

1^{er} Velite Grenadiers

DE LA

GARDE MORDRED

Catalucian Journal. July 10th.

It is midday now, and the sun has risen to its peak, making the barrels of the Elven Voltigeurs muskets burn like beacons for our artillery fire. For three days, we've held a trench that our Generals said would be untenable and that by the end of the first day would be over run.

"The position is too close to the heart of Mordred, he will not take such insolence."

And yet, the position is still ours. It is rare for troops to praise their command, and even rarer for Goblins to do so, but our officer rejected the advice of others of his rank, and has lead us to within grasp of the final victory.

As I write an eerie silence has befallen the battlefield, can it be that the elves have finally retreated, and we have done the impossible.

No! They've just stopped, why?

How are we supposed to fight that? Damn our ignorant commander and his insane lust for recognition and promotion. Damn the 20th Foot; Damn them all I quit.

The Velite Grenadiers cut through the smoke in a column that seemed to absorb the withering fire of the goblin weapons with no visible ill effects. In a highly trained manoeuvre the column altered shape without appearing to move, changing into ranks of Elves aiming down long musket barrels, their faces had the look of victory already glazed upon them.

A single figure raised his sword and the goblins realised their fate, everything stopped and then the blade fell.

Plumes of white smoke obscured the salvo of 'small deaths' which winged down to the trench. Little green bodies were blasted apart, many died, more convulsed in a parody of dance as the musket shot tore chunks from them. All was still, the only audible sound came from the whimpering of the surviving goblins, then the blade fell once more.

The elf officer lowered himself into the trench bodies littered the ground. Some slowly roasting in the fires that blazed all round. The officer reached into his ammunition pack and withdrew a cheroot. He smoked after each successful mission, and so was developing quite a habit.

He reached down and picked up a smouldering diary that was clasped in the hand of a fallen goblin. Lighting the cigar, he mused

'How could these upstart child races stand against the Elven right to reign over VALON!'

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Les Anciens, Les Indefatigables, these are the Ferach words which describe the Elite Grenadiers of the Guard. They are Mordred's Elite, the very best of the best, the Undefeated.

The soldiers of this great Regiment are recruited only from the best of other regiments. All must be Ferach true-bloods able to trace their ancestry and be wholly loyal to the Great Usurper. Together with the Velite Chasseurs a' Pied de la Garde Mordred they make up the Garde Ancien, the Old Guard.

The stand of the Guard at the battle of Meroyalostabitz is, perhaps, the most poignant and futile action in which they were ever involved. The Undead had fielded an army of prodigious size under the command of General Kutzemoff, which had deployed athwart the Elven route of march. In the freezing conditions the Ferach forces found themselves trapped and unable to deploy. Marschal Galahad Neigh led the Guard in a rearguard action designed to allow the rest of the army to retreat, and escape. The Guard stood although enormously outnumbered, but were overwhelmed and destroyed by the Undead forces of Alexander the Star Wraith. Their valiant defence proved to be of little value, less than one tenth of the Grande Armee du Nord survived the long march out of the Witchlands

COLOUR GUIDE

GRENADIERS DE LA GARDE

- 1 - Bayonet and Musket Barrel - Polished Silver
- 2 - Bearskin - Black
- 3 - Bronze Plate - Bronze
- 4 - Elf Flesh - Pale Flesh
- 5 - Cravat - Black
- 6 - Epaulettes - Red
- 7 - Cross belts and Musket sling - White
- 8 - Waistcoat and Shielding - White
- 9 - Jacket - Dark Blue
- 10 - Long Service Chevrons - Red
- 11 - Facings(Collar & Cuffs) - Red
- 12 - Trousers - White or Dark Blue
- 13 - Musket Stock - Gloss Brown
- 14 - Scabbard - Gloss Black
- 15 - Musket butt-plate and furniture - Brass
- 16 - Boots/Leggings - Black
- 17 - Rolled Greatcoat - Dark Blue

Not Shown

- Buttons and buckles - Brass
- Helmet Tassel - Red

