. Anyone not a member of a band of Herrimaults who claims to be risks being executed as a warning to others (such liars are not innocent). Similarly, bands of outlaws who claim the name but do not live up to the Code are the first targets of genuine Herrimaults in the area.

Most nobles regard the Herrimaults as criminals and revolutionaries, to be put down as quickly and brutally as possible. Many merchants share this opinion. The most just nobles, however, find that they have few problems with the Herrimaults personally and generally admire their aims. Some even help them secretly without giving up their noble positions, and a few Faceless sleep in a castle most nights.

Herrimaults, living on the run from local law enforcers, often have makeshift camps within many woods and copses. Home is rarely more than a tent or lean-to, pitched daily to allow movement at a moment's notice. Only those far from any pursuit can afford to settle in lodgings that are more permanent. At their most secure, the best Herrimault camps are caves in which they might live until discovered.

Foraging and hunting for food takes most of one's day, since a Herrimault can't go to market or risk approaching a friendly farmer for food. Hunting and foraging adds to a Herrimault's problems, as nobles often consider any game or wild edibles to be their property and anyone else consuming them is guilty of poaching.

Next in importance is the maintenance of a Herrimault's weapons and tools. This constitutes everything from cleaning and sharpening blades to crafting new arrows. A life constantly under threat of attack or capture increases one's reliance upon weapons especially when such equipment is not easily replaced.

Only after solving daily survival issues do Herrimaults scheme on how best to force an end to the abuses of power within Bretonnian society. They know the best way to end corrupt actions is to expose said noble (or his activities) before his peers or betters—honourable people who can truly censure or prohibit abuses a noble visits upon vassals.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Herrimault	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6
Outlaw	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	6

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Scouts, Skirmishers.





FACELESS

All bands of Herrimaults have a leader; if a group gathers by chance, either a leader arises or the group fragments once more. Successful bands of Herrimaults are almost always led by a Faceless, an individual highly experienced in the pursuit of right and justice by unconventional means.

Faceless rarely have to worry about being stabbed in the back by their own followers. Similarly, most encourage potential Faceless in their band to develop and then establish their own group. Ethics have their advantages. On the other hand, they have to keep their band fed, find shelter, and right wrongs, all without stepping over the ethical lines that they set for themselves. Eventually, some find the pressure too great.

Most Faceless cultivate an air of mystery, wearing a deep hood to hide their features. Some are rumoured to be powerful nobles, even Grail Knights, righting wrongs they cannot publicly acknowledge.

Most commoners believe the faceless and their men are mere bandits, lurking within forests and springing out to attack anyone who ventures too close to their hidden base. This is completely inaccurate, however. Faceless are men of principle and discipline, and hold their followers to the same standard. They are very careful about their victims, and spend much of their time preparing for each attack.



Each morning, after breaking fast with his men, a faceless scouts his surroundings, making sure his camp is safe from detection. Then he ventures into the nearest town or village to seek the latest news. He goes in disguise, of course, though for a faceless this usually means removing his concealing cloak and wearing a normal labourer or farmhand's clothes. After listening to local gossip, the faceless seeks out his next intended victim, watching the man from a distance to study his habits, his defences, and his method of carrying his ill-gotten wealth.

The faceless returns to his band in time for the noon meal, bringing fresh supplies with him. He gives his men orders, tasking several with patrolling the area, others with common tasks like washing clothes and repairing weapons, and others he directs to scout out paths for their next ambush. Then he returns to his study of the next victim, often tracing the path he expects the man to take through the forest so he can determine the best place for the attack. By nightfall the faceless is back with his band, making sure there is enough food for the evening meal, checking again to be sure their camp is secure and well-hidden, and resolving any disputes that occurred during the day.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Faceless	4	4	4	4	4	2	4	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Scouts, Sniper.

The Hooded Blade is known and feared throughout the forests of Bretonnia. Many say he is not human at all, but some sort of dread wraith, a powerful spirit charged with a fearsome task and unable to rest until it has been discharged. Those who have seen the Hooded Blade are usually too terrified to describe him or even to speak of the encounter except in quick whispers. What is known, however, is that the Hooded Blade is tall and thin, and shrouded in a long, deep crimson cloak with a hood that completely conceals his features – some claim his eyes glow within the hood's depths, but others say they have seen no such supernatural mark. The Hooded Blade wields a hand-and-a-half sword, gleaming, and unadorned. Supposedly he does not use a scabbard, drawing the sword from his cloak whenever he needs it, even if such a long weapon could not be concealed beneath the garment. The Hooded Blade has a small, dedicated band of followers, and their victims are always corrupt lords who mistreat their slaves, servants, and serfs. No one knows what the Hooded Blade does with the money he steals from such men, though rumours claim many villages have found abandoned wagons full of food and other goods sitting in the town square at dawn.





BRIGANDS

Brigands are former soldiers cast adrift by the death of their Lord or break-up of his feudal holdings. Masterless and homeless, they have little options but to roam Bretonnia, hiring out their skills to Lords who have need of reliable fighting troops. In this way they take part in countless small wars between rival Lords, sometimes gaining fame, riches or a fearsome reputation. Brigands are fighting ruffians who eagerly join Bretonnian armies during wartime, usually reverting to banditry as soon as they are disbanded. However, many Brigands are just as willing to wander abroad to fight as mercenaries, should peace break out at home. A lot of them will usually end up in Tilea or the Border Princes, where they seek out a new life for themselves.

Though essentially swords for hire, most Bretonnian nobles rarely treat them as such; rather they are considered dispossessed subjects that are merely "persuaded" to join their new temporary lord in his noble quest for glory and honour – at least officially. In truth, Brigands are treated as only one step better than that of the Peasant Levy as they at least have some experience in battle, but are otherwise considered honourless scum fit for hanging. Still, as they can be of use on the battlefield, most nobles tend to look past this as long as they suit their needs. Instead, Brigands are usually sent to the front line in the hopes that both they and the enemy will sort each other out and save the Lord the trouble of dealing with them later. Outside the

battlefield, their role is usually to plunder, extort and capture prisoners of war for ransom – all dishonourable actions that no Bretonnian Lord would ever admit to nor openly condone, but can be very useful while on expensive military campaigns. A less scrupulous baron might simply turn a blind eye to such behaviour when it suits his interest. After all, what else could one expect of uncouth bandits?

As a result of their rag-tag nature, Brigands can often be found wielding a myriad of different weapons, from halberds and pole-arms, to great axes, crossbows and even primitive handguns. Crossbows are especially popular among Brigands that have fought in Tilea since they are easy to learn and safer to use than engaging in close combat with the Men-at-Arms. While a Bretonnian Knight would never allow his peasant subjects to wield these dishonourable weapons – not least for fear of them being used against him in an uprising – letting some soon-to-be-gone Brigands use them against his foes is easier to accept, especially during sieges when the Knight will need all the help he can get to defend his keep.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Brigand	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6
Routier	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	6

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.





WAR MACHINES

BALLISTAS

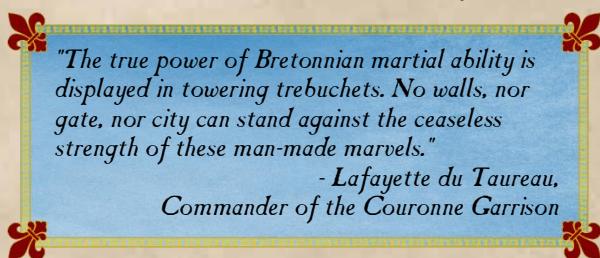
The ballista, or bolt thrower, is a giant crossbow designed to hurl spear-sized missiles with incredible force and speed. They are so large that they are mounted on their own stand, often with wheels so they can be pivoted easily. Most have wooden arms, from which ropes made of Human hair or animal sinew attach, acting as the bolt thrower's springs. Winches pull the bowstring back. A crew of two or more is required to wind back the powerful torsion arms and position the huge bolt ready for firing. Though accurate, they do not match the range of the stone throwers. On the whole, these weapons are nowhere near as large or cumbersome as stone throwers and cannons.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ballista	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-
Peasant Crew	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	1	5



TROOP TYPE: War Machine (Bolt Thrower).

SPECIAL RULES: The Peasant's Duty.



"The true power of Bretonnian martial ability is displayed in towering trebuchets. No walls, nor gate, nor city can stand against the ceaseless strength of these man-made marvels."

*- Lafayette du Taureau,
Commander of the Couronne Garrison*



MANGONELS

The first stonethrowers were developed, like the bolt thrower, on the Tilean peninsula in response to the integration of stone defences. Because cities and castles were better protected, stonethrowers provided the best means to level buildings and walls, more so than the bolt thrower that was less effective as defences improved. Furthermore, because they could be constructed on the site of the battle, movement and assembly of these war machines were more possible than early cannons.

The mangonel is an earlier version of stone thrower compared to the trebuchet. It is a torsion weapon, flinging stones by bending back and releasing the arm, and includes a bucket or cup to hold the projectile rather than a sling. The mangonel throw projectiles on a lower trajectory and at a higher velocity than the trebuchet, with the intention of destroying walls, rather than hurling projectiles over them. Its principal use is in siege warfare to damage a castle or city's walls and infrastructure, or to harm or harass defending troops. They are also commonly found on Bretonnian Buccaneer ships. Mangonels are smaller than the field trebuchet and constructed with wheels to allow for easier transport into battle. This also allows them to be moved and pivoted when needed; making them more versatile, but at the cost of firepower.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Mangonel	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-
Peasant Crew	4	2	2	3	3	1	3	1	5

TROOP TYPE: War Machine (Stone Thrower).

SPECIAL RULES: The Peasant's Duty.





FIELD TREBUCHETS

Trebuchets are immense wooden-structured war machines recently introduced into the armies of the Bretonnians. Through a series of levers, cogs and winding mechanisms, the large arm of the trebuchet is drawn down into a firing position, with immense masonry counterweights attached to the other end. A large sling is attached to the arm of the trebuchet that can hold rocks, masonry or even dead cattle. When the trebuchet is fired, the extra impetus that the sling adds to the firing arm means that it can fire further and with more power than a regular catapult.

The trebuchet is an essential piece of equipment when the Bretonnians engage in siege warfare, and smaller versions of these machines are sometimes deployed on the field of battle. Indeed, since the king himself commissioned a number of trebuchets to be built to act in the defence of Couronne, their popularity has increased. Still, most knights universally put on a show of disdain towards them, and some dukes refuse to make use of them at all. Nevertheless, it is a sign of particular opulence to be in possession of a trebuchet, for they are time consuming to create and are individually hand crafted. There are only a finite number of craftsmen within Bretonnia with the skill to create them, and their services are highly sought after. Although a knight would never stoop so low as to operate a missile weapon himself, let alone a war machine, that is not to say that he could not grudgingly see the strategic worth of it and allow his low-born servants to use them, for being peasants they don't understand the concept of honour anyway!

The first Bretonnian trebuchet is believed to have been constructed in the small village of D'Ason, on the north coast of Lyonesse. It is said that an eccentric bastard child, a pious

young man prone to fits and visions, built the war machine in a single night of feverish activity, using parts of the crumbling Grail Chapel of Adelhard the Second, as well as pieces scrounged from various other sources. When the village was attacked by northern raiders, it was this construction that fended them off, firing massive chunks of masonry to sink the marauders' longships.

The young man was later presented to the king, and his designs copied and improved upon. For saving the village and maintaining the purity of the Grail chapel (though it was now even more ruinous than before), the young man was gifted with a fatted pig and two copper crowns - more wealth than he could have hoped to see in a lifetime.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Field Trebuchet	-	-	-	-	7	4	-	-	-
Peasant Crew	4	2	2	3	3	1	3	1	5

TROOP TYPE: War Machine (Stone Thrower).

SPECIAL RULES: The Peasant's Duty.

Field Trebuchet: The Field Trebuchet uses the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
12-60"	5(10)	Multiple Wounds (D6)

A Field trebuchet can never be moved during the game, though it may pivot on the spot as normal.





BOMBARDS

The bombard is the most recent inclusion to the Bretonnian arsenal, and by far the most divisive. While gunpowder is not completely unknown in Bretonnia, it is very much looked down upon by honourable knights, who view its use as cowardice. Cannons have been around awhile, mainly mounted on the deck of Bretonnian Galleons and Corsair ships in the navy, as well as castle towers in L'Anguille. However, in recent years, some less conservative lords have also begun to field these temperamental weapons on land during sieges and on the field of battle.

The bombard a large calibre, muzzle-loading artillery piece mainly used to throw large stone balls at opponents' walls. The primary use is to break down the walls of the enemy so the army can get to them. Most bombards are made of iron and use gunpowder to launch the projectile through the air. Unlike the Empire however, whose cannon foundries have existed for many years and have been improved upon many times, the Bretonnian bombard is of much simpler design, being a large long tube mounted on a wooden platform on the ground, and unable to be turned or moved quickly once assembled.

When they work, bombards can shatter the most determined enemy, pouring deadly shot into his massed formations, levelling his cities and toppling huge monsters. But bombards often go wrong. Weaknesses in the casting methods can leave minute cracks or other deficiencies which cause them to explode when fired,



or gunpowder can fail to ignite or may explode prematurely. At best, it could be said to be unreliable (which any longstanding crew can attest to, usually with a missing limb as proof). At worst, it can be a death sentence, a position usually given to those peasants who have caused a slight against their commanding officer. That said, the firepower a bombard can bring to the battlefield can more than make up for this restriction – provided it does not blow itself up first.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bombard	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-
Peasant Crew	4	2	2	3	3	1	3	1	5

TROOP TYPE: War Machine (Cannon).

SPECIAL RULES: The Peasant's Duty.

Bombard: A Bombard uses the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
12-48"	9	Multiple Wounds (D6)

A Bombard can never be moved during the game, though it may pivot on the spot as normal. If a misfire is rolled, roll on the Black Powder Misfire Chart as normal, but subtract 1 from the result.

WALL WARDENS

Wall Wardens are the peasant craftsmen who care for and design the fortifications of Bretonnian nobles, the massive castles that protect their power. They are also responsible for the construction and care of siege engines. Most nobles know nothing about building or engineering and thus need to place a great deal of trust in their Wall Wardens. As a result, a peasant is only given such a post after proving himself.

As Wall Wardens often have both the ear and the trust of their lords, such a post is often a stepping stone to a more important position in the lord's administration. On the other hand, Wall Wardens are sometimes approached by outside forces to report on the state of the lord's defences. The loyal ones naturally refuse.

Wall wardens normally have effective command of the fortifications when a castle comes under siege. The troops guarding the wall understand the wardens know what they are doing, and often distrust the lord's judgement. Of course, the lord is never allowed to realise that his orders are being ignored, and in the chaos of battle this is easier than one might think.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wall Warden	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6

SPECIAL RULES: The Peasant's Duty.

Wall Warden: A War Machine with a Wall Warden may re-roll one Artillery dice or failed To Hit roll once per game.



SPIRITS OF THE FAY

The land of Bretonnia is steeped in ancient magic, seeping out from the very earth itself. Strange are the legends of fey spirits appearing from forests, lakes and other natural places to aid the Bretonnians – otherworldly guardians, ghostly bowmen from ages past, the souls of long-lost knights, and even the translucent spirits of the land itself.

They appear when Bretonnia finds itself in need, attacking those who would seek to despoil the fair forests and lakes. No one knows exactly what they are, but the tales tell of them being the spirits of noble knights from ages past, summoned forth by the Lady of the Lake herself to protect Bretonnia from harm. Truly it is said that Bretonnia is a land alive with chivalry.

The Spirits of the Fay appear out of nowhere and strike without warning, usually from within the forests or lakes of the land. Having no real physical form, they cannot be harmed by mundane weapons, and having no life, they cannot be broken. While they remain in Bretonnia's sacred forests and lakes, they are virtually indestructible, as more and more spirits emerge to take the place of those dissipated by enemy magic. Corporeal manifestations, they strike fear into the hearts of the foe, and those who still dare to trespass into their domain might soon find themselves vanish in the spectral mist...



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Fay Spirits	6	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Ethereal, Fear, Unstable, Ward save (5+).

Guardians of Sacred Sites: Spirits of the Fay are not deployed with the rest of the army, but follow the entry rules for Ambushers instead.

When they appear, they must be placed in either a forest or a water feature anywhere on the table, but otherwise follows the rules for Ambushers as normal. If no forest or water feature is present, they may enter from any table edge using the normal rules.

As long as a unit of Spirits of the Fay remain partially within one of these terrain features, they may replace up to D3 Wounds lost earlier in to game at the end of each Close Combat phase.

THE INVASION OF QUENELLES

The hunched and malignant form of Ingror, Lord Tauron's man servant hobbled over to his master and painfully straightened himself up to whisper a message into his ear. Tauron, standing outside his tent on another rain-sodden Bretonnian evening, almost blended into the night air as he stood, resplendent in his baroque, blackened battle armour. He leaned down to hear what Ingror had to say and looked back at the little half-man, as if pleased. Stroking his bushy beard, he contemplated what the morning would bring; many peasants would fall under his mighty blade, but he would only be sated once the skulls of his enemies had been collected. Only then would he ascend to the power that had for so long been promised but for so long been denied. He would be known as The Wanderer no more.

The alarm had been raised at the mighty Castle d'Artois about an hour past, when the headless corpse of a Yeoman scout had ridden back into the courtyard, the poor steed struggling due to being riddled with black-fletched arrows. Beastman attacks were not uncommon in the forests around Quenelles, but this was different. The blade that had killed this man had been keen and sharp, not the butchering weapons of the Gor. The scout had been part of a messenger party, sent to parley with the leader of the huge horde that had appeared near the Grey Mountains a fortnight ago. Duke Hugo de Mervich, the noble to whom this mighty castle had been gifted by the King, had his answer. There would be no treaty. There would be no terms. All he could do now was gather his allies, march upon the invaders and meet them gloriously in the field of combat under the banner of the Duchy of Quenelles.





SACROSANCTUM OF THE LADY

Throughout Bretonnia, grail chapels dedicated to the Lady of the Lake can be found. These contain holy relics from heroes of ages past, and often serve as a sanctuary for Questing Knights searching for the Grail. Many of these grail chapels are warded over by a Grail Knight, who is sworn to defend it against any would-be invaders.

