

THE INTERVIEW

- LORD GAUD D. POMPOUS -

STORY AND CHARACTER STATS FOR PATROL ANGIS

WRITTEN BY ARIS KOLEHMAINEN

PATROL ANGIS

Paula sat in the same chair she had been sitting in for the past decade as the broadcast's prime interviewer. In this chair she had interviewed criminals, nobles, knights, and once even a Starvaulter. By anyone's account she was a seasoned veteran and she had the awards to back that up. So why did she feel so strange about this interview?

Across from her sat the largest man she had ever seen. Likely two and half meters tall (easily), with golden hair on the longer side but kept neat, and a tight cropped and well maintained beard of the same golden hue. This beard framed his large square face, which looked to be stuck in a perpetual state of satisfaction. He was dressed in obscenely bulky armor, armor she noted to be that of the venerable Destria, each armor plate of a different color which ascended through the rainbow, his shoulders were decorated not with a personal sigil or family crest, but were in fact covered in glitter infused resin.

Next to him, a rather slender man of some ill stature, and was armored lightly in a more sensible pallet. He looked rather prudish, with his beakish nose upturned and eyes closed. His posture was held rigidly and tightly just behind and to the right of the giant across from her, his arm holding a comically large megaphone in the way a soldier would hold a rifle at attention. This man, though offered a seat, refused sharply stating only his lord would sit. When it was made apparent they would need to find a more sturdy chair to host the armored man, he had still refused.

"Paula, intro in 10!" Clint made himself known from behind the camera

She straightened her blazer, rolled her neck slightly, and put on her best smile. Here we go, she thought as Clint's raised hand began to drop fingers counting down to zero.

"Good evening Prydia, tonight we have with us one of the most boisterous, and flamboyant supporters of the precinct. A knight of the Desterian tradition and liege lord of—"

"PRESENTING HIS ILLUSTRIOUS MAJESTY" The little man was now pointing the megaphone directly at her, "THE KNIGHT OF ALL COLORS, LORD HIGH OF THE CHINTZ GATES, PROTECTOR OF THE FREE PEOPLES OF PRYDIA, KEEPER OF THE KEY TO BOLDARITY, KNOWER OF NO FEAR, MASTER OF HIS COMMAND, AND NOTED WELL DRESSER: LORD GAUD D. POMPOUS."

Paula maintained her composure, but her eye twitched as her ears rung. Luckily is was the eye twitching was not facing the camera, she thought to herself with some small comfort. Comfort she was absolutely not feeling in her ringing ears.

"HA HA! Yes I am here, and in this very chair before you!" Lord Pompous stated, his baritone voice echoing through the chamber, projected with such clarity that it was obvious this man never had the need of a device so crude as that megaphone for those at a distance to him to hear him quite well.

"Yes, welcome" she said, putting on her sweetest most sincere voice, "I'm curious, being this is a simple interview, was the heraldic announcement necessary?"

"Naturally," he boomed, "why else would I pay him?"

"Yes, of course. Your Lordship—"

"Call me Gaud." He interrupted briskly with a voice laced so heavily of an overbearing air of friendliness she found it almost disingenuous.

"Gaud, you have been on the front lines of the war pushing back against the Khanate resurgence for five years now, and have had a well noted string of victories."

"This is a thing I have done, yes!"

"Our viewers would love to know how it is you manage these victories against an enemy we still know so little about."

"Ah! It is strategic knowledge you seek! Well I'll tell you, and my adoring Prydians, my key to victory."

Gaud pulled his mighty bulk forward, leaning in as if to tell a secret, his voice lowering to something just above being just above a whisper.

"Though much study, I refined this tactic during the civil war. You see; it turns out that be it a misguided rebellious knight, a ruddy Malig goblin, or a mighty Nox warrior, nobody likes being shot at!" As he said this, a cunning smile spread across his face and he nodded slightly with every apparent implication that he had just revealed an elusive key to the great mystery that was his unbroken chain of successes.

Paula waited for a moment, but Gaud just kept smiling and gently nodding, "Okay...?"



LORD POMPOUS (IAF172)

"Ah, I see further explanation is needed!", He leaned back in the chair, holding his hands out in front of him as if to frame a mental picture for her.

"I understand, this is very complicated and strategic thought! A mere reporter may need to take time to wrap their mind around it! You see we knights have a weapon called, in general, a 'gun'. And 'guns' have a little dangly thing called a 'trigger', and if you are to move that 'trigger' backward towards the—"

"I am well aware of how firearms work, Gaud. I suppose I just expected something more... well, more."

