

The Battle of Blood Mountain

The Battle of Blood Mountain happened in the area of Lumberton Shire in the summer of 596. The first major battle in the Lumberton Orc War, this engagement saw many deaths and established that the town would not just roll over in the face of King Aug and his underling Huntonno. The following account is taken from the testimony of eyewitnesses and is written by the bard Durin Flann.

The Fractured Skull Orc War had been raging through Lumberton Shire for over six months. The new settlement had infringed upon Orc territory and was set upon by countless orc raiding parties. Lady Morgan Le Fae Scenarius had rallied the town's defenders several times against the superior numbers of the Orcs, and she and Sergeant Kelindil of the Lumberton Garrison had coordinated the town's defenses with great success. Many small skirmishes had taken place, but no battles of any significant size. That is until the Battle of Blood Mountain.

A banquet and tournament marked Lord Balladan's first visit to his newly founded settlement. It was a grand occasion and a fine time to be a citizen of Lumberton Shire. The Orc War had not yet heated-up, and the recent treaty with the Hobblings had made everyone feel as if a brighter future was just around the bend. A short month later though, and things were not so good.

Lord Balladan's second visit was as a result of Lady Morgan's struggles to maintain control. She had some trouble with rebellious elements and had asked that Lord Balladan assist her in establishing order. He obliged her by paying a visit and asking the assistance of the Order of the Raven. Several members of this Elysian group had entered town and were there to assist with the war effort. In particular Lord Balladan had asked that Falgar Shinglefoot should assist Lady Morgan and her people in fighting the war and maintaining order. Falgar was a veteran Orc fighter and Dyllarian native, and he promised to aid the town in whatever way that he and his friends could.

The Orcs had been getting more aggressive, as was their leader, the great Orc King Aug. Aug had reportedly recently enlisted the aid of the Orc Hero Huntonno. This Orc was well-known among his kind and had caused the Fractured Skull Tribe to swell in number greatly just by his sheer presence. There was a sense that something big was coming.

Late one afternoon a scout came in to report that there was a large force of Fractured Skull Orcs moving on the town. Lady Morgan and Sergeant Kelindil had left town to escort Lord Balladan, so Falgar organized the people into an attack formation and they followed the scout along an intercept course with this force. As the Lumbertonians crested a large hill on the outskirts of town they caught sight of a single Orc crouched in the tall grasses. The keen eyes of Dakota Ironbane and Azrael Bloodstorm spotted several more hidden in the grasses, and the trap was avoided. As Falgar called for the group to form up the Orcs knew that their ploy had failed, and they called for an all-out attack. A literal swarm of Trolls and Orcs appeared out of nowhere to begin assaulting the gathered defenders.

Wave after wave of attackers pounded the line, but still the Lumbertonians held. The strength of Thwarg the Dwarf held the left, Urik, Seudor, and Kern Darkway held the right, and Falgar held the middle. Bow fire from Azrael and Dakota riddled the enemy, and magic from the fingers of Sebastian Coe tore them apart, and still they came. Even Artemis Silvertree, the tavern keeper of the Mystic Highlander, fought against the oncoming wave of attackers, and still they came. Eventually by the force of sheer numbers the Fractured Skull broke the line apart and things seemed perilously close to falling apart.

The Trolls and Orcs swarmed around them as the defenders tried to rally. The knee-high grass was drenched with the blood of the wounded and dying. Thanks to the leadership of Falgar, the front line pulled together and wearily awaited the next wave of attackers. They stood and waited, yet it did not come. What could the Orcs be waiting for?

Just as Falgar began to call the advance, the mob of snarling green-skins parted. The gathered force of Humans and Dwarves stopped their advance and stood in disbelief as the largest and most fearsome looking Orc that any of them had ever seen stepped forward. The world seemed to be at a standstill as the sneering behemoth strode to the front of his diminished but still formidable force.

“Huntonno!” came the battle cry as the Orc Hero stood proudly before his troops. The Fractured Skull army went crazy and began shouting insults at the Humans and Dwarves. The defenders stood in their ranks and spoke quiet words of strength and valor to encourage the wounded and the weary among them. The battle would soon be over and only the victors would survive. The Lumbertonians stood ready.

The town defenders had killed many of Huntonno’s Fractured Skulls already, but they were still outnumbered and low on healing. As Huntonno called the final charge he brought the remainder of his force to bear on the small band of valiant heroes. The defenders stood tall and raised a battle cry of their own in defiance of the coming swarm of attackers.

As Huntonno drew near to the line of defenders his army slowed to a walk. The puzzled Lumbertonians were taken completely by surprise when the Orc Warlord sheathed his weapon and held his hand out to them. Just when it seemed that Huntonno would speak he did, and the warm glow of conjuring poured from his outstretched fingers!

As his magic issued forth the front line was effectively incapacitated by several well placed spells. The fiercest and most competent defenders were instantly nullified. Falgar, Urik, Seudor, Thwarg, and Kern were encased in Arakin’s Eldritch Binding Force. The green skins took great pleasure in pounding on these poor individuals as they moved past them and into the second rank. Once there the strength of the Trolls and Orcs greatly outweighed that of the remaining warriors and casters, and the battle took a bad turn for the defenders.

Many of the healers and archers were caught unaware. They did not expect the front to collapse so soon. The battle quickly turned into a slaughter.

Huntonno watched as his troops chased down the last few Humans. As he looked he noticed that there were far more Orcs and Trolls dead than alive. He knew that he could not press on into Lumberton with such a small force. He reluctantly ordered a retreat.

As the victorious Fractured Skull left the field, a few well-hidden healers crept from their hiding places and managed to save many of the wounded. Within minutes of the end of the battle, Lady Morgan and her guards returned to town. She healed several of the wounded and was proclaimed the town's savior.

The battle, seemingly lost to those present, had in-fact been won. The defenders successfully saved the town from destruction by Huntonno and his marauders, even though they had been defeated. Huntonno's force was seriously diminished and he was not able to launch any major attacks on the town for the next several months. King Aug's resources were temporarily spent, and he was forced to retreat back into the Orcan Lowlands in search of more troops.