In addition, the chapels may attract a small number of female recluses known as Damsels du Grail, who seek to devote themselves to the Lady of the Lake. These will often be the daughters and sisters of Knights who, because they are female, are not able to express their devotion by going on the grail quest. Instead they become nuns of the grail. Their main work is to heal wounded Knights carried in from the battlefield or the jousting field and to provide sanctuary and nourishment for the many Questing Knights that roam the land of Bretonnia.

In times of hardship Damsels of the Grail take an altar from the Grail Abbey of which city it may belong to and mount it on a cart. They then take the abbey's holy book and travel around the area bringing hope back into the lives of its inhabitants. In times of war the mobile altar, called a Sacrosanctum, is taken into battle inspiring knights to achieve even greater feats of bravery and heroism. It is ridden by a solitary Grail Damsel or Prophetess of the Lady who reads prayers from the abbey's book, detailing the Lady of the Lake and her sacred grail.



The Sacrosanctum contains the remains of some of the holiest Grail Knights to ever have been blessed by the Lady, in addition to several holy artefacts of considerable power. These come together to radiate the power of the Lady like a shining beacon to everyone close to it. The Damsel standing atop the Sacrosanctum can focus the power of the Lady into powerful blessings to protect her faithful Knights, or smite the heretics who would seek to defile her shrines.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Sacrosanctum	-	-	-	4	5	5	-	-	-
Grail Damsel	-	2	2	3	-	-	3	1	7
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	-	-	3	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour save 5+).

SPECIAL RULES: **Immunity (Psychology)**, **Magic Resistance (2)**, **Ward Save (4+)**.

Blessed Sanctum: A Sacrosanctum knows the three Blessings listed below. Blessings are innate bound spells (power level 5). For each friendly Sacrosanctum on the battlefield at the start of your magic phase, add 1 dice to your power pool.

- **Shield of Faith:** *Shield of Faith* is an **augment** spell that affects all friendly units with the Blessing of the Lady special rule within 12". Until the start of your next turn, the targets have their Ward save from the Blessing of the Lady increased by +1.

- **Radiant Light:** *Radiant Light* is a **hex** spell that affects all enemy units within 12". Until the start of your next turn, the targets suffer -1 to their Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill.

- **Renewed Valour:** *Renewed Valour* is an **augment** spell that affects all friendly units with the Blessing of the Lady special rule within 12". All fleeing friendly Knights within 12" will rally automatically and regain the Blessing of the Lady (if they have lost it).

The Fay Enchantress is one of the most revered and respected figures in all of Bretonnia. As is fitting of someone who speaks with the voice of the Lady, she is accompanied at all times by a retinue of Knights who defend her to the death. These men, selected from the very best of the Grail Knights, are warriors par excellence, striking down the enemies of Bretonnia with shining blades of justice. Though rumours abound that the Fay Enchantress is none other than the Lady herself, and therefore requiring no earthly protectors, the Grail Guardians care not and defend their charge all the same.





BRETONNIAN WARTHORSES

Bretonnian Knights have earned a rightful reputation for invincibility, and few other mounted troops can stand against them. It is even said that a charging Bretonnian knight at full gallop could smash his way through the walls of Karaz-a-Karak! The Bretonnians owe this renown to their own knightly ardour and valour, but also and not least, they owe it to the magnificence of their mounts, the Bretonnian Warhorses.

The Bretonni have always been renowned horsemen, and in turn their warhorses are still believed to be the best in the Old World. This is because the Bretonnian Warhorse is in part descended from the Elven steeds of the former Elven colonies which flourished centuries ago in the land that is now Bretonnia.

When the Elven colonists abandoned the Old World and sailed back to Ulthuan, some remained behind. These Elves were the ancestors of the Wood Elves of the Forest of Loren. One of the Elven kindreds that stayed took their Elven steeds with them into the safety of the forest glades. Elsewhere, herds of Elven steeds roamed freely in the meadows and plains around the abandoned Elven ruins, interbreeding with wild forest ponies. This mingling of blood eventually resulted in the creation of a new breed, the Bretonnian Warhorse.

This new breed of horse was far superior in size and spirit than any other in the Old World. The horses of the Empire are descended from the wild ponies of the Kislevite steppes and have no blood of the Elven steeds in their veins. The warhorses of the Empire and Kislev are passable, but lack the power and spirit of the Bretonnian steed, although they are perhaps better suited to a harsher climate, while the Bretonnian breed need the lush meadows of the west. Similarly the Arabyan stallions and the Cathayan horses are also descended ultimately from the wild ponies of the Kislevite steppes and kick any blood from Elven stock.

When the Bretonnian warriors began riding into battle on the native horses of Bretonnia, they found that the horses could bear the weight of a fully armoured man and still gallop and charge over and over again without tiring. The horses were big, powerful and not lacking in stamina. The Bretonnian Knights therefore made every effort to maintain and improve their special breed. A very important factor in this was the peace pact with the Wood Elves of Athel Loren. By the terms of this pact, from time to time the Elves allow the Bretonnians to have some of their precious steeds. In this way the Bretonnian horses are replenished with fresh blood from pure Elven stock.



This agreement is unique and unheard of anywhere else in the world. The High Elves of Ulthuan would not let any of their horses out of the country, although they cannot stop Dark Elf raiders stealing them. The Wood Elves, however, know that their realm is surrounded on two sides by Bretonnians, who protect Loren as a bulwark. No-one gets into Loren from north or west without first having to fight through the Bretonnian Knights. From the Wood Elf point of view this security is well worth a bit of horse trading. In return, the Elves acquire swords and other weapons of good Bretonnian iron and steel, which they do not make to any great extent in their own realm.

Bretonnian Warhorses are highly valued and are always reserved for Bretonnian Knights. Squires must make do with forest ponies and lesser breeds lacking the blood of the Elven Steeds. The King of Bretonnia has banned anyone from taking Bretonnian Warhorses out of the realm. Anyone who does, be they subject or foreigner, can expect an army of angry Bretonnian Knights to come after him to bring them back. The Bretonnian Knights naturally do not want anyone else to be as well mounted as they are. Even so, you would have to have the stature and nobility of a true Bretonnian Knight to ride a Bretonnian Warhorse. They do not put up with lesser warriors on their backs!

So highly valued are these beasts that a Royal Decree of many centuries standing forbids the export of these magnificent animals. Naturally, only a noble is permitted to ride a warhorse, though a few lucky and trusted peasants may be allowed to act as grooms and stable hands, and thus sleep in the same barn as one.

Bretonnian knights are mounted warriors and very few would deign to fight on foot. Thus, a knight's steed is very important to him. Many knights seem to care more about their steeds than about their wives, a topic for many (highly illegal) tavern songs in Bretonnia. There is good reason for this: a knight's life depends on his steed every time he fights, and a steed that hates or fears his master is worse than useless in battle. Thus, most knights make sure that their steed is fed, housed, and cared for before bothering about such details for themselves. Some have grooms or squires help with part of the work, but all do a substantial part personally to increase the bond with the mount.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

TROOP TYPE: War Beast.

SPECIAL RULES:

Purebred Warhorse: For generations, the Bretonnian Warhorse has been bred to bear the weight of a fully armoured knight. Bretonnian Warhorses do not suffer any movement penalties for being barded.

"What is a Knight without his steed? But what is the steed without his knight? Knight and Steed, noble and peasant; on such relationships is Bretonnia built."

- Louen Leoncoeur, King of Bretonnia





UNICORNS

Unicorns resemble large and powerful horses, though the structure of their heads is reminiscent of a goat's. A single spiralling horn crowns their foreheads, rising up from between their eyes, and they are quite skilled at using it as a weapon. The Unicorn is a powerful creature with heavy hooves as hard as iron and snorting breath like plumes of steam. They are clever creatures thought to be capable of sensing both purity and wickedness in those around them. They are invariably wild beasts, for no one has ever tamed a Unicorn. Unicorns are shy beasts that generally wish only to be left alone.

Unicorns are proud and mystical creatures that dwell in or near forests, particularly those that are rich with arcane energies, such as Athel Loren, one of the few places where they still can be found. Unicorns themselves shimmer with magical power, a gleaming aura that also bears an enfolding glamour that bewitches and beguiles any who come near. Scant wonder it is then that the Unicorn has gained a reputation as a noble beast, though in truth it is quite temperamental and stubborn, both selfish and vain.

Like all the magical creatures of Athel Loren, they form part of the web of consciousness that weaves the forest together and are something quite fundamentally different to that which they appear. It is a rare beast and difficult to master because it is more intelligent than other monsters. Unicorns have an aversion to evil creatures and will not allow themselves to be tamed or ridden by them.

Unicorn ivory is a much sought-after prize in certain corners of Bretonnian society, and many a gallant knight has met his end pursuing a Unicorn deep into Athel Loren. The knights invariably follow the Unicorns for many miles, the beast staying just slightly out of reach the entire time. Just as the brave warrior thinks he has cornered his prize, the creature disappears without warning, coincidentally within feet of a swarm of vengeful forest spirits or coldly vigilant Wood Elves.



Being magical creatures themselves, the very presence of Unicorn is harmful to other creatures summoned or created through sorcerous means. The selfish nature of the Unicorn means that it tends to feel no kinship with such creatures, despite their common origins. If anything, Unicorns pity all other beasts for their misfortune at being something far less glorious than themselves!

Curiously, Unicorns tend to have an underlying affinity to those that possess knowledge of the arcane arts. They are drawn to female mages as moths to a flame, as the taste of true magic is somewhat intoxicating to them. This curious weakness ensures that the youngest and most foolish Unicorns are especially susceptible to spells of summoning and binding when a storm of magic rages. Through normally reclusive creatures, Unicorns will willingly leave the shelter of the enchanted glades, hoping to bask in the wondrous aura of those most potent of magics. Most mages find this an acceptable situation as a tame, or at least willing, Unicorn is an excellent and durable steed, though it would be wrong to assume that the beast is broken to the will of the rider – they simply both tread the same path for a while. Regardless, even amidst the Bretonnian Prophetesses there are only one or two maids in a generation that can claim to have ridden a Unicorn, and they do so without bit, bridle or saddle.

Unicorns move with a graceful ease that hints at their true speed and quickness. In battle, a Unicorn can rear up, delivering blows with its hardened hooves, but the steed is most dangerous when it gets a chance to charge with its horn lowered. The radiant glow of the Unicorn offers some protection as well, shielding the majestic beast somewhat from both physical blows as well as from hostile magics. The Unicorns' resistance to magic is exceptional, so much so that even master mages have trouble affecting them with all but the most powerful of enchantments. They even convey their resistance to the rare few that they allow to ride them. Scholars generally believe that the source of this powerful ability is their single horn. The unusual nature of the Unicorn provides the mage with a measure of protection against hostile magics, with a devastating spell often resulting in little more than a slightly inebriated and emboldened steed.

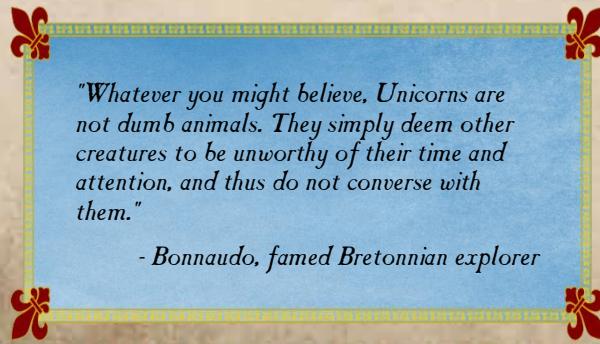
	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Unicorn	10	5	0	4	4	1	5	2	8

TROOP TYPE: War Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Magical Attacks, Magic Resistance (5+).

Impale: When a Unicorn charges it uses its horn like a lance to pierce the enemy.

Unicorns gain +1 Strength to their Impact Hits.





LOUEN LEONCOEUR

King of Bretonnia

Louen Leoncoeur is the king currently on the throne of Bretonnia. He has already proved his mettle in several great battles and earned himself the nickname 'Leoncoeur' which means 'the lionhearted' on account of his personal courage and disdain for danger.

Louen Leoncoeur is the greatest leader of the Bretonnians since Gilles the Uniter. A mighty warrior king, his subjects know well that he is the pinnacle of knightly perfection and honour. Highly skilled on the field of battle and a master of tactics and strategy, he has never known defeat. Commoners and nobles alike speak of Leoncoeur with the same reverence, likening him to the mighty Companions of Gilles from ages past. Some say that the blood of Gilles runs in his veins. As ferocious yet honourable in diplomacy as he is in war, King Louen the 'Lionhearted' is renowned far, beyond the borders of Bretonnia itself, and respected by all.

Louen set out on the grail quest while he was still a young prince and after many years of questing found the grail. Shortly after his return he succeeded to the throne and was crowned by Morgiana le Fay herself. Louen's cherished ambition as king is rumoured to be the reconquest and rebuilding of Mousillon which has been all but lost to the realm since the Affair of the False Grail and the Red Pox which followed in its wake.

Since his coronation in 2500, Louen has proved himself time and time again. He utterly crushed the massive Orc invasion of 2508 at the Battle of Swamphold, and has ridden battlefield clear of the undead on the outskirts of Mousillon on more than one occasion. He has fought victoriously against invaders of the north, driving them back into the sea, and scoured the taint of insidious covens from within his cities. Leoncoeur has always attacked the enemies of Bretonnia with fierce determination, yet never has his actions been anything other than chivalrous and honourable. Although such rigid adherence to the codes of martial honour could be seen to hinder a more scrupulous general, it is a great source of strength for King Louen. He is blessed above all other mortals by the Lady of the Lake, and some whisper he has even been granted a kiss by his goddess. It is certain that the magical power of the Grail flows in his veins; legend has it that where Leoncoeur is cut, light streams out from the wound until it is healed over once more.

It is the king's policy to encourage even more jousting and tournaments throughout the land than his predecessors did, in order to ensure that all knights hone their skills ready for war. The king himself holds magnificent tournaments four times a year which go on for several weeks. He also makes a royal procession throughout the various Dukedoms, and on the occasion of his visits the Dukes will hold banquets and

tournaments in his honour. Thus the calendar of Bretonnia has become a succession of tournaments! Bretonnian knights like nothing better than a tournament, except perhaps a just and righteous war!

In addition to all this, the king has revived the old custom of jousting between whole regiments of knights in a huge tournament field marked out especially for the purpose. These royal tournaments have also become occasions for the investiture of many Knights Errant as new Knights of the Realm, and the setting of tasks for others. Under such guidance, the military might of Bretonnia has surpassed that of even the greatest armies in its history.

After more than twenty glorious years on the throne, Louen still appears to be in the prime of his life, though scholars whisper that he is close to his ninetieth year. It is said that he intends to turn his attentions to cursed Mousillon, cleaning it of taint and restoring it to its former glory. If he does this, the lands of Bretonnia will be united under his banner once and for all.

Knights are constantly urging him to declare an Errantry War to do this. However, he has been distracted from this great task by wars along the frontier with the Empire, where ambitious Counts threaten Bretonnian domains and wretched Undead hordes lurk in the Grey Mountains. There is also the threat looming of a Skaven invasion from the South as they attempt to infiltrate Brionne and Bordeleaux. If war comes it is well that Bretonnia has a lion-hearted king on the throne!

Away from war, he is renowned as a just monarch. He will not allow the letter of the law to cloak abuses of its spirit, and even the lowliest noble can seek a personal audience. The King has issued a decree that none are to suffer for what they say during such an audience, and he enforces it. Whenever the King gets involved, justice is done. The only regret most Bretonnians have is that their King is still only one man.



"The Lady, though we owe all to her, is ever fickle. 'Tis only to Bretonnians that she does appear, and yet to Bretonnians she will also withhold her grace, should they ever err or stumble on the path. Such is her unfaltering way."

- Louen Leoncoeur, King of Bretonnia





Louen Leoncoeur is a mighty hero and revered leader of his people, the epitome of knightly perfection and honour. King Louen frequently takes the field with his troops, and when he does so, he rides his loyal Hippogryph, Beaquis, sowing terror in the enemies around him. His prowess in battle is such that even those who meet him dismounted are prone to running away, and the King's presence on the battlefield seems to grant Bretonnians greater courage.

Louen, like all Bretonnian knights, rides into battle wearing armour bedecked with magnificent heraldry. His shield, great helm, pennant, and surcoat all bear his personal heraldic markings, indicating to everyone his achievements and status, and overawing his opponents in battle.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
King Louen	4	7	5	4	4	3	7	5	10
Beaquis	8	5	0	5	5	4	6	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

Beaquis: (Monster).

SPECIAL RULES (Louen): **Blessing of the Lady, The Grail Vow, Lance Formation.**

The Virtue of the Lionheart: *This virtue was granted to Louen on his coronation day by the Fay Enchantress. In battle, Louen strikes with the strength and ferocity of his namesake, the lion.*

Roll a D3 in the beginning of each close combat phase and add the score to Louen's Strength for the duration of that phase.

The Lady's Champion: *Leoncoeur bears a blessing even more potent than others who have sipped from the Grail.*

Louen has the Regeneration (4+) special rule. However, if he loses the Blessing, he will immediately lose a Wound with no saves allowed.

SPECIAL RULES (Beaquis): **Fly.**

MAGIC ITEMS:

Sword of Couronne (Magic Weapon)

When the King goes to war, he wields the Sword of Couronne, a mighty relic weapon carried by many kings of Bretonnia in the past. This powerful heirloom was forged from the finest Bretonnian silverine, and was quenched in the mirror pools of the great forest. A purified weapon from the hallowed vaults of the Temple of the Lady in Couronne, this sanctified blade is steeped in the power of righteousness. It catches the sun's rays and magnifies them, dazzling Louen's enemies as he charges into battle.

The sword allows Louen to re-roll failed rolls to Hit. In addition, any enemy models in base contact with Louen at the beginning of any Close Combat phase must take an Initiative test. If this is failed, that model may make no attacks this round and will be hit automatically.

The Lion Lance (Magic Weapon)

When the king goes forth to war he wields the Lion Lance, a mighty relic weapon carried by many kings of Bretonnia in the past.