"Ah! But yes! See, shooting them is just the beginning! There are times when shooting may not be the best option. For example, if your 'gun' runs out of what we call 'shooty bits'."

"Shooty... do you mean when you run out of ammunition?"

"Gentle reporter," His tone shifted quickly from joviality to sternness, his seemingly unwavering smile broke into a haughty frown, "I am against using such profanity."

Paula sat for a moment, dumbfounded, "But... 'Ammunition' isn't prof—"

"Ah-ah-ah... None of that. It is most unbecoming!" He rolled his shoulders and threw his hands back up into his framing pose, "Moving forward, If the 'gun' has no 'shooty bits' left, then you need to resort to more cunning and drastic measures. I refer, of course, to the ancient art of wac'um."

"Wac'um?", she cursed herself as she felt the tone slip on that one.

"Oh, indeed! Sometimes you wac'um with your sword, other times you wac'um with your now useless 'gun', but if all else fails, they get a good fisting."

There was a moment of silence. A long moment of silence and Paula felt every second of it weigh on her as she sat there mulling over what was just said to her. She turned to Clint and called out the best she could in a loud whisper, "Can we edit that part out?"

Clint shook his head and held up three fingers.

"This is... three second delay feed?" she loud whispered back, "Oh throne..."

"Yes!" continued Gaud completely undaunted, "A good fisting, sometimes with the left hand, sometimes with the right, sometimes both! You just have to make peace that you're going to get a little dirty, and remember that brains wash off armor."

"Wait... wait, I want very much to think you're referring to the martial arts and close quarters combat?"

"Of course! But I find such terms too technical for my taste. 'Fisting' is much more illustrative."

Paula shrugged, he wasn't wrong. "I really can't argue that. Moving right along: Your armor."

Gaud stood from his chair and posed, flexing his bicep. "Handsome, no?"

"No. Yes. Why color every piece differently, and why the highly sparkling shoulders?" An honest question she had wanted answered. One both requested by her fans and her own curiosity.

"Because no matter who my men may have held allegiance to in the past, I want them to know that I support them, thusly I wear some of all their colors. Let's them know that inspite of my greatness, I am here for them and I have their back."

He sat back down, and tapped his temple slowly, "Moral is very important."

"Okay! Okay, that actually made sense. But what symbolism do your quite, well, "glittery" pauldrons hold to you?"

"I find them most fetching."

"I see."

"Yes!" His smile spreading again across his face, "and most can from nearly half a kilometer. Where ever I go, people say 'There is Lord Pompous!'"

"I have also received reports that one of your tenants for your squire is to have that squire trail behind you a thin path of glitter where ever you go on the battlefield, is this true?"

"That is so people may say 'There went Lord Pompous!'"

"Ah," She needed to change pace, "We just so happen to have a clip of you in your most recent defense in the front lines. Let's play that now for our viewers!"

"Oh good!" Gaud boomed, "I just love to watch a professional at work!"

The Legionnaires poured in though the breach in the city's boarder wall, and Lord Gaud walked into their oncoming mass like a child running into the waves at the beach. Though fully encased in his armor his mannerisms showed nothing but excitement at what was to come.

As the Legion entered into firing range, Gaud opened up with his weapon. Each trigger pull dropping a lightly armored Legionnaire. As Gaud paced side to side, his gun delivering death to the enemies of humanity, he could be heard even of the gun fire, taunting his enemy, but seemingly after they were defeated.

He pulled the trigger again, decapitating one Legionnaire, "That's no way to get a head in life!"

He pulled again, sheering the leg of a legionnaire clean off, "I'm just pull'n your leg!"

He pulled again, putting a hole the size of his great fist though the chest of another, "Sorry to break your heart! Oh! Wait!"

He walked back over to the decapitated Legionnaire: "No need to lose your head! Ha that was even better!"

This continued for several minutes before his weapon exhausted it's ammo. Gaud shook the gun a little bit, pointed it back at the enemy, and pulled the trigger several more times. After it failed to fire, he tossed the gun lightly and caught it around the barrel. He pointed at a legionnaire facing away from him and threw the weapon, the impact visibly crushing the spine of the Legionnaire. "Don't worry lad, you won't feel a thing. From the waist down!"

More Legionnaires began to rush at him, to which he began to laugh, then tucked himself low, "Looks like someone's in for a fisting!"

