A Chance Encounter

Troll #54 - Fantasy Flicht web release



Historical Notes

I was on water detail that morning. My unit and some lads with crossbows had just made it to the stream when we saw the Beast. It was moving about near an old wooden bridge and did not seem to see us in the morning mist. The crossbows sent a volley in its direction. Some bolts must have found their mark, for the Beast let loose a cry that woke the entire valley. It turned around, saw us and started to charge forward. The lads and I took a step back, and as we did both sides of the stream seem to come alive. English troops came from the hills to our front and coming up to our aid from behind were our archers and other Dwarven troops. The crossbows sent another volley toward the beast, but it kept coming.

I cannot say for sure if the Troll was allied with the English at that time, but during the skirmish it seemed to delight in tearing into units that carried the Fleur-de-lys Standard.



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