Lance. The lance attacks relentlessly, as if it had a will of its own, and each successful Hit with it is multiplied into 2 Hits. The lance can only be used when charging; in other rounds of combat, Louen will use the Sword of Couronne.

Armour of Brilliance (Magic Armour)

The first Bretonnian King, Louis the Rash, commissioned the Dwarfs to make him a suit of armour more splendid than any other in the known world. The unmistakable sight of their king dressed in the dazzling gold and silver armour is a source of great inspiration for Bretonnian knights in battle. This enchanted armour reflects and magnifies the light of the sun so that beams of light shimmer and burst from every surface as the knight gallops towards his foe. The dazzling glare from the armour's polished plates makes it hard to look at the bearer.

Heavy armour. Opponents suffer a -1 penalty to all rolls To Hit the wearer with missile weapons and in close combat.

The Lion's Shield (Magic Armour)

King Louen carries the shield that has protected him since the first days of knighthood. Over the years it has been worked by Bretonnia's greatest artisans and enchanted by powerful prophetesses to become a mighty artefact. The shield is interwoven with powerful counter spells to protect its bearer against enemy magic.

Shield. The Lion's Shield gives Louen a Magic Resistance equal to the total number of dice used in the casting of the enemy spell, to a maximum of 3.

The Tabard of Kings (Talisman)

The king wears a magnificent enchanted tabard over his armour. This tabard has protected the Bretonnian kings from foul magic in ages past, and is now worn proudly by Louen.

Any enemy spell that targets Louen or the unit he is with and is successfully cast inflicts D3 Strength 4 Hits on the Wizard that cast the spell.

The Crown of Bretonnia (Enchanted Item)

Blessed by a kiss from the lady before being set upon the brow of the first king of Bretonnia by the Fay Enchantress, this crown has been an ancient symbol of leadership since the coronation of Gilles' son, King Louis the Rash. It shines with a golden light just as intense as the day it was bequeathed to the Bretonnians. The crown has a magical ability to enhance the character of the person wearing it.

Louen's Inspiring Presence rule has an extra 6" in range. In addition, all friendly units that may use Louen's Leadership have Immunity (Panic).





MORGIANA LE FAY

The Fay Enchantress

The Fay Enchantress of Bretonnia is the prophetess of the Lady of the Lake. No one knows her true origin, but she appears in legends and fables dating back to the Dark Age of Bretonnia. One of her most significant appearances is in the epic troubadour saga known as the 'Chanson de Gilles', which celebrates the deeds of Gilles le Breton. It was she who mysteriously took away the mortally wounded Gilles to the Isle de Lys to be healed.

A figure of awe and inspiration, the Fay Enchantress is the personal representative of the Lady of the Lake, and as such is the most influential figure in all of Bretonnia. Her will is that of the goddess, and even kings of Bretonnia must bow to her wise council. The Grail Knights, having sworn their lives completely to the goddess, are bound by their sacred oaths to respond to any call or decree of the Fay Enchantress. Their vows ensure that this duty is paramount, coming even before loyalties to duke and king, for the Fay Enchantress and the Lady represent the land of Bretonnia more so than any mortal lord ever could. At times when the king has no clear heir, the Fay Enchantress alone has the power to instate a worthy replacement. Evidence of the Fay

Enchantress' power over the realms can most forcefully be seen during the time of King Ballaume the Brave when she ordered the Grail Knights of the king's court to forcefully expel him, stripping him of his title and honour before banishing him from the realm and installing his successor.

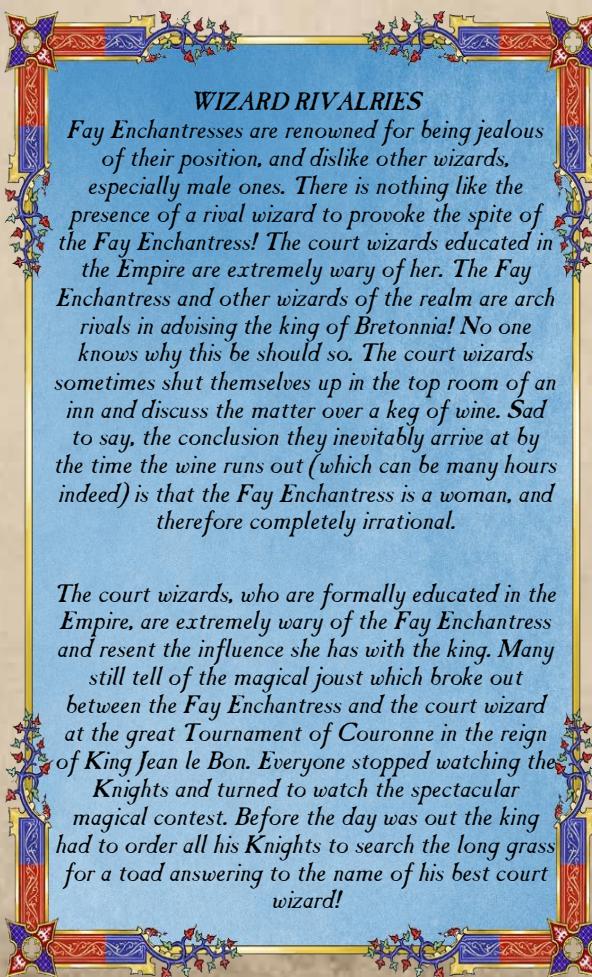
It is believed that through the centuries there have been many Enchantresses, and she has certainly gone by many different names, but no one knows for sure how the Lady of the Lake chooses her prophetess. Some believe that the Fay Enchantress has lived through all the ages of Bretonnia, making her thousands of years old. Others speculate that when each Fay Enchantress passes from the world she is instantly reincarnated so that she can continue her sacred duty.

Existing outside the usual hierarchy of power within Bretonnia, the Fay Enchantress comes and goes as she pleases, guided by the will of the Lady of the Lake. It has also been known for her to appear to Questing Knights, guiding them on their final journey to the Lady. As she travels the lands, slipping mysteriously between the sacred groves, she gathers to her side young children – children that have intense latent power within them that is hidden to all but herself. These chosen youngsters are taken by the Fay Enchantress to a place beyond time and mortality, to the mysterious Otherworld. The girl-children occasionally return years later as Damsels of the Lady, blessed in spirit and heart. Of the male children, nothing is ever heard again.

The Fay Enchantress is unique among wizards in that her magic derives from the Lady of the Lake herself. She has not been taught her magical art at any of the colleges of magic. Instead, she has learned an age-old tradition passed by word of mouth from one Fay Enchantress to the next. The magic she uses flows through the earth and wells up at places sacred to the Lady of the Lake.

Among the dukes and barons, some only recognise the Fay Enchantress while others prefer wizards of the school of Altdorf, who will usually be their own relatives. This is especially the case when a baron has only one daughter who cannot inherit his domain. It is her husband who will succeed to her father's lands. Thus the baron might send his only daughter to Altdorf so that she – and therefore his own blood line – retains control of the inheritance by resorting to magic to influence her husband if necessary!

The energy is drawn up through the roots of a lily, known as the "fleur de lys", which grows only in these places. The Fay gathers these plants to use as ingredients in her magic. She can make them into



WIZARD RIVALRIES

Fay Enchantresses are renowned for being jealous of their position, and dislike other wizards, especially male ones. There is nothing like the presence of a rival wizard to provoke the spite of the Fay Enchantress! The court wizards educated in the Empire are extremely wary of her. The Fay Enchantress and other wizards of the realm are arch rivals in advising the king of Bretonnia! No one knows why this be should so. The court wizards sometimes shut themselves up in the top room of an inn and discuss the matter over a keg of wine. Sad to say, the conclusion they inevitably arrive at by the time the wine runs out (which can be many hours indeed) is that the Fay Enchantress is a woman, and therefore completely irrational.

The court wizards, who are formally educated in the Empire, are extremely wary of the Fay Enchantress and resent the influence she has with the king. Many still tell of the magical joust which broke out between the Fay Enchantress and the court wizard at the great Tournament of Couronne in the reign of King Jean le Bon. Everyone stopped watching the Knights and turned to watch the spectacular magical contest. Before the day was out the king had to order all his Knights to search the long grass for a toad answering to the name of his best court wizard!





potions, entwine them around a wand, or wear them as a floral diadem. She may even eat them or drink the potions to gain their magic. She must gather the lilies on the eve of battle since the plants must be fresh in order to be magically potent.

The current Fay Enchantress is known as Morgiana. She is a recluse and difficult to find. An important task for any knight on the Grail Quest is to find her and ask for favours and advice as to where to look for the grail. One of her known abodes is the Isle de Lys in the middle of the Lac de Chalons where the Lady of the Lake appeared to Gilles, but she has been found elsewhere in equally remote places. Whenever Bretonnia is threatened with danger, or a new king is to be crowned, or some matter arises which requires her counsel, the king, or the Grail Knights will send out Knights Errant to find her.

On occasions of particular peril, the Fay Enchantress will rouse the dukes or even the king himself and ready them for war. There are times when she has deigned to



grace the Bretonnian army with her presence when it marches to battle, lending her unearthly powers towards the protection of those fighting in the name of the Lady. She rides upon a Unicorn inspiring the knights to astounding deeds of heroic valour and bestowing her magical favours upon the bravest and best among them. Her legendary fury is greatly feared, and her piercing eyes crackle with power, inspiring terror and awe in friend and foe alike. She has been known to draw lightning from the sky to strike her enemies, and slay with but a wrathful glance.

Only the bravest of the brave dare to face the wrath of the Fay Enchantress. One of the most mysterious personalities in the whole of Bretonnia, Morgiana is a personal adviser to King Louen. She is jealous of her position, and has nothing but hatred for the other wizards who frequent the royal court. Most are wary of provoking her, but some will risk challenging her to a magic duel. The Fay Enchantress has never shirked from a contest of magic with a rival wizard and Morgiana has always prevailed. The most terrible of fates awaits any foolish magician who defies her, as without exception they find themselves stripped of their power and transformed into a frog! It is a widely held belief among Bretonnian peasants that many of the frogs lurking in the lakes and ponds around her abode are Questing Knights who failed to perform a task or deed of valour for her. The only cure for Morgiana's wizardry and the way to save these unfortunates from languishing as frogs until eaten by a fish or a heron is for the fairest damsel in the village to kiss them. Needless to say very few of her victims ever return to their human form. It is not only rival wizards who know the spite of Morgiana.

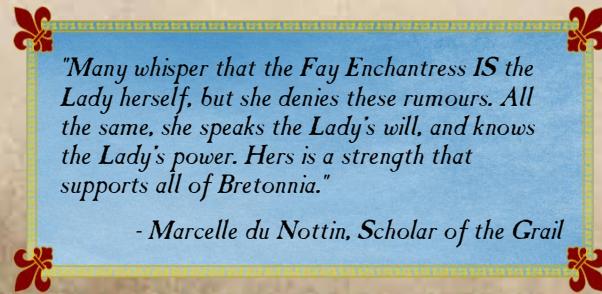
	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Fay Enchantress	5	4	4	3	3	3	5	1	9
Silvaron (Unicorn)	10	5	0	4	4	1	5	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

MAGIC: The Fay Enchantress is a Level 4 Wizard. She may use spells from the Lore of Life, Lore of Beasts, Lore of Heavens, Lore of Light or Lore of the Lady.

SPECIAL RULES:

Supreme Aura of the Lady: The Fay Enchantress has the Magic Resistance (3) and Fear special rules. Against Skaven, Orcs & Goblins and Beastmen, she causes Terror. Furthermore, she gains +2 to cast spells from the Lore of Life or Lore of the Lady.





Favour of the Fay: One friendly champion or character with either the Knight's Vow, Questing Vow or the Grail Vow may be given the Favour of the Fay before the game starts but after deployment is finished. This model receives +1 To Hit in close combat. However, if the model loses the Blessing of the Lady, then both the Favoured model and the Fay Enchantress suffer a Wound with no saves allowed.

Supreme Blessing of the Lady: Such is the power of the Fay Enchantress that the Ward Save gained from the Blessing of the Lady is increased by +1 for any unit that has the Blessing of the Lady and is joined by the Fay Enchantress.

SPECIAL RULES (Silvaron): **Impale, Magical Attacks.**

MAGIC ITEMS:

The Chalice of Potions (Enchanted Item)

The Fay Enchantress's Chalice of Potions holds a magical potion distilled from lilies gathered by her on the eve of battle. The power of the chalice depends upon the lilies she selects and the spells she weaves over them. The chalice is a potent item of great hidden power for one who knows how to utilise it.

At any point during each Bretonnian Magic phase, the Fay Enchantress may peer into the Chalice and stir up magical power to use against her foes. Roll a D6 each time the Chalice is used. The number refers to which spell is automatically cast from the Lore of the Lady as a Bound Spell, at the Power Level equal to the minimum casting value for the spell. This requires no power dice and cannot be increased in any way. However, if a 6 is rolled, the Chalice runs out of power

after the spell is cast and cannot be used for the remainder of the battle.

Morgiana's Mirror (Enchanted Item)

Morgiana's Mirror enables her to peer into the hearts and minds of enemy wizards, so that she can discern their intentions and prepare herself against them.

At the start of the enemy Magic phase, the Fay Enchantress may choose one enemy Wizard on the battlefield; against this Wizard, she will get +2 to Dispel for the remainder of this turn.

The Girdle of Gold (Talisman)

The Fay Enchantress wears a shining belt around her waist which is called the Girdle of Gold. It is woven with magical protection and defies her enemies to strike at her. Thanks to its power she can accompany Knights into battle, and yet wear no armour, the power of the Girdle of Gold protecting her instead.

The Girdle gives the Fay Enchantress a Ward save (4+).

Toad Familiar (Arcane Item)

The Fay Enchantress has a toad Familiar, said to be a wizard who once displeased her sufficiently to curse him in this way. It pleases her to keep him languishing as a toad, croaking in the lake beside her abode, or in a leather bag hung from her girdle. The Fay Enchantress draws power from her toad familiar to strengthen her spells and weaken the magic of her enemies.

The Toad Familiar adds one dice to both the Power dice and the Dispel dice pool each Magic phase.





THE GREEN KNIGHT

Guardian of the Sacred Sites

The Green Knight is a well-known figure of Bretonnian folklore, and stories and poems about him are amongst the most popular in Bretonnia. A common character in puppet shows and plays performed for peasants and kings alike, he is bedecked in strange ivy-covered armour and intones his famous line: "None shall pass!" The traditional nemesis of the valiant Questing Knights of these tales, the Green Knight challenges them to duels so that they might prove their worth to the Lady herself, and thus sup from the blessed Grail.

Little do most realise that these stories are bound in fact. The Green Knight is the sacred protector of Bretonnia, and his spirit-essence is intertwined with the land and the Lady of the Lake herself. He has appeared to many Questing Knights. They speak of the sky clouding over to create the darkness of twilight, and a green mist seeping from the earth, slowly taking the shape of a figure riding a snorting steed. The warrior brandishes a glowing blade, his eyes ablaze with fey light.

The Green Knight is the champion of the Lady of the Lake, and protector of the sacred sites of Bretonnia. As well as materialising to test Questing Knights in their faith, the Green Knight will appear when these sacred places are defiled by those with evil-hearted intent.

Amongst the beast herds of the tainted forests, he is known as Shaabhekh, literally the 'Soul-Killer', for he has slain untold thousands of their kind throughout the centuries. He bursts from within the bole of the most ancient trees, or gallops furiously from still lakes or rushing waterfalls to wreak his terrible vengeance against



those interlopers. As quickly as he appears, so too will he fade into mist once his righteous slaughter is complete. In some tales, he will disappear in one place only to reappear behind the enemy, slaying them without mercy before again disappearing and reappearing elsewhere.

He appears to those questing for the grail and guards the mysterious glades, lakes or stone circles where the Lady of the Lake appears. He challenges any Questing Knight who seeks the grail to mortal combat. This is the last and final test of the grail quest. If the Questing Knight can defeat the Green Knight, he will eventually reach the grail. Any Knight unworthy of the grail will never defeat the Green Knight and will either flee or be slain. The Green Knight himself cannot be slain, no matter how grievous the wounds inflicted on him.

Weapons have little effect on the Green Knight. Some say that blades and arrows pass straight through him as though he were as insubstantial as morning mist, while in other stories, even the most grievous of wounds inflicted upon him have virtually no effect. In one epic tale, a Questing Knight cut the Green Knight's head clean from his shoulders, but the fey being simply picked up his head and rode away.

What the Green Knight actually is has been much debated, and no one in Bretonnia, save perhaps the Fay Enchantress, knows the truth. Some believe that he is the spirit of Bretonnia given physical form, while others say that he is Gilles le Breton himself, having devoted himself completely to the land and the Lady after he was taken from this world.

Whoever or whatever he is, the Green Knight guards her sacred places from evil. Not only does he challenge Questing Knights, but he slays any monsters, Orcs or other foul creatures that profane the sacred places with their presence. He rides among the trees and bushes unseen to suddenly appear, with drawn sword and before his adversary. There is no choice but to fight or die.

Whenever the Bretonnians are preparing for battle near to a place sacred to the Lady of the Lake, the Green Knight appears and takes part in the battle in order to defend the sacred place against the foe. A fell apparition, the Green Knight fills his enemies and the would-be ravagers of Bretonnia with bone-chilling terror. Resplendent upon his Shadow Steed, the Green Knight is not of this world, apparently appearing from within the land itself, his very spirit-essence entwined with the very earth of Bretonnia. Once called to arms the Green Knight is stalwart in his duties to protect Bretonnia, and if slain in battle, can be miraculously resurrected to continue the fight emerging once again from the very earth itself.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Green Knight	4	7	3	4	4	3	6	4	10
Shadow Steed	9	4	0	4	3	1	4	2	6





TROOP TYPE: Cavalry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Ethereal, Terror, Unstable, Ward save (5+).

Guardian of the Sacred Sites: The Green Knight is not deployed with the rest of the army, but follows the entry rules for Ambushers instead, with the following exception that he may appear in the first turn instead of the second.

When the Green Knight is awoken, he must be placed in either a forest or a water terrain piece anywhere on the table, but otherwise follows the rules for Ambushers as normal. If no forest or water feature is present, he may enter from any table edge using the normal rules.