With that he lunged forward into the enemy soldiers, their bayonets rang off his armor like the sound of little bells. Gaud brought his hands down left and right, crushing armor and limbs. Occasionally taking a head clean off with a "Wac'um chop!". It became evident after a few minutes of this that he was narrating every one of his attacks.

And the Legion poured on.



DESTERIA COMMAND (IAF075)

The feed returned back to Paula. It was like a Mag-Rail accident, it was awful but she couldn't look away.

"Now there," Boomed Gaud with a smile, gesturing excitedly at the monitor, "there was some mighty fine fisting, if I do say so myself!"

"Yes." Paula cleared her throat gently, "Quite. We need to bring this interview to an end, thankfu—you for joining us today to share your... unique... insights into the war effort."

"Yes, of course!" Gaud said, loudly, "It was your pleasure to have me today, indeed!"

"Right. Continue to fight the good fight Gaud, but I highly doubt you would do anything otherwise."

"Naturally!"

Relief swept over her, the interview was done. It was over. This man, hero though he may be, had pushed her to her very limits as an interviewer, but now it could be put behind her, her next guest should be far, far easier to talk with.

"Up next we talk to—"

"NOW EXITING HIS BORROWED CHAIR, KNIGHT RENOWNED, BEARER OF THE ARMOR DESTERIA, FIRST AMONG EQUALS, SAVVIEST OF LORDS, HUMBLE IN HIS HUMBLENESS, PRIDE OF PRYDIA, REVOLUTIONARY STRATEGIST, HERO TO THE EVERYMAN..."



Oh Where didst thou Come from?

"It's true that hard times may breed hard men, however, we must remember the true virtues of a knight are humility, charity, and of course..."

BAH!

Those are boring words written by a boring man at a boring desk. Besides, if one were to tell you the tale of glory, majesty, and the unbridled charisma that is MERE MOMENTS from being engraved upon your brain, who I ask you is better than I, the greatly heroic and humble Lord Pompous, to tell you of mine own being?

Yes! You are correct! No one!

For those of you that have not seen my most recent interview, Many have described me as a man of measure, and this is true! I am lacking in neither height nor muscular fortitude. Look at this bicep! Glorious! And this other one! Gaze upon it! Truly it is unfair to the enemies of our Princess that I have two of them! Some have even said you can only take conversation with Lord Pompous in 'small doses'. This is humorous in the extreme! Nothing is ever small with I, Lord Pompous!

Many of you have heard through story and rumor of my various intricate, dare I say, "delicate", approach to combat. Verily! I continue to find my approach of "Shooting" the enemy when they are too far away, and giving them a good fisting when they are too close for "Shooting" to be an apt strategy indeed! In fact, I have recently become smitten with an excellent dispenser of such shooty bits, the Moth Type 12. If I were the kind of man who would write a sonnet, I would write what everyone would agree is the greatest sonnet ever written about this glorious weapon.

Speaking of glorious, many have asked about my most unique armor. By far it is the envy of many a foe, why, you should SEE the way they look at me when I burst from cover, or through a wall, or from the ceiling, or from inside a Warlord, (funny story, that). They can't help but try to blemish these armored plates. Now, some have questioned why I choose to don such rainbow hues. I shall explain in the following paragraphs!

My glorious career began during the Prydian Civil war, (when my armor was quite white and red). After many, many, many victories worthy of several feature length holo-dramas, the war had ended! A new threat had come forth from beyond our stars, and that is when I, Lord Pompous, said to myself, (being the most reasonable listener in the room most of the time):

"Lord Pompous?"

"Yes, me?"

"I had a thought."

"And a glorious one at that!"

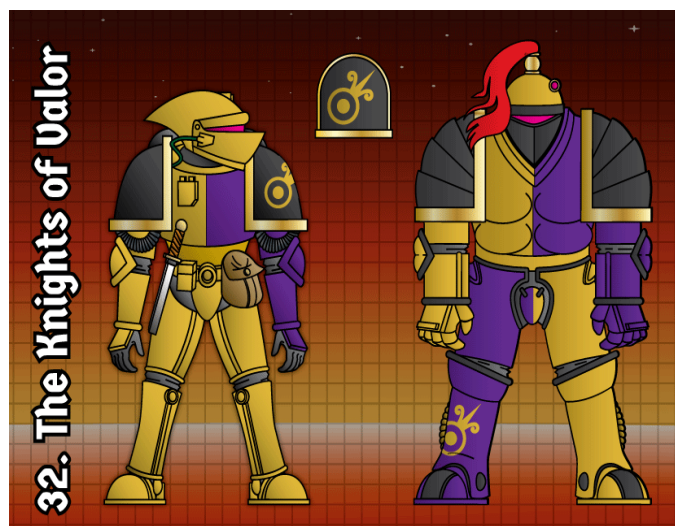
With that, I traveled to the Tor to seek audience with the Princess. You see, I had been granted by Deed of Service a planet of my own after one of my more daring adventures. I believe it was the one where I punched that hijacked Afara, but I can't be sure. Regardless, I had a planet with no one on it, and while I COULD tend for a world on my own, the idea seemed rather unfulfilling. Thusly, I asked the Princess herself if I may be given privilege to form a new Condot, one dedicated to Her Grace but given freedom to train in the Pompous Way.

