

## Bal-sagoth

# "The Dark Liege Of Chaos Is Unleashed..."

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The Dark Liege Of Chaos Is Unleashed  
At The Ensorcelled Shrine Of A'Zura-Kai  
(The Splendour Of A Thousand Swords Gleaming  
Beneath The Blazon Of The Hyperborean Empire Part II)

ALTARUS:

You must learn to control your spirit-form, Xerxes...  
for by mastering the art of traversing the mists  
you may effortlessly travel to many places, and many  
times.

Countless secrets will be unlocked for you,  
and great enlightenment shall be yours.

XERXES:

Yes, master... and yet, there is one realm which  
intrigues me  
above all others, one era which occupies my thoughts  
unceasingly...  
What of the clash between the Royal Army of  
Hyperborea  
and the Wraiths of the Chaos-Liege?

ALTARUS:

Ah, yes... command the mists, Xerxes...  
gaze into their limitless depths... compel them to show  
you  
that martial vista which you so fervently seek.

XERXES:

Yes... I see the massing forces, the battle is imminent!  
How splendid the Imperial Army looks as it fronts the  
foe...  
into the fray they ride!

CHAPTER 1: THE BLOODYING OF THE KING  
(THE ARMIES OF THE HYPERBOREAN EMPIRE  
STEADFASTLY ENGAGE THE HORDE OF WRAITHS)

THE KING:

Imperial Cavalry... advance! Ride Them Down! In to the  
fray!  
Demonstrate unforgettably the art of Hyperborean

warcraft!  
Spearmen, form into Omega Phalanx.  
Archers, notch arrows, prepare to loose.  
Warriors, stand ready... Sound the clarion!

Hearken, sons of the glorious Empire...  
Here we stand upon the Field of Blood...  
Though this day we may die,  
Our legend shall live forever.

ALTARUS:  
???

THE ARCH-WRAITH:  
Minions of Chaos, rend their flesh,  
crush their bones, devour their souls!

## CHAPTER 2: HAVOC AT THE SHRINE OF A'ZURA-KAI

THE KING:  
Onwards with our spear-heads gleaming,  
Meet them with cold steel a'cleaving,  
Fall only when our hearts cease beating,  
Men of Hyperborea.

ALTARUS:  
???

THE KING:  
By the darkling powers of the Shadow-Sword,  
I call forth the fury of the storm to rend the massed  
legions of Chaos!

ALTARUS:  
And at the sound of his baleful Words of Power,  
the sky split wide in fury, and searing tendrils of  
ruinous  
lightning lanced inexorably forth from the heavens to  
rake  
and reave the massed hordes of Chaos...

XERXES:  
The fearful spells he had learned from the Mountain...  
did their casting win the battle for the King's legions?

ALTARUS:  
The fiends were dealt a staggering blow by the  
sorcerous incantations,  
the power of the spells inexplicably magnified by the  
enchantments  
of the Crystal. The Wraiths were routed soundly by the

elder magics,  
fleeing anathemas and maledictions against the King,  
and the winged horrors fell seared and burning from  
the enraged sky.  
But the twisted machinations of insidious Chaos had  
prepared  
for the King one final blow in this dread confrontation...  
aye, the Chaos-Lie

### CHAPTER 3: THE AWAKENING OF CHAOS

LORD ANGSAAR:  
Fly, my winged sentinel of the night,  
Deliver unto me the Ninth Crystal of Power,  
That I may at last be free once more...

Come then, mortal!  
Test that cursed blade of black steel against me if you  
dare!  
O' great king, your pitiful army shall be swept away  
before my wrath!  
'Ere the dawn, ten thousand shall die!

THE KING:  
For the eternal glory of Hyperborea!

ALTARUS:  
???

XERXES:  
But what did Angsaar want of the Crystal?  
I know he battled his immortal nemesis over  
possession  
of the mystic gems many aeons ago...  
but what use would just one of the jewels be to him?

ALTARUS:  
???

XERXES:  
Then the battle, the defeat of the wraiths,  
all that had been merely a ruse...  
a scheme implemented by the Chaos-Liege merely to  
realize  
his ultimate ambition of the sundering of the mystic  
shackles?

XERXES:  
Yes, the only chance... the last hope for victory...

ALTARUS:

???

XERXES:

What was that deed? What could stop the Chaos-Liege?  
I must know the outcome of this confrontation!

ALTARUS:

The vista begins to darken...  
the mists once again weave their spell to withhold their  
timelost secrets.  
Practice your art, Xerxes...  
hone your skills, and the final outcome of this epic tale  
shall soon be made known to you...

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