During the game, the Green Knight may disappear at will and reappear in another location completely. If the Green Knight is within (or moves into) a forest or water terrain piece during the Remaining Moves phase, then he may instantly be removed from the table and replaced anywhere on the table within another forest or water terrain piece, facing in any direction. He may not move any further that turn. Note that he still may not end his move within impassable terrain.

Aura of the Fey: A being of supernatural power, the Green Knight can never truly be slain. If his Wounds value is ever reduced to zero, he will instantly disappear into thin air. However, in the Remaining Moves part of the following Bretonnian Movement phase, the Bretonnian player may attempt to reawaken the Green Knight as described in Guardian of the Sacred Sites above, following all the same rules. However, each time the Green Knight is slain, a -1 is suffered on the next dice roll made to awaken him (e.g., after he is slain for the first time, he will awaken the following turn on a 4+ rather

than a 3+. After the second time, he awakens on a 5+, etc). If he does not appear, a test may be taken during each following Bretonnian Remaining Moves phase to see if he returns. For calculating Victory Points, the enemy only gets full Victory Points for the Green Knight if he is not on the table at the end of the game.

MAGIC ITEMS:

The Dolorous Blade (Magic Weapon)

The Green Knight's sword burns with a strange light. He sweeps the blade around him, each blow carving through his foes with awesome strength. The Dolorous Blade is a mighty sword of immense size and weight which the Green Knight wields with the apparent ease of a willow wand.

The Dolorous Blade may be used in one of two ways. Either the Green Knight can use the Blade to gain +D6 Attacks, or it can be used to add +2 to his Strength. The Green Knight may change which method he is using to attack with in each Close Combat phase if he wishes to.

When the Vale of Quenelles was invaded by the infamous Thunderbite Goblins, the proud knights of that dukedom enjoyed a full day of slaughter before the Goblins deployed their secret weapon – an army of drunken Giants. The mounts of the Bretonnian knights took fright, carrying their protesting masters from the field. The peasantry of Quenelles fired upon the Giants with bow and field trebuchet, but once the Giants were amongst their ranks the battle seemed lost. Then, with an unearthly cry, the legendary Green Knight burst from the trunk of the ancient oak at the heart of the vale and took the fight to the Giants, felling them one by one with his glowing blade. Quenelles was saved, though the event is strangely absent from its official records.





BOHEMOND THE BEASTSLAYER

Duke of Bastonne

Bohemond of Bastonne is the duke of the vast domain of Bastonne in the heartland of Bretonnia. This dukedom is perhaps the oldest in the realm and the Duke is traditionally one of the King's most important nobles. Bohemond fulfilled the grail quest before succeeding to the dukedom, and the king himself requested him to accept the lordship of his ancestral lands rather than become a hermit Knight in the grail chapel of Bastonne.

Bohemond's vast estates are almost entirely rural. His castle of Bastonne is located on a high, craggy rock overlooking the forest of Chilons. From here Bohemond and his mighty retinue of Knights wage constant war against the Orcs, Skaven and other vile creatures infesting the mountainous wilderness in the heart of Bretonnia.

Duke Bohemond of Bastonne is a Grail Knight, particularly renowned for fighting monsters, to the point that he is known as "Beastslayer". He is also famous for refusing to fight inferior opponents; even if they attack him, he merely stuns them so that he can turn his attention elsewhere. As his prowess has grown, the search for worthy foes has taken him to many places within Bretonnia and beyond.



Whilst Bohemond is a lineal descendant of Gilles le Breton, he is absolutely loyal to King Louen and has no desire for the crown. Indeed, he delegates the whole business of administering his dukedom to his steward and justice to his justicar. Alas, he is not a very good judge of character, and finds himself replacing these men with distressing frequency.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bohemond	4	6	3	4	4	3	6	4	10
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Blessing of the Lady, The Grail Vow, Lance Formation, Virtue of Heroism.**

Beastslayer: *Bohemond is a veteran from battling countless raids by the evil creatures that inhabit the land.*

Bohemond has the Hatred (Beastmen, Orcs & Goblins, Skaven) special rule, and may re-roll failed rolls To Wound when fighting against enemies from any one of these armies.

MAGIC ITEMS:

The Beast Mace of Bastonne (Magic Weapon)

Bohemond's huge mace is an awesome weapon, as weighty with magic as it is heavy with iron. Its shaft is carved from the thigh bone of a Dragon slain by Bohemond, and its bulbous head was wrought from meteoric iron by Dwarf Runesmiths.

The Beast Mace adds +2 to Bohemond's Strength and has the Multiple Wounds (2) special rule.

Bohemond's Shield (Magic Armour)

When Bohemond reached the end of his quest the Lady of the Lake bade him wash the dragon's blood off his shield. The waters of the sacred lake cleansed the shield and imbued it with magical power.

Shield. Should an enemy strike Bohemond with a magic weapon, roll a D6 for each hit. On a roll of 6, the enemy weapon is snapped in two, parried by the shield, and destroyed. Resolve enemy hits that are not parried by the shield in the normal way but once the weapon is broken all further hits from that weapon are ignored.

"With lance and blade, we will strike down the cowardly enemy. We, the proud knights of Bretonnia, will ride them down. With faith in the Lady, we will be impervious to harm. We will be remembered always, our heroic deeds living beyond our years. For Bretonnia, and for the Lady, charge!"

*— Duke Bohemond the Beastslayer,
at the Battle of Grismar Crossing*





TANCRED II

Duke of Quenelles

Duke Tancred II has been a fine lord of Quenelles. His finest moment was the defeat of the Necromancer Heinrich Kemmler and the Chaos Champion Krell, who allied with the Skaven and attacked the abbey of La Maisontaal. That was in 1513 (2491), and the Duke is now an old man, somewhat stooped and shrunken, but still showing his old vigour.

The Duke himself, however, now feels his mortality strongly and worries about the future of his dukedom. Duke Tancred had four sons. The eldest died defeating a Wight who had raised an army of Undead within Quenelles itself. The second died as a Knight Errant in the battle against Heinrich Kemmler. The third was a dissipated wastrel who drowned in a cask of wine three years ago. The Duke's fourth son, Einhard, left on his Grail Quest some ten years ago and has not been heard of since.

Ten years is a long Grail Quest, but far from the longest on record. Tancred fears all his sons are dead, but he hopes the fourth could be a worthy successor. Either way, he wants to know, as he feels he must make definite arrangements for the future of the dukedom.

The Duke of Quenelles is the only Duke to use a lesser title with any frequency. He is also Earl of Cuileux, and out of respect for the brave knights of that land, he issues charters and decisions affecting that region over that title.



The Duke of Quenelles is the avowed enemy of the Lichemaster Kemmler. This fiend lurks in the Grey Mountains and plagues the eastern frontier of Bretonnia, festering at his defeat by the Duke's army. The Duke has pledged to hunt down and slay the Lichemaster and wipe out his followers for good. To this end the king has presented him with relic weapons which are potent against the Undead.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tancred	4	6	3	4	4	3	6	4	10
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: *Blessing of the Lady, The Grail Vow, Lance Formation, Virtue of Purity.*

MAGIC ITEMS:

The Blade of Banishment (Magic Weapon)

When Tancred pledged himself to seek and slay Heinrich Kemmler the king gave him this enchanted blade. This ancient relic weapon was found in an old ruined shrine in Couronne uncovered during the rebuilding of the west tower of the king's castle. It was doubtless forged to be wielded against the Undead hordes of Settra who beset the land during the Dark Age of Bretonnia.

The sword wounds models with the Undead special rule automatically, with no armour saves allowed. In addition, the bearer and any unit he is leading have Immunity (Terror) caused by Undead.

The Grail Shield (Magic Armour)

The Grail Shield has been blessed by each of the Grail Companions. It is said that its bearer will not grow a day older whilst it is in his possession. This ancient heirloom was presented to the Duke of Quenelles because of its renowned powers against the Undead. This shield bears an image of the sacred Grail which shines with such a pure white light that no evil creature can bear to look upon it.

Shield. Models from the Forces of Destruction in base contact with Tancred suffers -1 To Hit in close combat.

Blessed Draught (Enchanted Item)

Tancred carries a flask of water drawn from the holy pool where the Lady of the Lake granted him a vision of the grail.

One use only. Tancred may drink the potion at the beginning of any player's turn. For the duration of that turn, the potion increases Tancred's Strength by D6.





REPANSE DE LYONESSE

Damsel of War

Repanse de Lyonesse won fame as the dreaded Damsel of War who rallied the battered armies of Bretonnia during the kingdom's darkest hour. This was when King Louis the Brave was slain in battle before Couronne fighting a vast Chaos horde invading Bretonnia from beyond the Sea of Claws. Louis' army was all but destroyed, Couronne was besieged and to make matters worse the king's heir was still a child unable to lead the nation.

Chaos raiders spread out across the land burning and destroying. Everywhere Knights were hacked down as they bravely defied impossible odds. At this dark moment, amid the smoking ruins of a small village in remote Lyonesse, Repanse saw the Lady of the Lake. The Lady appeared to speak saying "Repanse, Repanse, rid my land of these foul foes, for they do offend me with their presence!"

Repanse was no more than seventeen years of age, a humble shepherdess who was devoutly religious. Inspired by her vision she donned armour that she found on a slain Knight and grabbed the reins of a terrified warhorse which was running loose. She broke open the reliquary of the village grail chapel and took up the sword she found within it. Snatching a tapestry hung on the wall she fastened it to a lance and rode forth to rally the scattered and disheartened Knights of Lyonesse.



When the retreating Knights saw a mere damsel bravely setting off to do battle with the mighty warriors of Chaos, and one who was undoubtedly favoured by the Lady of the Lake, they were shamed and felt honour bound to follow her to death or glory! While the ramparts of Couronne were cracking under the impact of the battering rams of the Chaos Lord, word was brought of a new Bretonnian army approaching fast and trampling beneath their hooves any foe in their path.

As the great doors were about to give way, the banner of the dreaded Damsel appeared leading a great host of Knights arrayed in a single lance head formation. They cleaved their way through the Chaos ranks shattering the Chaos army until Repanse was face to face with the Chaos Lord himself. When he raised his great sword above his grimacing visage he was momentarily dazzled by Repanse's radiant aura, and she beheaded him with a single sword stroke!

Couronne was saved and the remnants of the enemy were pursued to the sea and justly put to death. In gratitude, Louis the Young bestowed upon Repanse not only all the honours of knighthood but also the Dukedom of Lyonesse.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Repanse	4	4	3	3	3	2	4	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Battle Standard Bearer, Blessing of the Lady, Lance Formation, The Knight's Vow.**

The Halo of Maidenly Wrath: *The power of the Lady of the Lakes shines from Repanse like a halo. Her sword and armour glow with the brilliant light of divine retribution. Her eyes shine with terrible judgement and her voice cries forth damnation upon her enemies.*

Repanse has the Terror and Magic Resistance (3) special rules.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Sword of Lyonesse (Magic Weapon)

The Lady of the lake led Repanse to a grail chapel where she took up this ancient warblade - the sword of a devout and honourable Knight of olden times. The Lady guided Repanse well, for the weapon has great power over enemy magic.

All magic items belonging to enemy models in base contact with Repanse lose their magical properties and will counts as mundane items of their type.

The Fleur de Lys Banner (Magic Standard)

This banner bears the fleur de lys of the Lady of the Lake and was taken from the walls of the same grail chapel where Repanse found the Sword of Lyonesse. The touch of the Lady has made the banner as bright and shining as the day it was stitched by the maidens of Lyonesse.

In the magic phase, the Bretonnian player may remove one Power Dice from the enemy and add it to their Dispel Pool.





ARMAND D'AQUITAINE

Duke of Aquitaine

Duke Armand was a younger brother of the last Duke of Aquitaine and never expected to inherit. As a Knight Errant, he was famed for both his recklessness and his luck, and he refused all offers of a fief until King Louen himself offered a place in the royal household. Again, Armand distinguished himself with feats of valour, most notably slaying the Bestigor Darmal the Crooked in single combat. Many expected him to be given a barony and probably appointed Marquis.

Instead, after only two years, he set off to seek the Grail. He quested in disguise and has not spoken of his activities since his return. A few minstrels are trying to piece his movements together, but he is not the only Questing Knight to hide his identity. Armand is one the youngest Knights ever to become a Grail Knight having gone on the Quest directly after his errand of Knighthood and relinquishing all claim to the dukedom of Aquitaine held by his elder brother. On his return as a Grail Knight, he was made the Standard Bearer of Bretonnia. The position suited him perfectly.

The Battle Standard Bearer of Bretonnia is always a Knight of exceptional valour because he has the honour of carrying the sacred Battle Standard of Bretonnia. The standard depicts the Lady of the Lake herself and it is claimed that this is the very same banner that was carried by Gilles le Breton over a thousand years ago. Armand d'Aquitaine won the honour of bearing this holy and venerable banner by beating all the other



contending Knights in the great Tournament of Couronne. Armand guards the banner night and day in the grail chapel of Couronne and sleeps upon the threshold with his shield as a pillow.

Three years ago, the Duke of Aquitaine died, and by royal command, Armand was declared heir to the position. He is still finding his feet as an administrator; he has a strong desire to solve problems personally and militarily.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Armand	4	6	3	4	4	2	6	3	9
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Battle Standard Bearer,** **Blessing of the Lady,** **The Grail Vow** (included in profile), **Lance Formation.**

Virtue of Knightly Ardour: *The Knight reacts to being charged by the enemy with indignation and rage! Hour dare the foe charge us first! He immediately levels his lance and spurs his Warhorse to meet the charge head on.*

Armand and unit he is with may respond to a charge to his unit's front by counter charging if he can pass a Leadership test and roll higher than the enemy for the charge distance. If he succeeds, count the enemy's charge as a failed one and move Armand's unit as per a normal charge.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Banner of the Lady (Magic Standard)

This banner was first carried by Gilles le Breton himself who rode to victory under the Lady's benevolent gaze, instilling fear of Her wrath into his enemies. It was blessed by the Lady of the Lake herself and bears her image.

All enemy units in base contact with the bearer of the Banner of the Lady get no combat bonus for ranks.

ROLAND THE MARSHAL

The Marshal of Bretonnia is responsible for defending the Marches of Couronne which mark the frontier with Marienburg and the Empire. This is disputed land and much of it is marshy or thickly wooded. It is the scene of many battles with Empire forces and other would-be invaders. The Marshal himself seizes every opportunity to push the frontier a bit further east. Roland leads a retinue of Knights and holds numerous castles, but the region is not yet large enough or stable enough to be made into a dukedom.





TRISTAN THE TROUBADOUR

And Jules the Jester

Sir Tristan of Bordeleaux was a famous name in the courts of Bretonnia long before he took up his Grail quest. All who heard his pure, almost magical, voice were in no doubt that he was possessed of the Lady's blessing. As a result, he was much in demand throughout the dukedoms, begged to sing the great epic ballads of Bretonnia in the highest halls of the land. When Tristan abandoned this life to quest for the Grail – his faithful jester Jules at his side – his fame, if anything, increased. Together Tristan and his companion roam Bretonnia, accepting hospitality in the castles of dukes and barons where they provide entertainment in return for lodgings and sustenance.

Over the years of Tristan's quest the mismatched duo have seen many strange things and battled countless terrible foes, ranging from the diminutive yet vicious Goblin warlord Gawbuj to the mighty Beastlord Brax the Horned.

From time to time, driven by dreams sent by the Lady of the Lake, Tristan will be drawn to a battlefield where his inimitable talents are most welcome, for his songs can raise the spirits of those with which he fights and so snatch victory from the brink of despair.

As they journey through Dragon-infested country, Tristan sings his songs of noble valour to give him courage. The quest has taken Tristan to many battlefields where his talents have been greatly welcomed by the embattled Knights. Their spirits are raised and their hearts made bold by Tristan's songs.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tristan	4	5	3	4	4	2	5	3	8
Jules	4	2	2	3	3	1	4	1	6
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry (Special Character).

Jules: Infantry (Special Character)

SPECIAL RULES (Tristan): Blessing of the Lady, Lance Formation, The Questing Vow, Virtue of Noble Disdain.

Valourous Ballads: *Tristan has a repertoire of heroic ballads and songs capable of emboldening the hearts of those about him and exhorting them to greater effort and valour.*

At the start of each of your turns, you may declare which song Tristan is singing. The effects of that song last until the start of your next turn – you may then have Tristan continue singing the same song, or choose another. Tristan can only sing one song at once, and will cease singing immediately if he flees or is slain.

- **The Battle-hymn of Quenelles:** *This song recounts the great victories of Bretonnia, a powerful and driving ballad that can inspire all who hear it to attempt to match the courage and steel of those who came before them.*

While singing this song, Tristan adds +D3 combat resolution to any fight he is in.

- **The Grail Chorale:** *This slow and measured melody speaks of the most holy Lady of the Lake and her sacred Grail – all who hear this song are filled with faith in the protection of the Lady.*

While he sings this song, the Ward save from the Blessing of the Lady is increased by +1 for the unit accompanying Tristan.

- **The Anthem of the Uniter:** *A rousing chorus of this song, written in celebration of the kingdom's founder, can steady quavering hearts and put fire into eyes.*

Tristan and any unit he has joined are Stubborn while he sings this ballad.

SPECIAL RULES (Jules): The Peasant's Duty.

Once Trampled, Twice Shy: *Jules used to march alongside Tristan wherever he went. However, an unfortunate incident at the Battle of Castle Reunart that left Jules bruised and sore (and, more importantly, found Sir Iaudyricus of Couronne forcefully unhorsed and nearly impaled by a hobby horse) has brought this to an end.*

Jules must deploy within 6" of Tristan at the start of the game but may move freely after this. He may join units with the Peasant's Duty, but may not join any unit with a Knightly Vow of any kind.

Acrobatic: *Seemingly incapable of abandoning his capering, even for a moment, Jules is incredibly difficult to hit.*

Jules has a Ward Save (2+) against all non-magical attacks.

I Will Taunt You Viciously a Second Time: *When in battle, Jules hurls a constant stream of abuse, taunts and (for a peasant) witty comments at the enemy. When all else fails, he even throws small stones and other, unmentionable things. This constant bombardment can distract even the most determined (or undead) of foes.*

All enemy models unfortunate enough to be within 6" of Jules suffer a -1 penalty to Hit rolls in close combat.