Alas, my friendship and dedication were noted by the throne and permission was granted. A new Condot was born! I spent the next several years searching for those wanting to join me in our fight against the alien menace. To my suprise, many from OTHER Condots wished to join me in my quest, having heard tales of my glories. Even some from my former enemies of Yordan and Canlaster wished to join by my side!

But we were still unnamed, and our armor ununified. I pondered on this lack of uniformity for a long time. A few hours at least. Sweat upon my brow and furled in a way it had not been since deciding on dinner the night prior. Therefore, I went for a walk. While on this walk I began to notice for the first time the majesty that was the world I had been given. Deep emerald grasses, a sky of teal, and Forests made of glimmering crystal spires.

I was admiring one of these crystal structures when the light of the sun struck the crystal sending rainbow light upon me. And then it struck me! The spire I mean. Apparently it was being gnawed upon by a creature of some sort and it had collapsed upon my person. But the situation gave me an idea nevertheless! I would wear the colors of each of my soldier's factions, thus, they would see that I did indeed care about who they were, where they fought, and how they came into my service to seek glory and adventure.

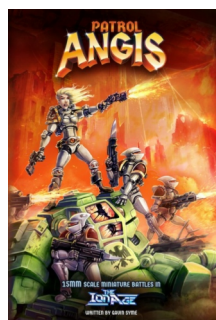
It was then that the Knights of Valor were named, as was the decision of the colors of my own armor was set. So there you are, my armor represents the histories of each and every knight in my Condot. Except for the sparkly pauldrons. That was all Pompous right there.



Now, perhaps in the near future, you would like to hear more about the Knights of Valor? Of course you do! Who wouldn't want to hear about our tales of glory! However that is a tale for another day... Maybe in some kind of... collection of papers, maybe bound together in some manner? Perhaps with some clever imagery on the front by one of the realm's best artisans. You know, to spark the interest of the masses. Name it something flashing too! Like... "Nobility" or "Viscount"... hmm... give me time it will come to me... "Duke"?

Extravagantly as always,

Lord Gaud D. Pompous



- PLAYING LORD GAUD D. POMPOUS IN PATROL ANGIS -

Lord Pompous is a Desterian Knight who is always accompanied by a Muster or Retained Knight known as his Squire, (making a Mina unit). You may only have one Lord Pompous and his squire on the table per game.

Lord Pompous may choose any weapons available to a Desteria Knight, however he must always wear Desteria and counts as Desteria during force creation. Lord Pompous must always be the leader of the platoon he is attached to. Note that

Lord Pompous MUST take the following Special rules:

- Brawler**
- Commander**
- Baron**
- Calmer**
- Highly Visible**
- Supernatural Optimism**

Highly Visible

Between taunting his foes in his booming voice, and his "unconventional" armour choices, Lord Pompous is both an inspiration to his men and a target for his enemies. All units, friend and enemy, gain a +1 on their To Hit rolls, however any enemy unit with in attack range of Lord Pompous must spend at least one of their actions attacking him. Lord Pompous gains a +1 to his armour save against attacks made against him due to this rule. 30 points.

Supernatural Optimism

Lord Pompous is a man who can be described many ways. After you get though the vulgar descriptions, it's generally agreed that Lord Pompous has no lack of charisma and optimism. Every time you lose an initiative roll, add +1 to the next initiative roll. This effect continues to build by 1 for each loss, (if you lose two initiative rolls in a row, you would then get +2, and so on). This effect resets after you win an initiative roll. 20 points.

Lord Pompous's Squire may take any armour and equipment available to a Muster Trooper or Retained Knight, as appropriate.

The Squire MUST take the following special Rules:

- Brawler**
- Calmer**
- Protector**