THE DARK NORTH

THE UNDEAD CRUSADER OF THE DIVIDE

Your steel clad hooves crunch across a frozen battlefield strewn with the remains of two armies. Banners, armor, swords, and a hundred other implements of war lay clutched in the hooves and mouths of the dead, their faces twisted into disturbing rictus grins by the decaying flesh. A patch of scorched earth greets you with the smell of soot and cooked meat. You press on further, trying to find your way through the blizzard that consumes the pass these armies once fought for control over.

The blizzard lessens after a few minutes of walking and you see something in the distance between the two glaciers that border the path into the Ice Queen’s land. You approach further and the image resolves itself into a black iron clad knight, his hooves draped over his sword and staring implacably out into the raging blizzard. You shuffle your feet for a moment in the snow and then you continue on, fresh determination in your mind hastening your steps. The knight takes his hooves off the sword and places them deliberately onto the ground. You stop walking several meters away from him, and he looks at you curiously.

“Turn back now adventurer, there is nothing beyond here for you.” The black knight says, his voice echoing with a strange cadence. You step forward and draw your blade.

“So be it.” The knight says, turning his head and grasping his sword in his teeth. He brings his head back up slowly and his armor begins to pulse as red liquid flows across the filigree of his armor hidden by the blackness. The black knight stomps forward through the snow, leaving patches of red as he gallops toward you. You stride forward and clash swords with him. You see that his eyes are a milky white, any life in them long ago perished. The undead knight bears down on you with impossible strength as you muster your courage and push back.

BOSS FIGHT BEGINS: BLOOD KNIGHT ARVING