In the Pursuit of a Traitor

The presence of Tristan the Troubadour at the battle of Montfort was due solely to a vision he received from the Lady of the Lake. She came to him and told him of Sir Artrenic of Fandramanc, a treacherous knight who had sold his loyalty to the spymasters of the neighbouring Sigmarite Empire. In his possession Artrenic had certain documents that could be used to sow great division amongst the noble houses of Bretonnia and weaken the realm for years to come. The blessed lady directed the knight to find Artrenic near to the town of Montfort, where the Duke of Montfort would soon be forced to muster his men to repel an attack by the Imperial general Magnus Von Abresicht.

So it was that Tristan and his ever-present shadow, Jules the Jester arrived at the height of the battle, an epic struggle still in the balance where either side could claim victory, halfway between dawn and noon. Atop a shallow hill Empire cannon pounded at the knights and peasants of the Bretonnian lines, carving great furrows through horse, man and soil with every shot. In the centre of the field knightly warriors of both realms clashed, whilst yeomen and peasants vied with the huntsmen and free companies about their flanks.

A thousand men or more had already been lost to death's icy embrace, Von Abresicht amongst them, and yet the fire of battle still burnt strongly, seeking to consume all.

Joining with a dozen of his fellow Questing Knights, the Troubadour fought like a man possessed that day, for Sir Artrenic could clearly be seen fighting in the ranks of the foe, and Tristan was determined to reach him. No enemy – whether militiaman, engineer, or knight – could prevail against the burning, righteous fury that consumed Tristan. By noon he could sing no more, for his voice was made weary by his efforts. His lance and sword were slicked in blood, whilst his horse's caparison was heavy with it. He himself was wounded in a dozen places, yet still he rode on to fresh opponents. Alas, each time he came close to Artrenic, the tide of battle conspired to carry Tristan away from his quarry once again, for Artrenic fought like a mad man, and perhaps he was.

So the battle continued for many long hours, both sides drawing upon reserves of energy and courage whose existence few men would credit. By the time dusk fell, the ground about Montfort was choked with blood and the screams of the wounded threatened to eclipse the last sounds of the dying battle. Only when reinforcements from Parravon arrived, the Duke himself riding at the head of his household knights, did the conflict finally find resolution. The remaining Imperial forces, hard-pressed by the foes they had fought all day, could not contain these new arrivals and began a weary retreat into Axe Bite Pass.

As the Empire lines crumbled, Sir Artrenic left with the retreating army. Tristan was furious, for not only had his foe escaped, but he had lost his own steed and knew that he would lose further precious hours trying to replace it. Knowing he would need help to avoid falling prey to the rearguard of the Imperial army, Tristan sought to petition the Duke of Montfort, but the nobleman had been wounded early in the battle and was hovering between life and death. The Duke of Parravon was nowhere to be found and his retainers would not act without word from him. Fortunately, as Tristan recounted his tale, several of the knights who had fought at his side volunteered to accompany his pursuit. Forcefully dragging a disappointed Jules away from the corpses he was busy looting, Tristan set off once more in search of the traitorous knight.

For two days Tristan and his fellows rode deep into Axe Bite Pass. Despite their exhaustion, they halted only when their steeds could travel no further, for they could little afford for their quarry to increase his lead. All about them as they rode were the discarded weapons of the army that had passed that way, halberds, arquebuses and even cannons abandoned as the shattered Empire army wound its way back across the pass. At the foot of Mount Bestanroc the route was choked with corpses and awash with the blood of Bretonnian and Reiklander alike, evidence of a vicious battle between Von Abresicht's

rearguard and the pursuing Yeomen and Knights Errant. In all this time no sign was to be seen of Artrenic, and even Tristan's high spirits began to fail.

At noon on the third day, just as Tristan and his fellows were on the brink of abandoning their pursuit, Jules, perched behind Tristan, caught sight of the renegade knight they pursued. Moments later he vanished out of sight once more, concealed by a rise in the terrain.

Their hope renewed, the Questing Knights spurred forward with fresh vigour, for Artrenic was no more than two or three miles ahead, and his steed could have been no less tired than those of his pursuers. As they crested the rise, their hope was quashed once more. In front of them, between the shoulders of the mountains that bracketed the path, nestled the rearguard of Von Abresicht's army, formed for battle with the traitor knight secure within their ranks. It seemed that Tristan's quest was over, for against the scores of handgunners and halberdiers that awaited them a dozen of Bretonnia's finest warriors could not hope to emerge victorious.

It was in that moment that fate capriciously changed direction once more – or possibly the Lady of the Lake, taking pity on Tristan's plight, intervened – for coming back down the pass, from the direction of the Reiklands, rode a troop of Knights Errant who had somehow found themselves between the rearguard and their destination. Curious though this occurrence was, it did nothing to assuage Tristan's sense of failure. Even with these new arrivals to aid them, Tristan's knights could not hope to defeat the Reiklanders and cut their way to Artrenic. No sooner had these thoughts touched his mind when a great cry went up from the Knights Errant. Without apparent regard for the odds against them, the unblooded knights spurred forwards toward their foe. Possibly they knew not the futility of their cause, though it was equally possible that they did not care, so frustrated were they by the long days of pursuit. Whatever the cause, honour dictated that Tristan and his companions could not stand idly by, even though the charge of the foolhardy Knights Errant was almost certainly a doomed one. Without a single word spoken, the Questing Knights lowered their helms and headed towards the foe.

What followed next is now celebrated in song and tale across the length and breadth of Bretonnia. Scarce two-score knights, riding against four times their number, Tristan and his companions should have been slaughtered to a man. It is true that many did fall, plucked from their saddles by lead shot from pistols and arquebuses as they charged home, and others were trampled in the death throes of their own steeds. Yet as the blades and lances of the knights bit into the enemy line, the bristling tips of halberds and spears were cast to the ground and the enemy began to run, fearful of the howling madmen who seemingly cared not for rashness of their attack. In an eye-blink, Tristan's charge was transformed from an act of desperate hope to a shattering victory; a fact not lost on his quarry, Artrenic, who now turned to flee.

Seeing Tristan fighting his way towards him, Artrenic abandoned his efforts to force his way through the press of fleeing men. Whether he did so because some last vestigial stirrings of honour in his heart convinced him to meet Tristan in fair contest, or simply because he thought he would be free of pursuit with Tristan's death, will never be known. In truth Artrenic never had much hope against Tristan, for the blessing of the Lady was on the troubadour and, despite the long and tiring ride, he wielded his sword with the inevitability of justice whose time had at last come. With Tristan's fourth blow, Artrenic's helm and skull were split in twain.

As the other knights harried and pursued the fleeing foemen, Tristan retrieved the documents he had travelled so far to find from Artrenic's corpse and burnt them to ashes without ever glancing at their contents. Artrenic himself he then cut into a dozen pieces that he cast to the carrion birds who were already feasting well upon the day's carnage. Tristan's duty was done, and his quest could now continue.



ODO D'OUTREMER

And Suliman the Saracen

Odo was one of the many Bretonnian Knights who set out for the wars in Araby against the evil Sultan Jaffar. Odo took part in the routing of Jaffar's army in Estalia and joined in the great pursuit to the sea. When the Bretonnian Knights ultimately followed Jaffar into his own parched desert lands, Odo was there. No matter how hot the sun, and despising both thirst and flies, Odo relentlessly sought out champions of Araby to challenge and slay. Though they hid in their isolated oases, Odo tracked them down and forced them to do battle under the merciless sun.

Odo was as chivalrous as he was determined, and he honoured bravery and courage in a foe. When he met and defeated Suliman, he was so impressed by the Saracen's courage that he spared his life. The two warriors became firm friends, especially since Suliman, a man of honour, had no love or respect for the despot Jaffar. When Odo returned from Araby he brought Suliman with him as his faithful brother in arms.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Odo	4	6	3	4	4	2	5	3	8
Suliman	5	5	3	4	4	2	6	3	8
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry (Special Character).



SPECIAL RULES (Odo): **Blessing of the Lady**, **Lance Formation**, **The Knight's Vow**, **Virtue of Confidence**.

SPECIAL RULES (Suliman):

Warrior of the Sands: If you choose to include Odo d'Outremer in your army then Suliman will also come to the battle as Odo's retainer. Odo and Suliman always move and fight together as a team and may join a unit if you wish.

Suliman has a blood-curdling war cry, unique to the tribe of Araby from which he comes. Suliman causes Fear in any turn in which he charges.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Morning Star of Fracasse (Magic Weapon)

This mighty morning star consists of a spiked orb on a chain which is swung with one hand. It has a hatred of magical trickery and unholy artefacts inherited from its first owner Fracasse Langoustine, the Scourge of Araby. It will entangle and rip a magic weapon from the hands of any foe, unless a spiked orb to the head settles the matter first.

This morning star gives the bearer the Strength Bonus (2) special rule. For each hit on a close combat opponent, roll a D6. On a 4+, if the opponent has a magic weapon, it is destroyed.

Gauntlet of the Duel (Enchanted Item)

When cast down, this enchanted gauntlet can magnify even the tiniest scrap of pride or conceit into a surge of righteous self-belief. Even Skaven have been known to join the bearer in honourable combat (with predictable results).

Any challenge issued by the bearer of the Gauntlet of the Duel cannot be refused.

REYNARD THE HUNTER

Reynard is known far and wide throughout Bretonnia for his passion for hunting. Reynard has become so expert with his great boar spear that he prefers to use this in battle rather than the traditional Knightly lance. He rides with a hawk perched on his wrist and he is always accompanied by his faithful wolf-hounds Groffe and Griffie, whose savagery and loyalty is unmatched by any hunting hounds in Bretonnia. Reynard likes nothing better than to track down a warband or Orc raiders and set the dogs on them!





SIR AMALRIC OF GAUDARON

Bane of the Undead

Of all the Grail Knights in the service of Bretonnia, few are so famed as Sir Amalric of Gaudaron Keep, scourge of the undying and blessed champion of the Lady of the Lake. As a young knight, Amalric passed his early years in the service of Baron Prithard of Carcassonne, one warrior amongst many in the Baron's service. Prithard, whilst a noble and just lord, needed the support of worthy knights if he were to defend his domains, for though well-schooled in the courtly arts, the skills of diplomacy forever eluded him. As such, he often found himself at odds with his peers and could rely on little support from them. Though young, Amalric swiftly proved to be great skill at arms, and he was soon confirmed as a full Knight of the Realm and appointed master of Gaudaron Keep, an old but serviceable castle on the foothills of the Vaults.

It was shortly after the young knight was installed in his domains, that the accursed Liche, Hardakh, rose from his crypt deep within the Vaults, and led an army of mouldering corpses into the southern Carcassonne territories. Amalric was one of many bold knits who met with Hardakh upon the field of battle. It seemed that the blessing of the Lady flowed through Amalric with unprecedented vigour for the Undead warriors could not stand before him. Wherever Amalric rode, the Necromancer's evil magics seemed to ebb and fade. Skeletal warriors collapsed into dust and spectral hosts dispersed in the wind at his coming. Even the vampiric echo of Sir Morten the Black, scourge upon the lands about

Gaudaron for some two hundred years, aged and died even as he offered challenge to Amalric. With his army crumbling about him and the men of Bretonnia emboldened, Hardakh had no choice but to retreat from battle (though within a league, his unclad form suffered a short but pointed encounter with Baron Prithard's favourite Hippogryph, Dagonet). Recognising the instrumental role that Amalric had played in the victory, the Baron offered him rank and great wealth. Such a reward would have brought a new age of comfort on Amalric's impoverished family yet, spurred on by visions and faith, the young knight chose instead to commit himself to the path of the Lady.

To this day, ballads are still sung of the Quest of Sir Amalric – largely on the insistence of his family who benefited greatly from his fame. Though some of the claims made of Amalric's travails are mythical – he did not engage in a game of riddles with one of the fey folk – or embellished – the Chaos Champion Karnak had merely three heads, not five – he performed many great deeds. On the slopes of the Grey Mountains, Amalric beheaded the ferocious Beastlord Shadeflunch and scattered his followers. It was Amalric who single-handedly defended the Tower Perilous from Goblin raiders, and he who twice defeated and slew the Barrow King, Bracht the Eternal. Ultimately, with the blessing, of the Lady as his guide and companion. Amalric's quest was a successful one. On the banks of the Brienne, Amalric supped from the Grail and truly became the chosen of the Lady of the Lake. Little was he to know that the greatest trial of his life was yet to await him for, shortly after, the Lady bade him ride deep into the fey and dangerous forest of Athel Loren where he would confront one of the most powerful Necromancers to ever walk the Old World.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Amalric	4	6	3	4	4	2	5	3	9
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Blessing of the Lady**, **The Grail Vow** (included in profile), **Lance Formation**, **Virtue of Stoicism**.

Bane of the Undead: *Amalric's presence is deadly to all manner of unliving creatures, dispelling the unholy magics that bind them together.*

Any units with the Undead special rule in base contact with Amalric at the start of the Combat phase automatically suffer D6 wounds which Ignores Armour Saves. These wounds count towards combat resolution.

MAGIC ITEMS:

The Icon of the Lady (Talisman)

This holy relic protects Amalric from the gravest of harm, shielding him from the blows of his enemies.

The Icon bestows the Magic Resistance (1) and Ward Save (4+) special rules.





THE HERMIT KNIGHT OF MALMONT

No one knows the true name of the Hermit of Malmont, nor the reasons that drove him to live as a recluse. He guards an isolated Grail Chapel, on the slopes of Malmont, the great peak that overlooks the entire Massif d'Orquemont. These mountains were formerly infested with Orcs and Goblins, and some maintain that they are there still, although numerous Holy Wars, intended to chase out the Orcs and their secret lairs, have been waged there. In any case, the inhospitable passage today shelters Dragons and other formidable dangers.

"Do not be contemptuous of the man who does not possess a steed. Do not put his honour in doubt, says the same wisdom. For he is just as quick to cut in two those who mock him as Dragons!"

- The Hermit Knight of Malmont

The Hermit does not die from hunger, for every day, Peasants and Shepherds travel a long way to give him wine, fresh bread, excellent local cheeses, and quarters of venison. In this way they thank the Hermit for the protection that he gives their villages by preventing hostile creatures from descending the mountain.



Despite his advanced age, he is still a Grail Knight, and thus a ferocious warrior. The skulls of many Dragons lining the mountain path is eloquent testimony to his martial valour.

The Hermit does not possess a mount: he has no need, since among the slopes and masses of fallen rocks, only a man on foot could fight. As soon as a Dragon captures a maiden, the Hermit comes to challenge him in his lair without any fear, and no damsels shall be abandoned as a meal to dragonlings so long as he and his powerful sword are in the area.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hermit Knight	4	6	3	4	4	2	6	3	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Blessing of the Lady, The Grail Vow** (included in profile), **Virtue of the Penitent.**

MAGIC ITEMS:

The Sword of Virtue (Magic Weapon)

This enormous long sword, property of the Grail chapel of Malmont, seems to have been crafted to fight dragons and other large monsters.

Great weapon. The Sword of Virtue allows the Hermit Knight to re-roll failed rolls of 1 To Hit and to Wound. In addition, it has the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule.

The Flask of Sangdragon (Enchanted Item)

The Sangdragon is an extremely invigorating wine produced by the peasants of the Massif Orcal. The Hermit Knight always brings a flask of it with him when going on adventures.

The Hermit Knight can drink his wine at the beginning of any combat phase. His Strength is then increased by D3 for the duration of this phase. As the knight always tends to gulp it down, he can only use the flask three times per game.

HERMIT KNIGHTS	
<i>Grail Knights can seem almost immortal, but they will eventually start to age and die. Those who are near the end of their extended lifespans often live as "Hermit Knights," guarding Grail Chapels with their very lives.</i>	
<i>It is the Hermit Knights who allow the ancient weapons of their Chapels to be taken up in times of need, and they who offer advice and wisdom to those knights who still seek the Grail. Some Hermit Knights are served by a retinue of lesser knights and Paladins, who assist them in defending their sacred charge.</i>	





BERTRAND THE BRIGAND

They seek him here, they seek him there, the Bretonnians seek him everywhere! So it is said of Bertrand le Brigand. There on so many different rumours concerning the identity and origins of this renowned rascal that it is difficult to disentangle fact from fantasy. The version recounted here is that told by the peasants of Bergerac themselves, because they ought to know better than anyone.

It is said that Bertrand, now known as "the Brigand", was originally a poor peasant in the feudal domain of Bergerac, in the deeply forested heartland of Bretonnia. All was well until the old Baron de Bergerac went off on the Grail Quest and never returned. That was a long time ago. While the old baron was away, Orcs came out of the forest and ravaged the entire domain. The situation for the peasants grew increasingly desperate.

By all the traditions of Bretonnian chivalry, a Knight Errant should have been called for, to rid the domain of the Orcs and thereby prove himself worthy to succeed the old baron. It was the duty of the baroness to send out her son to win his spurs or failing that, offer the hand of her daughter to whosoever proved himself worthy of the domain by feat of arras. The Baron's son was generally feared and disliked for his cruelty and disdain of the peasants. As well as this he showed nothing but cowardice in the face of the Orcs and showed an inclination to go forth as a Knight Errant to secure his father's lands. Everyone in the village thought that the brave and handsome ploughman, Bertrand, should be given the chance to prove himself as a Knight Errant. It was rumoured that even the baron's daughter favoured Bertrand, but her wicked brother had imprisoned her in a tower. Every day her face could be seen gazing down from the arrow slit towards the muddy field where Bertrand ploughed with his ox team. Meanwhile the Orcs pillaged the land.

Bertrand soon assumed the leadership of the peasants. While the nobles shut themselves up in the castle, he organised the villagers. They practised archery every day until they were all marksmen. Bertrand made sure that every approach to the village was watched, and soon the Orc raiders were being driven off empty handed. Sometimes they went even pursued into the forest, the villagers felling Orcs as they fled.

However, instead of recognising Bertrand's courage, the baron's son, encouraged by the baroness, demanded higher tithes and feudal dues from the peasants. Soon the Orcs had been frittered away by the extravagance of the old baron's unworthy heirs. Rumour began to spread among the villagers that the old baron had not really disappeared on the quest, but had returned, only to be poisoned by the baroness who was thought to be a sorceress. Was she not a descendant of the cursed lords of Mousillon? Did she not follow some strange outlandish cult? Indeed, she was never to be seen at the

Grail chapel, which she had allowed to fall into decay. The son took after his mother, totally subject to her influence and the tool of her ambition, whatever that was, whereas the daughter took after the old Baron and still retained her dignity and honour.

Whatever evil was lurking in the castle of Bergerac, now known far and wide as "Chateau Mal", it soon brought about the doom of those who had invoked it. One day the villagers awoke to hear plaintive cries for help coming from the tower in which the baron's daughter was imprisoned. The masonry of the castle could be seen orienting and crumbling around her. Then suddenly, against the dark sky, a huge and evil creature burst its way out of the shattered keep, like a monster hatching from an egg. In its mouth were the blood-drenched corpses of the baroness and her son. Who knows what strange ritual they had been performing, but it had brought about their own doom. Hearing the cries of the baron's daughter, the Creature which was over 100 feet tall with a single red glowing eye and huge flapping wings, smelt more food! It clawed open the tiled roof near of the tower and plucked out the terrified damsels!





Just as the vile beast was about to swallow this delicious morsel, an arrow dispatched from Bertrand's bow struck the monster in its eye. The monster reeled and dropped the damsels, who was caught in the arms of Bertrand's companion, Hugo le Petit. While the monster thrashed about, knocking blocks from the battlements but unable to struggle out of the shell of the keep, Bertrand shot burning arrows into the castle. Soon the ruin was ablaze and the dreadful creature was consumed in the flames. Later the peasants heaped up rubble over its bones and made a mound where the castle had once been.

There was now no castle in Bergerac, and no baron. The baron's daughter declared that Bertrand's feat of arms was a worthy errand, as was her right, and they were wed. However there was no castle for Bertrand to hold, and the entire domain was surrounded by Orcs. There was no way that Bertrand could be properly invested as a Knight of the Realm. Instead, Bertrand led the peasants away from the cursed village, taking a few relics from the Grail chapel with them.

Bertrand had no desire to become a knight and join the ranks of the nobility and his followers were thoroughly fed up with paying feudal dues. They liked the idea of keeping everything they grew for themselves. If Bertrand took the vows of chivalry he would also have to forsake his beloved longbow as a dishonourable weapon and that was something he would never do. Instead, Bertrand and his folk took to wandering through the wilderness regions of Bretonnia, righting wrongs and sticking up for the peasants, wherever the need may be. Most often this meant fighting against raiders and Orcs, but sometime there is a bad baron or knight, lacking in honour, who needs to be chastised!

As for the nobility of Bretonnia, roughly half of them think that Bertrand is a hero, the rest think that he is a scoundrel. It is known that the king desires to meet him, but he has not divulged whether he intends to reward or punish him! Knights Errant are sometimes sent out to find Bertrand, but the wily Bertrand keeps well out of their way. Those barons and dukes who favour Bertrand can always count on his support to

time of need. Suddenly, not of the forest comes Bertrand and the Bowmen of Bergerac. He never asks for much reward, except for some barrels of the lord's best vintage wine for Gui le Gros, and requires that whatever lord he fights for lets his peasants off any feudal dues for a year! Bertrand is very popular man among the common folk of Bretonnia!

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bertrand	4	5	6	4	4	2	6	3	8
Hugo le Petit	4	4	4	5	4	1	4	2	7
Gui le Gros	4	2	2	3	3	1	4	1	6

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Scouts, Skirmishers.

Marksman: *Bertrand is an expert archer who won fame when he slew the 'Great Flapping Monster of Chateau Mal' with his longbow.*

Bertrand has the Sniper special rule, and may re-roll to Hit with missile weapons.

Hugo le Petit: *Hugo le Petit it is known for his immense size and great strength. He is Bertrand's right hand man and always fights with a huge staff and shoots with an enormous longbow.*

All bow shots made by Hugo are resolved at Strength 5 rather than 3.

Gui le Gros: *Gui le Gros is noted for his enormous girth which is not unconnected to his considerable appetite for venison, meat pies, capons and beer, among other things. Gui carries a huge wine flagon slung over his back to refresh the Bowmen in the midst of battle.*

As long as Gui le Gros is alive, the unit he is with may re-roll failed Leadership tests.

Bowmen of Bergerac: *Bertrand's bowmen are among the best archers in all of Bretonnia.*

The Bowmen of Bergerac are a unit of Herrimauls with +1 Ballistics Skills. Bertrand, Hugo and Gui must set up with this unit and may not leave it. No other character may join the unit.

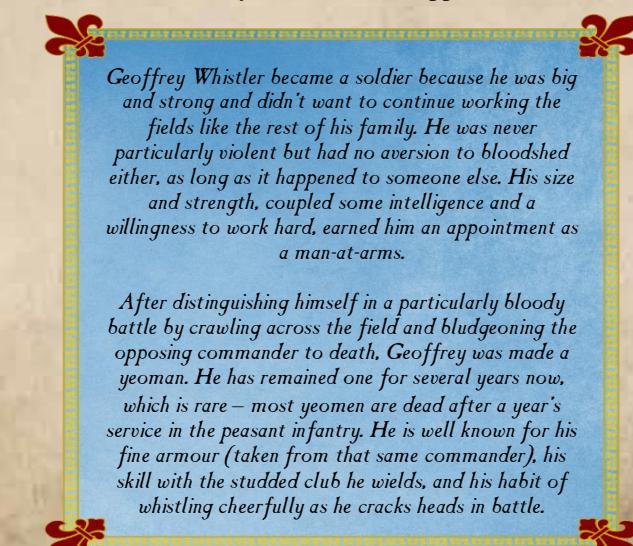
MAGIC ITEMS:

The Black Arrow (Enchanted Item)

The Black Arrow is tipped with a dragon's tooth and has black feather flights from a Carrion Crow. Bertrand only ever uses one Black Arrow in a battle which he reserves for a fitting target.

One use only. The Black Arrow Wounds automatically if it hits and has the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
36"	3	Ignores Armour Saves





THE LORE OF THE LADY

Favour of the Lady (Lore Attribute)

The Lore of the Lady draws upon the power of Bretonnia itself, granting courage and protection to those faithful to her, and smites those who would seek to defile her blessed realm.

If a spell from the Lore of the Lady is successfully cast on a friendly unit, it may re-roll 1's for Ward saves from the Blessing of the Lady until the start of the next Bretonnian Magic phase.

Steed of the Lady (Signature Spell)

Cast on 5+

The Damsel calls forth translucent white horses that will bear her Knights noiselessly and with speed so swift it seems unnatural.

Steed of the Lady is an **augment** spell with a range of 18". The target unit will have Movement 10 and counts as Ethereal for the purposes of movement until the start of the next Bretonnian Magic phase. This spell only has an effect on mounted Knights. The caster can choose to increase the range of this spell to 36". If she does so, the casting value is increased to 8+.

1. Mist of Chalons

Cast on 6+

White mist, like that which rises from the places sacred to the Lady of the Lake, gathers around the Damsel. This thick mist is summoned from the mysterious Otherworld and enshrouds anyone close to that they can barely be seen.

Mist of Châlons is an **augment** spell that affects all friendly units within 8" of the caster. Enemy units targeting any units within the mist suffer -1 to Hit with missile weapons. The caster can choose to target all friendly units within 12". If she does so, the casting value is increased to 9+. Remains in Play.

2. Doom of Dol

Cast on 7+

The Damsel pronounces the doom of an enemy or monster on the opposing side by naming a Bretonnian champion on her own side who will slay the 'doomed' enemy. In the midst of battle the Damsel may suddenly declare something like "Sir Jehan Maledmer! The Dwarf king is doomed to perish by your sword!" Naturally this inspires the named Knight to go all out to accomplish that very deed of valour and fulfil the prophecy.

Doom of Dol is a **hex** spell with a range of 18". Name one enemy model to be "doomed" and one friendly character or champion within that range to slay him. While the spell is active, the chosen Knight will wound that model on a 2+ with no armour saves allowed. The caster can choose to increase the range of this spell to 36". If she does so, the casting value is increased to 10+. Remains in Play.

3. Beguilement of Blondel

Cast on 9+

The Damsel entrances the enemies around her with visions of verdant meadows full of wild flower and beautiful maidens, or whatever alternative paradise exists in their imagination. They may even believe they have already been slain in battle and gone to heaven.

Beguilement of Blondel is a **hex** spell that affects all enemy units within 12" of the caster. All enemy units affected must take a Leadership test. If this is failed, the unit counts as having failed a Stupidity test. If they are in close combat, they will have their Weapon Skill lowered to 1 instead. For as long as this spell is active, all enemy units must keep taking this Leadership at the start of each turn. The caster can choose to target all enemy units within 18". If she does so, the casting value is increased to 14+. Remains in Play.

4. Wrath of Righteousness

Cast on 10+

The Damsel prays to the Lady and arcing bolts of lightning leap from her hand, surging around her to strike all unfaithful in her name.

Wrath of Righteousness is a **direct damage** spell that affects all enemy units within 12" of the caster. All enemy units within range take D6 Strength 4 hits with the Lightning Attacks special rule. The caster can choose to increase the number of hits caused to 2D6. If she does so, the casting value is increased to 20+.

5. Spiteful Glance

Cast on 11+

It is unwise to annoy the Damsels of Bretonnia, for they may turn you into a frog! It is a widely held belief among Bretonnian peasants that many of the frogs lurking in the lakes and ponds around her abode are Knights who failed to perform a task for her. The only way to save these unfortunates from languishing as frogs until eaten by a fish or a heron is for the fairest damsel in the village to kiss them. Needless to say few if any Knights have been saved in this way!

Spiteful Glance is a **hex** spell with a range of 12". The Wizard can attempt to turn an enemy character within line of sight into a frog. If the spell is successfully cast, the enemy must take an Initiative test in order to avoid being turned into a frog. If he fails, he is transformed and cannot do anything except croak and hop around for the rest of the game. Remove the model as casualty. The caster can choose to increase the range of this spell to 18". If she does so, the casting value is increased to 16+.

6. The Lady's Virtue of Valour

Cast on 12+

The Damsel call upon the full might of the Lady's magic, empowering all Knights around her to become an unstoppable tidal wave of iron-shod horses and sharp steel.

The Lady's Virtue of Valour is an **augment** spell with a range of 12". Roll a D6; the result rolled is the number of characteristics that may be increased by 1, with the following order; WS, I, S, T, A, Ld. The effects lasts until the start of the next Bretonnian Magic phase. The caster can choose to target all friendly units within 12". If she does so, the casting value is increased to 24+.





VIRTUES OF THE CHIVALRIC KNIGHT

The history of Bretonnia is replete with tales of honour and glory, and none are more glorious than those of Gilles and his knightly Companions. Together, they freed their land from the depredations of Orcs, Chaos and the Undead before founding the kingdom of Bretonnia. Each of these knights represented the pinnacle of martial achievement and nobility; and throughout Bretonnian history every knight since then has held them up as virtuous examples of all that is best about their code of honour. Each of the Companions of Gilles exemplified a particular virtue of battle and later knights would seek to emulate the virtue of one of these knights in battle.

As a Knight undertakes his vows he takes the first step upon a path of martial and spiritual accomplishment which will lead him into many adventures, and bring him to the threshold of countless perils. As he confronts and overcomes the enemies of chivalry he becomes a more confident and better warrior, he learns skills which enable him to excel in combat, and, even more importantly, he rises ever higher in the ranks of chivalry.

Choosing a Virtue

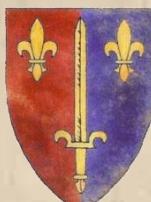
More than one character can have the same Virtue, but to represent the rarity of this, any character that takes a Virtue another character already has must pay double the points listed below. If a third character takes the same Virtue they must pay triple, and so on.



Virtue of Heroism 35 points

'Known as the Slayer of Monsters, Gilles fought and killed many of the great beasts that stalked the Massif Orcal, mounting their heads on the walls of his fastness.'

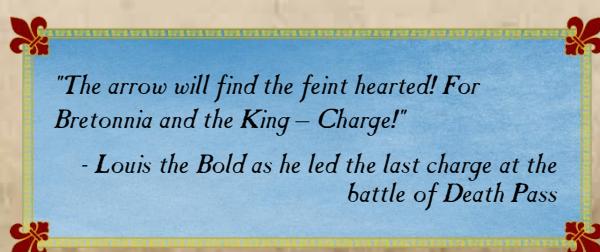
The Knight has the Heroic Killing Blow special rule.



Virtue of Stoicism 35 points

'Tales are still told of how Lambard stood alone against hordes of Orcs and saved his dukedom of Carcassonne. Steeled by his bravery, those around him fought with the courage of the Breton himself.'

The Knight (and any unit he has joined) rolls 3D6 for all Leadership tests and discards the highest.



Virtue of the Impetuous Knight 30 points

'In the glory of the charge was Balduin most alive, and though others more tempered by the fires of war better controlled their ardour, he was ever in the forefront of battle.'

The Knight, and any mounted unit he is with, adds +D3" to their charge distance.



Virtue of the Ideal 30 points

'Unmatched was Landuin of Mousillon's skill and prowess. His finesse with blade and lance were beyond compare and his bravery, horsemanship and chivalry above all others. Alas, Mousillon hath faded... '

The Knight gains the following bonuses to his profile: +2 Weapon Skill, +1 Initiative, +1 Attack. He may not be the army's General and any friendly unit (including other Knightly characters, or units using a Knight's Leadership) taking any form of Leadership test within 6" of this model suffers a -1 penalty to their Leadership.



Virtue of Audacity 30 points

'A master of the feint and riposte, Agilgar's skill at turning an enemy's strength against him is legendary. Many a powerful foe met his demise on the end of Agilgar's lance.'

Against enemies with a higher Strength than himself (before modifications from weapons etc), the Knight may re-roll any failed rolls to hit and to wound.



Virtue of Knightly Temper 25 points

'With a heart of stone and resolute temper Beren stood unbowed, and with each sweep of blade and thrust of lance, foeman's blood would spill.'

For each attack that the Knight hits and wounds with on the charge (after Saves), he may make an additional attack. Extra attacks are not generated if these additional attacks also hit and wound.





Virtue of Duty 25 points

'Most loyal of Companions, brave Duke Thierulf of Lyonesse fought at his liege's side always, and did lament most painfully when the Breton did fall... '

For as long as the General is alive, the model with this Virtue adds +1 to the combat resolution of any fight of which he is a part. May not be taken by the General.



Virtue of Confidence 25 points

'Haughty, proud and skilful, Carleond of Couronne took never a backward step in the face of adversity.'

The Knight must always issue challenges, and will always accept them if possible. In challenges, the Knight may re-roll all failed rolls to hit and to wound.



Virtue of the Penitent 20 points

'Following the loss of his beloved to the curse of a hag, Duke Corduin of L'Anguille became known as the Hermit-knight. Though when called to arms, he would always return to fight for his beloved king.'

The Knight is Stubborn, though he may never join any friendly units.



Virtue of the Joust 20 points

'Great was Duke Folgar of Artois' skill with a lance - none could unhorse him, save perhaps Landuin himself.'

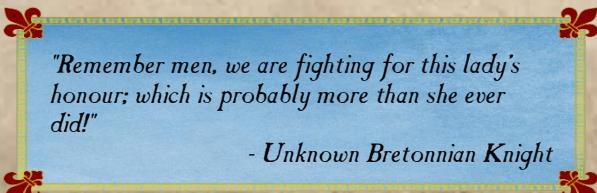
The Knight may re-roll failed rolls to hit when charging and/or using a lance (including magical lances).



Virtue of Purity 15 points

'Chaste, honourable and untainted by notions of self-aggrandisement, Duke Rademund was one of the Lady's most virtuous champions, upholding her honour throughout the land.'

Models with the Knight's Vow or the Questing Vow always have a 5+ Ward save from the Blessing. For models with the Grail Vow, this is increased to a 4+.



Virtue of Noble Disdain 15 points

'Though a dozen or more steeds were shot from under him on the battlefield of Aquitaine, Fredemund never lost his contempt for those that eschewed the martial values of meeting one's foe face-to-face.'

The Knight Hates all enemies using missile weapons including war machine crews. In addition, any unit the Knight has joined never takes Panic tests caused by suffering 25% casualties from Shooting or Magic.



Virtue of Discipline 15 points

'No matter the odds, Marcus took to the field of battle undaunted by the numberless hordes of his enemies.'

Enemies can never claim the Outnumber bonus against the Knight and any unit he is with.



Virtue of Empathy 10 points

'A champion of the common man, Martrud was beloved by those he protected. Wherever he fought, the peasants doubled their efforts and would fight to the death rather than dishonour their lord.'

If the Knight is not the army's General, models with the Peasant's Duty within 12" of him treat him as having the Inspiring Presence rule. If he is the army's General, his Inspiring Presence rule is instead increased to 18" for models with the Peasant's Duty. In addition, he may join units with the Peasant's Duty.





BLESSED HEIRLOOMS OF BRETONNIA

This section contains the rules and background for some of the most iconic and powerful magical artefacts used by the Bretonnians. These may be used in addition to the magic items found in the Warhammer rulebook. Bretonnian characters equipped with a normal lance and a magic weapon will always use their lance when charging and then use the magic weapon in the second and subsequent turns of a close combat.

THE SILVER LANCE OF THE BLESSED Magic Weapon

70 points

Forged by Gilles himself the Silver Lance of the Blessed can only be carried by one who is completely pure of heart. To grasp the lance is said to be the true test of courage and spiritual strength, for an aspirant who is found wanting will be consumed by searing white flame.

Lance. If the model has the Blessing of the Lady, then all attacks with the Silver Lance of the Blessed automatically hit. In addition, all successful enemy armour saves and Ward saves must be re-rolled. However, if the model wielding the lance flees for any reason, he suffers D6 Flaming Strength 4 hits with the Ignores Armour Saves special rule.

SWORD OF HEROES Magic Weapon

40 points

This mighty blade has powerful enchantments against evil bound into it, designed to be the bane of large monsters and other tough opponents. Forged under the midsummer sun and quenched in manitcore's blood, its long and bloody history has seen its wielders kill enough fantastical creatures to fill Leoncoeur's menagerie many times over.

Against enemies that have Toughness 5 or greater, the bearer gets +2 Strength and the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule.



SWORD OF THE LADY'S CHAMPION Magic Weapon

30 points

On the eve of battle, a knight that kneels to pray beside a body of still water may be rewarded with the vision of a pale, slender hand emerging from the water, with a beautiful blade grasped within its delicate fingers.

Character with the Grail Vow only. The character always counts their Strength as one higher than their target's Toughness, unless their Strength would normally be more than this.



CUIRASS OF FORTUNE Magic Armour

25 points

The Cuirass is a remarkable piece of equipment forged by the mad artificer Gurdilloue the Blatantly Insane. It is fashioned with lucky emblems and enchanted runes to consecrate it and provide good fortune. Any who possess the armour not only find their blows more accurate, but also enjoy the favour of maidens and oddly generous merchants.

Heavy armour. The Knight may re-roll 1's when rolling To Hit, To Wound and when making armour saves.

SIRIENNE'S LOCKET Talisman

35 points

The damsel Sirienne was as skilled at conventional arts as she was at the art of magic. She gifts her paramours with one of these exquisite protective charms to wear above their heart, with a likeness of the Lady on one half of the locket and her own on the other. The fact that more than one knight claims to own Sirienne's Locket says more about its creator than its bearer.

Bretonnian Lord or Paladin only. A model with Sirienne's Locket has Immunity (Killing Blow, Multiple Wounds) and can never suffer more than one wound in any one phase. After the first wound in that phase is suffered, all subsequent wounds suffered during that phase are ignored. The bearer can still be run down by pursuing enemies as normal, and may still be affected as normal by other "instant kill" attacks.





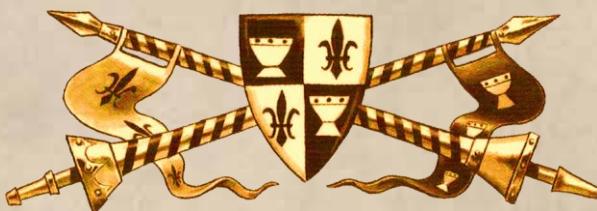
THE SILVER MIRROR

Arcane Item

45 points

This lethal trinket is at first sight a vanity mirror, but woe betide the magic user that underestimates its true abilities: even reflections have power in the realm of magic...

One use only. When used, the bearer of the Silver Mirror deflects a spell cast at her or the unit she is with back at the enemy caster. The enemy can try to dispel his own spell as normal using any remaining Power dice or Dispel dice. This item has no effect on spells that do not specifically target the bearer or the unit she is with.



CHALICE OF MALFLEUR

Arcane Item

15 points

This jewel-studded chalice has been fashioned in the likeness of a skull, and will give any who continually sup from it one of two things: salvation or death.

At the start of the opponent's Magic phase, the bearer may drink from the Chalice. If she does so, on the roll of a 1 she suffers a wound with no saves allowed, including Ward saves. On a roll of 2-6, an extra Dispel dice is added to the player's pool.



THE RUBY GOBLET

Enchanted Item

25 points

The Ruby Goblet is an ancient artefact reclaimed from the castle of the Red Duke. The Chalice is wrought from gold and set with rubies. It gutters with pale, ghostly flames which kindle into a blinding flare of light when the Chalice is anointed with blood. If so much as a drop of blood spilled in anger touches the goblet, it throws a red-hued protective aura around its bearers.

This magic item will start to take effect at the end of the first phase during which the bearer or his unit suffers an unsaved wound. From that moment on, the bearer and any unit he is with cannot be wounded on better than a 3+ from any non-magical source.

TRESS OF ISOULDE

Enchanted Item

15 points

Isouilde, a damsel known for her terrifying wrath towards the foes of Bretonnia, imbued this delicate braid of hair with enchantments of vengeance and righteous anger.

One use only. Nominate one enemy model in base contact at the beginning of any Close Combat phase (after challenges). The bearer hits that model on a 2+ for that Close Combat round, regardless of other modifiers.



BANNER OF DEFENCE

Magic Standard

25 points

The simple device embroidered into this banner in an interlocking pattern actually hides a powerful symbol capable of stopping even a cannon ball in its tracks.

As long as the unit is affected by the Blessing of the Lady, all models in a unit with the Banner gain a 4+ Ward save against all missile attacks (including magic missiles). If the Blessing of the Lady is lost, then the Banner loses this ability.







BRETONNIAN ARMY LIST

In times of war, each of the noble lords of the realm summons his retinue of thousands of loyal knights – a truly majestic sight in their shining armour and proud heraldic liveries. The charge of the cavalry of Bretonnia is an avalanche of steel. When the Bretonnian army marches to war it is accompanied by hordes of low-born peasants wielding spear, sword and bow. The Knights' prowess at arms is without question for few would dare the strength of their arm and the irresistible power of their charge.

Courageous Knights of the Realm are the armoured backbone of the army, charging headlong into the enemy with lances held ready. Peasants flock to the banners of their noble lords: Bowmen fire volley upon volley of steel-fanged death into the ranks of their enemies and spear-armed Men-at-arms form a defensive block to hold the line. In the skies Pegasus Knights surge down upon enemy war machines or support the attacks of their knightly brethren.

This section of the book helps you turn your collection of Bretonnian miniatures into an army of chivalrous knights, ready for a tabletop battle. At the back of this section, you will also find a summary page, which lists every unit's characteristics profile, for quick and easy reference during your games of Warhammer.



USING THE ARMY LIST

The army list is used alongside the 'Choosing an Army' section of the Warhammer rulebook to pick a force ready for battle. Over the following pages you will find an entry for each of the models in your army. These entries give you all of the gaming information that you need to shape your collection of models into the units that will form your army. Amongst other things, they will tell you what your models are equipped with, what options are available to them, and their points costs.

UNIT CATEGORIES

As described in the Warhammer rulebook, the units in the army list are organised into five categories: Lords, Heroes, Core Units, Special Units and Rare Units.

ARMY LIST ENTRIES

Each army list entry contains all the information you need to choose and field that unit at a glance, using the following format:

KNIGHTS OF THE REALM										25 points per model
Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Knight of the Realm	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	8	Cavalry
Gallant	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	8	Cavalry
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	-

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Blessing of the Lady
- The Knight's Vow
- Lance Formation

Equipment:

- Lance
- Heavy armour
- Shield
- Bardings

Mount:

Warhorse

Options:

- May upgrade one Knight of the Realm to a Gallant.....10 points
- May upgrade one Knight of the Realm to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Knight of the Realm to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May carry a magic standard worth up to.....25 points

1. Name. *The name by which the unit or character is identified.*

2. Profiles. *The characteristic profiles for the model(s) in each unit are provided as a reminder. Where several profiles are required these are also given, even if they are optional (such as unit champions).*

3. Troop Type. *Each entry specifies the troop type of its models (e.g. 'infantry', 'monstrous cavalry' and so on).*

4. Points value. *Every miniature in the Warhammer range costs an amount of points that reflects how effective it is on the battlefield.*

5. Unit Size. *This specifies the minimum size for each unit, which is the smallest number of models needed to form that unit. In some cases units also have a maximum size, or can even comprise just a single model.*

6. Equipment. *This is a list of the standard weapons and armour for that unit. The cost of these items is included in the basic points value.*

7. Special Rules. *Many troops have special rules that are fully described earlier in this book or in the Warhammer rulebook. The names of these rules are listed here as a reminder.*

Options. *This is a list of optional weapons and armour; mounts, magic items and other upgrades for units or characters, including the points cost for each particular option. Many unit entries include the option to upgrade a unit member to a champion, standard bearer or musician. Some units may carry a magic standard or take magic items at a further points cost.*





LORDS

LOUEN LEONCOEUR

400 points

Profile

Louen Leoncoeur
Beaquis (Hippogryph)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
4	7	5	4	4	3	7	5	10
8	5	0	5	5	4	6	4	8

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)
Monster

Note: If Louen is in your army, he must be the army's General.

Magic Items:

- Sword of Couronne
- The Lion Lance
- Armour of Brilliance
- The Lion's Shield
- The Tabard of Kings
- Crown of Bretonnia

Special Rules:

- Blessing of the Lady
- The Grail Vow
- The Lady's Champion
- Lance Formation
- The Virtue of the Lionheart

Options:

- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Barded Warhorse 24 points
 - Royal Pegasus 45 points
 - May have barding 6 points
 - Beaquis 155 points
 - May have barding 6 points

MORGIANA LE FAY

460 points

Profile

Fay Enchantress
Silvaron (Unicorn)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
5	4	4	3	3	3	5	1	9
10	5	0	4	4	1	5	2	8

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic Items:

- Toad Familiar
- Morgiana's Mirror
- The Girdle of Gold
- The Chalice of Potions

Special Rules:

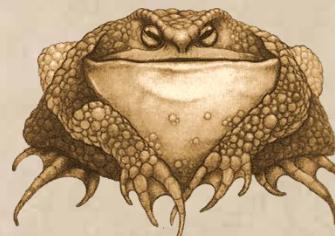
- Blessing of the Lady
- Favour of the Fay
- Supreme Aura of the Lady

Options:

- May be mounted on Silvaron 25 points

Magic:

The Fay Enchantress is a Level 4 Wizard. She may use spells from the Lore of Life, Lore of Beasts, Lore of Heavens, Lore of Light or Lore of the Lady.



THE GREEN KNIGHT

275 points

Profile

Green Knight
Shadow Steed

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
4	7	3	4	4	3	6	4	10
9	4	0	4	3	1	4	2	6

Troop Type

Cavalry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Heavy armour
- Shield
- Barding

Magic Items:

- The Dolorous Blade

Mount:

The Shadow Steed

Special Rules:

- Aura of the Fey
- Ethereal
- Guardian of the Sacred Sites
- Terror
- Unstable
- Ward Save (5+)

BOHEMOND THE BEASTSLAYER

285 points

Profile

Bohemond
Warhorse

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
4	6	3	4	4	3	6	4	10
8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Troop Type

Cavalry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Lance
- Heavy armour
- Barding

Magic Items:

- The Beast Mace of Bastonne
- Bohemond's Shield

Mount:

Warhorse

Special Rules:

- Beastslayer
- Blessing of the Lady
- The Grail Vow
- Lance Formation
- Virtue of Heroism



LORDS

TANCRED, DUKE OF QUENELLES

235 points

Profile

Tancred

Warhorse

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
4	6	3	4	4	3	6	4	10
8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Troop Type

Cavalry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Lance
- Heavy armour
- Barding

Magic Items:

- The Blade of Banishment
- The Grail Shield
- Blessed Draught

Mount:

Warhorse

Special Rules:

- Blessing of the Lady
- The Grail Vow
- Lance Formation
- Virtue of Purity



BRETONNIAN LORD

110 points

Profile

Lord

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
4	6	5	4	4	3	6	4	9

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Heavy armour

Special Rules:

- Blessing of the Lady
- The Knight's Vow
- Lance Formation

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Lance (mounted only).....8 points
 - Great weapon.....8 points
 - Halberd (on foot only).....8 points
- May take a shield.....3 points
- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Barded Warhorse.....24 points
 - Royal Pegasus.....45 points
 - May be upgraded to have barding.....6 points
 - Royal Hippogryph.....150 points
 - May be upgraded to have barding.....6 points
 - May be upgraded to have Shredding Talons.....10 points
 - May be upgraded to have Serrated Maw.....10 points
 - May be upgraded to have Swooping Strike.....25 points
 - May be upgraded to have Bloodrage.....40 points
- May upgrade Knight's Vow with one of the following:
 - The Questing Vow.....15 points
 - The Grail Vow.....30 points
- May take magic items and/or a virtue up to a total of.....100 points



PROPHETESS OF THE LADY

175 points

Profile

Prophetess

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
4	3	3	3	3	3	3	1	8

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Magic:

A Prophetess of the Lady is a Level 3 Wizard. She may use spells from the Lore of Life, Lore of Beasts, Lore of Heavens, Lore of Light or Lore of the Lady.

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Aura of the Lady
- Blessing of the Lady

Options:

- May be upgraded to a Level 4 Wizard.....35 points
- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Warhorse.....18 points
 - May be upgraded to have barding.....6 points
 - Royal Pegasus.....45 points
 - May be upgraded to have barding.....6 points
 - Unicorn.....25 points
 - Sacrosanctum of the Lady (replacing the Damsel).....120 points
- May take magic items worth up to a total of.....100 points



HEROES

REPANSE DE LYONESSE

215 points

Profile
Repance

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
4 4 3 3 3 2 4 2 8

Troop Type
Cavalry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Heavy armour
- Shield
- Barding

Magic Items:

- Sword of Lyonesse
- The Fleur de Lys Banner

Special Rules:

- Battle Standard Bearer
- Blessing of the Lady
- The Halo of Maidenly Wrath
- The Knight's Vow
- Lance Formation

Options:

- May be mounted on a barded Warhorse.....16 points

ARMAND D'AQUITAINE

215 points

Profile
Armand
Warhorse

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
4 6 3 4 4 2 6 3 9
8 3 0 3 3 1 3 1 5

Troop Type
Cavalry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Heavy armour
- Barding

Magic Items:

- Banner of the Lady

Mount:
Warhorse

Special Rules:

- Battle Standard Bearer
- Blessing of the Lady
- The Grail Vow
- Lance Formation
- Virtue of Knightly Ardour



ODO D'OUTREMER SULIMAN THE SARACEN

135 points
85 points

Profile
Odo
Suliman
Warhorse

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
4 6 3 4 4 2 5 3 8
5 5 3 4 4 2 6 3 8
8 3 0 3 3 1 3 1 5

Troop Type
Cavalry (Special Character)
Cavalry (Special Character)

Equipment (Odo):

- Heavy armour
- Shield
- Barding

Magic Items (Odo):

- Morning Star of Fracasse
- Gauntlet of the Duel

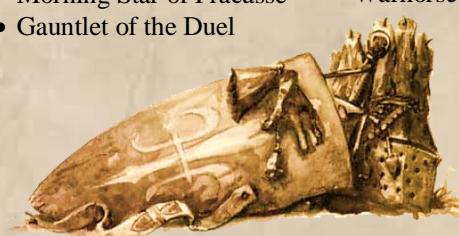
Mounts:
Warhorse

Special Rules (Odo):

- Blessing of the Lady
- The Knight's Vow
- Lance Formation
- Virtue of Confidence

Equipment (Suliman):

- Great weapon
- Light armour
- Shield



Special Rules (Suliman):

- Warrior of the Sands

BERTRAND THE BRIGAND

140 points

Profile
Bertrand
Hugo le Petit
Gui le Gros

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
4 5 6 4 4 2 6 3 8
4 4 4 5 4 1 4 2 7
4 2 2 3 3 1 4 1 6

Troop Type
Infantry (Special Character)
Infantry (Special Character)
Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Long bow

Magic Items (Bertrand):

- The Black Arrow

Special Rules:

- Bowmen of Bergerac
- Gui le Gros
- Hugo le Petit
- Marksman
- Skirmishers
- Scouts

Note:

If Bertrand the Brigand is taken, then you must include a unit of Herrimaults in the army, chosen at additional cost from the Special Units section of the army list. This unit must be upgraded to Bowmen of Bergerac at a cost of 1 point per model.



HEROES

TRISTAN THE TROUBADOUR JULES THE JESTER

145 points
30 points

Profile

Tristan

Jules

Warhorse

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tristan	4	5	3	4	4	2	5	3	8
Jules	4	2	2	3	3	1	4	1	6
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Troop Type

Cavalry (Special Character)

Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment (Tristan):

- Lance*
- Heavy armour
- Shield
- Barding

Special Rules (Tristan):

- Blessing of the Lady
- Lance Formation
- The Questing Vow
- Virtue of Noble Disdain
- Valorous Ballads

Special Rules (Jules):

- Acrobatic
- I Will Taunt You Viciously a Second Time
- Once Trampled, Twice Shy
- The Peasant's Duty

Equipment (Jules):

- Hand weapon

Mount (Tristan):

Warhorse

*Tristan may use a lance even though he has the Questing Vow.

SIR AMALRIC OF GAUDARON

175 points

Profile

Amalric

Warhorse

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Amalric	4	6	3	4	4	2	5	3	9
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Troop Type

Cavalry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Heavy armour
- Shield
- Barding

Magic Items:

- The Icon of the Lady

Mount:

Warhorse

Special Rules:

- Bane of the Undead
- Blessing of the Lady
- The Grail Vow
- Lance Formation
- Virtue of Stoicism



THE HERMIT KNIGHT OF MALMONT

165 points

Profile

The Hermit Knight

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
The Hermit Knight	4	6	3	4	4	2	6	3	9

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Heavy armour

Magic Items:

- The Sword of Virtue
- The Flask of Sangdragon

Special Rules:

- Blessing of the Lady
- The Grail Vow
- Virtue of the Penitent

PALADIN

60 points

Profile

Paladin

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Paladin	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	8

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Heavy armour

Special Rules:

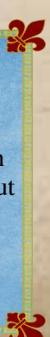
- Blessing of the Lady
- The Knight's Vow
- Lance Formation

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Lance (mounted only).....6 points
 - Great weapon.....6 points
 - Halberd (on foot only).....6 points
- May take a shield.....2 points
- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Barded Warhorse.....16 points
 - Royal Pegasus.....45 points
 - May be upgraded to have barding.....4 points
- May upgrade Knight's Vow with one of the following:
 - The Questing Vow.....10 points
 - The Grail Vow.....20 points
- May take magic items and/or a virtue up to a total of.....50 points

ARMY BATTLE STANDARD

One Paladin in the army may carry the Battle Standard for +25 points. The Paladin carrying the Battle Standard can have a magic banner (no points limit) but if he carries a magic banner he cannot carry any other magic items. A Paladin carrying the Battle Standard can never be the army's General.



HEROES

DAMSEL OF THE LADY

80 points

Profile
Damsel

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
4	3	3	3	3	2	3	1	7	Infantry (Character)

Magic:

A Damsel of the Lady is a Level 1 Wizard. She may use spells from the Lore of Life, Lore of Beasts, Lore of Heavens, Lore of Light or Lore of the Lady.

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Aura of the Lady
- Blessing of the Lady

Options:

- May be upgraded to a Level 2 Wizard.....35 points
- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Warhorse.....12 points
 - May be upgraded to have barding.....4 points
 - May take magic items worth up to a total of.....50 points

TEMPLAR CRUSADER

55 points

Profile
Templar Crusader

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
4	4	3	4	4	2	4	2	8	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Heavy armour

Special Rules:

- Blessing of the Lady
- The Knight's Vow
- Fiery Zeal
- Lance Formation

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Lance (mounted only).....4 points
 - Great weapon.....4 points
 - Halberd (on foot only).....4 points
- May take a shield.....2 points
- May be mounted on a barded Warhorse.....16 points
- May take magic items and/or a virtue up to a total of.....50 points

FACELESS

50 points

Profile
Faceless

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
4	4	4	4	4	2	4	2	7	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Long bow
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Scouts
- Sniper

Options:

- May be armed with an additional hand weapon.....2 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....25 points

PRIESTESS OF SHALLYA

50 points

Profile
Priestess

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
4	2	2	3	3	2	3	0	7	Infantry (Character)

Special Rules:

- Blessings of Shallya
- Healing Hands

Options:

- May take talismans, enchanted and arcane items up to a total of.....50 points

CHARACTER MOUNTS

Profile

Warhorse
Unicorn
Royal Pegasus
Royal Hippogryph

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	Warbeast
10	5	0	4	4	1	5	2	8	Warbeast
8	4	0	4	4	2	4	2	7	Warbeast
8	5	0	5	5	4	5	4	8	Monster

Special Rules:

- *Warhorse*: Purebred Warhorse.
- *Unicorn*: Impale, Magical Attacks, Magic Resistance (5+).
- *Royal Pegasus*: Fly.
- *Royal Hippogryph*: Fly.



CORE UNITS

KNIGHTS ERRANT

21 points per model

Profile

Knight Errant

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7
8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Troop Type

Cavalry

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Blessing of the Lady
- Impetuous
- The Knight's Vow
- Lance Formation

Options:

- May upgrade one Knight Errant to a Cavalier.....10 points
- May upgrade one Knight Errant to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Knight Errant to a standard bearer.....10 points
- May carry the Errantry Banner.....25 points

Equipment:

- Lance
- Heavy armour
- Shield
- Barding

Mount:

Warhorse



KNIGHTS OF THE REALM

25 points per model

Profile

Knight of the Realm

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	8
4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	8
8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Troop Type

Cavalry

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Blessing of the Lady
- The Knight's Vow
- Lance Formation

Options:

- May upgrade one Knight of the Realm to a Gallant.....10 points
- May upgrade one Knight of the Realm to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Knight of the Realm to a standard bearer.....10 points
- May carry a magic standard worth up to.....25 points

Equipment:

- Lance
- Heavy armour
- Shield
- Barding

Mount:

Warhorse



CORE UNITS

MEN-AT-ARMS

4 points per model

Profile

- Man-at-Arms
- Yeoman Warden

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6
4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	6

Troop Type

- Infantry
- Infantry

Unit Size:

Special Rules:

- The Peasant's Duty

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour



Options:

- May upgrade one Man-at-Arms to a Yeoman Warden.....10 points
- May upgrade one Man-at-Arms to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Man-at-Arms to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may be armed with one of the following:
 - Spears.....1 point per model
 - Halberds.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may take shields.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may upgrade to medium armour.....1 point per model
- The unit may include up to three Truffle Hounds.....7 points per model

PEASANT BOWMEN

6 points per model

Profile

- Bowman
- Villein

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
4	2	3	3	3	1	3	1	5
4	2	4	3	3	1	3	1	5

Troop Type

- Infantry
- Infantry

Unit Size:

Special Rules:

- The Peasant's Duty

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Long bow



Options:

- May upgrade one Peasant Bowman to a Villein.....10 points
- May upgrade one Peasant Bowman to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Peasant Bowman to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The unit may be upgraded with Defensive Stakes.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may Flaming Attacks (missiles only)....½ point per model
- The entire unit may take bucklers.....½ point per model
- The entire unit may wear light armour.....½ point per model
- The unit may include up to three Truffle Hounds.....7 points per model

PEASANT MOB

2 points per model

Profile

- Peasant
- Rabble Leader

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
4	2	2	3	3	1	3	1	4
4	2	2	3	3	1	3	2	4

Troop Type

- Infantry
- Infantry

Unit Size:

Special Rules:

- The Peasant's Duty

Equipment:

- Hand weapon



Options:

- May upgrade one Peasant to a Rabble Leader.....5 points
- May upgrade one Peasant to a musician.....5 points
- May upgrade one Peasant to a standard bearer.....5 points
- The entire unit may be armed with one of the following:
 - Flails.....1 point per model
 - Spears and shields.....1 point per model
 - Slings.....1 point per model
 - Throwing weapons.....½ point per model
- The unit may include up to three Truffle Hounds.....7 points per model

TRUFFLE HOUNDS

Profile

- Truffle Hound

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
7	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3

Troop Type

- Warbeast

Equipment:

- Fangs

Special Rules:

- Frenzy
- Truffle Madness





SPECIAL UNITS

QUESTING KNIGHTS

26 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Questing Knight	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	8	Cavalry
Paragon	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	8	Cavalry
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	-

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Blessing of the Lady
- Lance Formation
- The Questing Vow

Equipment:

- Great weapon
- Heavy armour
- Shield
- Barding

Mount:

Warhorse

Options:

- May upgrade one Questing Knight to a Paragon.....10 points
- May upgrade one Questing Knight to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Questing Knight to a standard bearer.....10 points
- May carry a magic standard worth up to.....50 points

FOOT KNIGHTS

9 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Foot Knight	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	8	Infantry
Gallant	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	8	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Blessing of the Lady
- The Knight's Vow

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Heavy armour



Options:

- May upgrade one Foot Knight to a Gallant.....10 points
- May upgrade one Foot Knight to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Foot Knight to a standard bearer.....10 points
- May carry a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may be armed with one of the following:
 - Halberds.....1 point per model
 - Great weapons.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may take shields.....1 point per model

PEGASUS KNIGHTS

45 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Pegasus Knight	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	8	Cavalry
Gallant	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	2	8	Cavalry
Pegasus	8	3	0	4	4	2	4	2	6	-

Unit Size: 3-10

Special Rules:

- Blessing of the Lady
- Fly
- The Knight's Vow

Equipment:

- Lance
- Heavy armour
- Shield
- Barding

Mount:

Pegasus

Options:

- May upgrade one Pegasus Knight to a Gallant.....10 points
- May upgrade one Pegasus Knight to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Pegasus Knight to a standard bearer.....10 points
- May carry a magic standard worth up to.....50 points

SQUIRES

7 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Squire	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	Infantry
Equerry	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	6	Infantry

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- The Peasant's Duty
- Skirmishers

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Long bow

Options:

- May upgrade one Squire to an Equerry.....10 points
- May upgrade one Squire to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Squire to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may take bucklers.....½ point per model





SPECIAL UNITS

YEOMEN

10 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Yeoman	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	Cavalry
Warden	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	6	Cavalry
Horse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	-

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Fast Cavalry
- The Peasant's Duty

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Mount:

Horse



Options:

- May upgrade one Yeoman to a Warden.....10 points
- May upgrade one Yeoman to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Yeoman to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may take spears.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may take bows or crossbows.....2 points per model
- The entire unit may take shields.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may wear one of the following:
 - Light armour.....1 point per model
 - Medium armour.....2 points per model

BATTLE PILGRIMS

7 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Grail Relique	4	3	3	3	3	6	3	4	8	Infantry
Battle Pilgrim	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	8	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Hatred
- Grail Relique
- The Peasant's Duty
- Stubborn

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Shield

Options:

- May upgrade six Battle Pilgrims to a Grail Relique.....30 points

HERRIMAULTS

8 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Herrimault	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	Infantry
Outlaw	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	6	Infantry

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Scouts
- Skirmishers

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Long bow

Options:

- May upgrade one Herrimault to an Outlaw.....10 points
- May upgrade one Herrimault to a musician.....10 points

BRIGANDS

5 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Brigand	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	Infantry
Routier	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	6	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment:

- Great weapon
- Light armour



Options:

- May upgrade one Brigand to a Routier.....10 points
- May upgrade one Brigand to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Brigand to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may replace their great weapons with one of the following:
 - Crossbows.....3 points per model
 - Handguns.....3 points per model
- The entire unit may upgrade to medium armour.....1 point per model



RARE UNITS

GRAIL KNIGHTS

38 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Grail Knight	4	5	3	4	4	1	5	2	9
Grail Guardian	4	5	3	4	4	1	5	3	9
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Troop Type
Cavalry
Cavalry
-

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

- Blessing of the Lady
- The Grail Vow
- Lance Formation

Options:

- One Grail Knight may be upgraded to a Grail Guardian.....10 points
- One Grail Knight may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Grail Knight may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- May carry a magic standard worth up to.....50 points

Equipment:

- Lance
- Heavy armour
- Shield
- Barding

Mount:

Warhorse

HIPPOGRYPH KNIGHTS

75 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hippogryph Knight	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	8
Chevalier	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	8
Hippogryph	8	4	0	5	4	3	4	3	7

Troop Type
Monstrous Cavalry
Monstrous Cavalry
-

Unit Size: 2+

Special Rules:

- Blessing of the Lady
- Fly
- The Knight's Vow

Options:

- One Hippogryph Knight may be upgraded to a Chevalier.....10 points
- One Hippogryph may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Hippogryph may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- May carry a magic standard worth up to.....50 points
- The entire unit make take barding.....6 points/model

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Lance
- Heavy armour
- Shield

Mount:

Hippogryph

SPIRITS OF THE FAY

15 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Fay Spirits	6	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	10

Troop Type
Infantry

Unit Size: 5-30

Special Rules:

- Ethereal
- Fear
- Guardians of Sacred Sites
- Unstable
- Ward Save (5+)



SACROSANCTUM OF THE LADY

125 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Sacrosanctum	-	-	-	4	5	5	-	-	-
Grail Damsel	-	2	2	3	-	-	3	1	7
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	-	-	3	1	5

Troop Type
Chariot (Armour save 5+)

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Blessed Sanctum
- Immunity (Psychology)
- Magic Resistance (2)
- Ward Save (4+)



Crew: 1 Grail Damsel

Drawn by: 2 Warhorses



RARE UNITS

BALLISTA

25 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Ballista	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	War Machine (Bolt Thrower)
Peasant Crew	4	2	2	3	3	1	3	1	5	-
Wall Warden	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	-

Note: You may take 1-2 Ballistas as a single Rare choice.

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Crew: 3 Peasants

Options:

- One Peasant Crew may be upgraded to a Wall Warden.....15 points
- May take an additional Peasant Crew.....3 points

Special Rules:

- The Peasant's Duty

MANGONEL

85 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Mangonel	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	War Machine (Stone Thrower)
Peasant Crew	4	2	2	3	3	1	3	1	5	-
Wall Warden	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	-

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- One Peasant Crew may be upgraded to a Wall Warden.....15 points
- May take an additional Peasant Crew.....3 points

Crew: 3 Peasants

Special Rules:

- The Peasant's Duty



FIELD TREBUCHET

100 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Field Trebuchet	-	-	-	-	7	4	-	-	-	War Machine (Stone Thrower)
Peasant Crew	4	2	2	3	3	1	3	1	5	-
Wall Warden	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	-

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- One Peasant Crew may be upgraded to a Wall Warden.....15 points

Crew: 4 Peasants

Special Rules:

- Field Trebuchet
- The Peasant's Duty

BOMBARD

75 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Bombard	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	War Machine (Cannon)
Peasant Crew	4	2	2	3	3	1	3	1	5	-
Wall Warden	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	-

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- One Peasant Crew may be upgraded to a Wall Warden.....15 points
- May take an additional Peasant Crew.....3 points

Crew: 3 Peasants

Special Rules:

- Bombard
- The Peasant's Duty



SUMMARY

LORDS

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Bohemond	4	6	3	4	4	3	6	4	10	Ca
- Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	-
Fay Enchantress	5	4	3	3	3	3	5	1	9	Ca
- Silvaron	10	5	0	4	4	1	5	2	8	-
Green Knight	4	7	3	4	4	3	6	4	10	Ca
- Shadow Steed	9	4	0	4	3	1	4	2	6	-
King Louen	4	7	5	4	4	3	7	5	10	In
- Beaquis	8	5	0	5	5	4	6	4	8	Mo
Lord	4	6	3	4	4	3	6	4	9	In
Prophetess	4	3	3	3	3	3	3	1	8	In
Tancred	4	6	3	4	4	3	6	4	10	Ca
- Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	-

HEROES

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Amalric	4	6	3	4	4	2	5	3	9	Ca
- Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	-
Armand d'Aquitaine	4	6	3	4	4	2	6	3	9	Ca
- Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	-
Bertrand the Brigand	4	5	6	4	4	2	6	3	8	In
- Hugo le Petit	4	4	4	5	4	2	4	2	7	In
- Gui le Gros	4	2	2	3	4	1	3	1	6	In
Damsel	4	3	3	3	3	2	3	1	7	In
Faceless	4	4	4	4	4	2	4	2	7	In
The Hermit Knight	4	6	3	4	4	2	6	3	9	In
Odo	4	6	5	4	4	2	5	3	8	Ca
Suliman	4	5	5	4	4	2	6	3	8	Ca
- Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	-
Paladin	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	8	In
Priestess of Shallya	4	2	2	3	3	2	3	0	7	In
Repanse de Lyonesse	4	4	3	3	3	2	4	2	8	Ca
Templar Crusader	4	4	3	4	4	2	4	2	8	In
Tristan	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	8	Ca
Jules	4	2	2	3	3	1	4	1	6	In
- Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	-

CORE UNITS

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Knight Errant	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	Ca
- Cavalier	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7	Ca
- Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	-
Knight of the Realm	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	8	Ca
- Gallant	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	8	Ca
- Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	-
Man-at-Arms	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	In
- Yeoman Warden	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	6	In
Peasant Bowman	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	1	5	In
- Villein	4	2	4	3	3	1	3	1	5	In
Peasant Levy	4	2	2	3	3	1	3	1	4	In
- Rabble Leader	4	2	2	3	3	1	3	2	4	In
Truffle Hound	7	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3	WB

SPECIAL UNITS

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Brigand	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	In
- Routier	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	6	In
Foot Knight	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	8	In
- Gallant	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	8	In
Grail Reliquae	4	3	3	3	3	6	3	4	8	In
Battle Pilgrim	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	8	In
Herrimault	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	In
- Outlaw	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	6	In

SPECIAL UNITS

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Pegasus Knight	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	8	Ca
- Gallant	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	2	8	Ca
- Pegasus	8	3	0	4	4	2	4	2	6	-
Questing Knight	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	8	Ca
- Paragon	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	8	Ca
- Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	-
Squire	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	In
- Equerry	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	6	In
Yeoman	3	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	Ca
- Warden	3	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	Ca
- Horse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	-

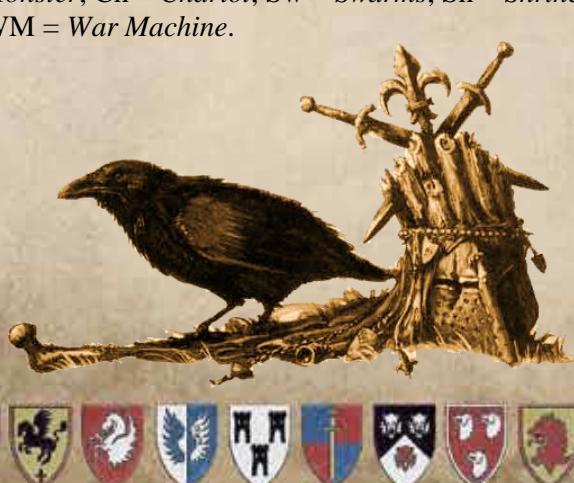
RARE UNITS

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Ballista	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	WM
- Peasant Crew	4	2	2	3	3	1	3	1	5	-
- Wall Warden	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	-
Bombard	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	WM
- Peasant Crew	4	2	2	3	3	1	3	1	5	-
- Wall Warden	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	-
Fay Spirits	6	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	10	In
Field Trebuchet	-	-	-	-	7	4	-	-	-	WM
- Peasant Crew	4	2	2	3	3	1	3	1	5	-
- Wall Warden	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	-
Grail Knight	4	5	3	4	4	1	5	2	9	Ca
- Grail Guardian	4	5	3	4	4	1	5	3	9	Ca
- Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	-
Hippogryph Knight	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	8	MC
- Chevalier	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	8	MC
- Hippogryph	8	4	0	5	4	3	4	3	7	-
Mangonel	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	WM
- Peasant Crew	4	2	2	3	3	1	3	1	5	-
- Wall Warden	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	-
Sacrosanctum	-	-	-	4	5	5	-	-	-	Ch
- Damsel	-	3	3	3	-	-	3	1	7	-
- Warhorse	8	3	0	3	-	-	3	1	-	-

MOUNTS

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Royal Hippogryph	8	5	0	5	5	4	5	4	8	WB
Royal Pegasus	8	4	0	4	4	2	4	2	7	WB
Unicorn	10	5	0	4	4	1	5	2	8	WB
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	WB

Troop Type Key: In = Infantry, WB = War Beast, Ca = Cavalry, MI = Monstrous Infantry, MB = Monstrous Beast, MC = Monstrous Cavalry, Mo = Monster, Ch = Chariot, Sw = Swarms, Sh = Shrine, WM = War Machine.









BRETONNIA

The knights of Bretonnia are renowned throughout the Warhammer world for their skill at arms, their bravery and chivalry, and for their undying faith in their goddess, the Lady of the Lake. When it marches to war the Bretonnian army is an impressive sight to behold, with the proud ranks of knights backed up with scores of lowborn peasants. Heed the call to arms of the valiant Knights of Bretonnia, noblest of men and guardians of a kingdom founded upon the principles of chivalry and the protection of the weak. They do battle in the name of the Lady of the Lake and for the glory of the King, crusading against the forces of evil and smiting the unholy with righteous fury.

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