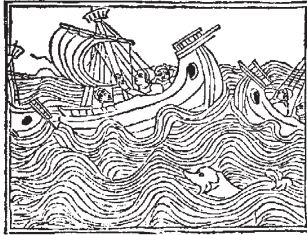


# PART One

## The Sea-Warrior



Follow the winds,  
Follow the waves.  
Over the sea,  
To the end of our days.

Into the blue,  
Where the seagulls cry.  
Forward to battle,  
Forward to die.

Follow the winds,  
Follow the waves.  
Over the sea,  
To the end of our days.



# 1. The Lord of the Sea

~ *What man can master the wind and the waves?~*

**O**n they came, ever onward, through the sea mist that had enveloped the Cornish coast. A host of black-sailed warships; their thrusting prows smashing against the rising waves like wooden fists. Armed for battle they were, armed and ready for war!

Their prey lay before them; a ragged band of Cornish ships hastily sent out to defend the coast against this unstoppable force. At sight of the Cornish enemy, voices suddenly rang out through the black fleet and as the sailors hollered out the names of their warships in their strange tongue, the men on board *The Hawk*, *The Falcon*, *The Kestrel* and *The Eagle* prepared for battle.

Sails were tied fast, provisions were lashed down, armour was fastened, crossbows were loaded and swords were drawn. Finally, their banners were unfurled, black and silver stripes rippling in the sea-grey gloom and then, as one, they fell upon the unfortunate Cornish fleet.

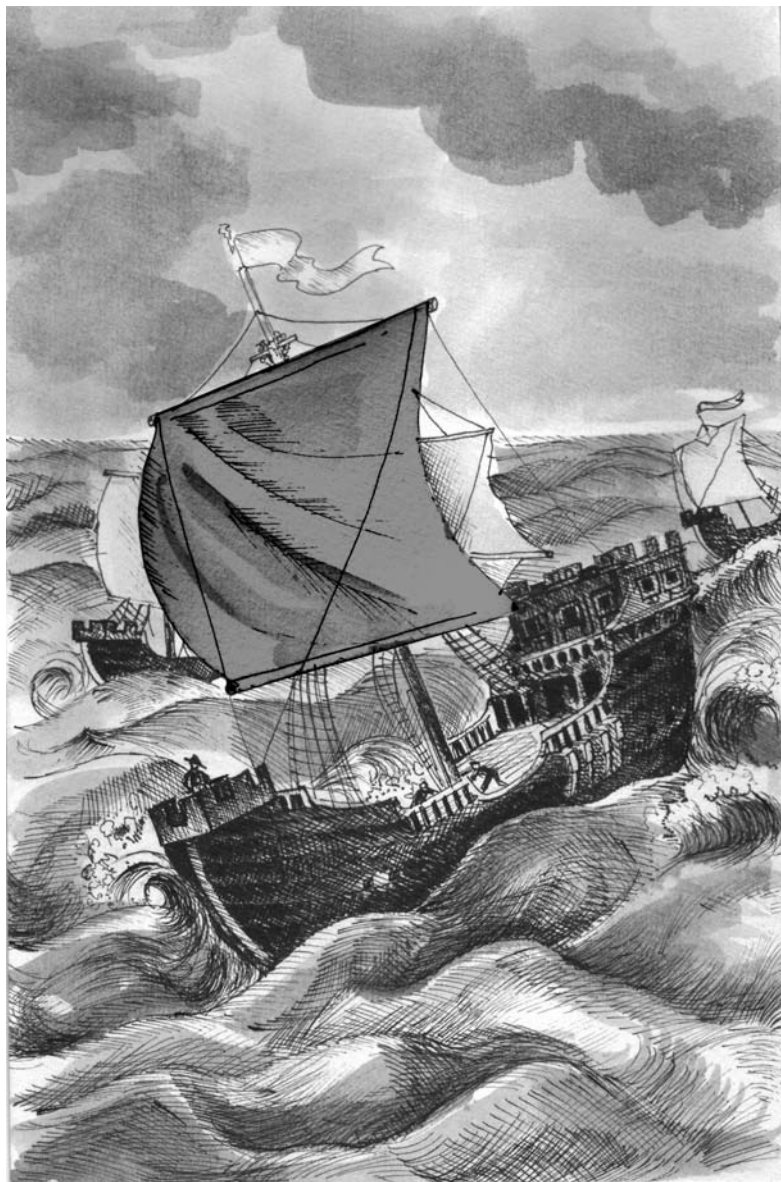
The battle was swift and violent. The dark warships were far stronger than the Cornish vessels and they burst amongst them like ravaging wolves. The men on board the black fleet fought with a cold, hard strength that soon

turned the encounter into a one-sided affair. And then they unleashed a new menace.

From the back of the black fleet, a huge ship suddenly pushed forward to attack. '*L' Ombre*', she was called, *The Shadow*, and as soon as she had a clear view of the enemy, a violent explosion erupted from her deck and a torrent of fire was spat forth onto the Cornish fleet like a dragon's breath. 'Greek fire' the ancients named it; a lethal mixture of lime and naphtha, a secret recipe of death and destruction, known only to a handful of men.

But someone on board *The Shadow* knew how to mix the deadly concoction and the mighty catapult that stood upon the deck of the ship now took command of the sea. Again and again great chunks of fire were hurled from the beast and sent crashing down upon the Cornish ships. Timbers cracked, sails burnt, oars splintered and men were sent screaming overboard as the flaming missiles showered down like meteors from hell.

One by one the Cornish warships fell. Those that had avoided the great catapult had only found themselves rammed or boarded by the other black ships. Arrows flew through the sky, swords clashed, pikes were thrust and maces whirled. The Cornishmen fought bravely to a man, but it was hopeless. Outnumbered, outshot and outmanoeuvred the end came swiftly and as



the night approached the last Cornish warship sank beneath the waves.

The man standing amidst the chaos on the prow of the flagship of the dark armada was Robert Guiscard, the Count of Brittany. '*Le Mateau*', his people called him, *The Hammer*, but now the sailors and crossbowmen, the men-at-arms and the knights that stood up, bloodied and victorious, cheered a new name for their leader. In the squall of the sea, through the wind and the rain, they shouted out, "Seigneur de la mer, Seigneur de la mer" ... the Lord of the Sea.

On the shore, two survivors from the Cornish fleet dragged themselves up onto the rocks. The first man pulled himself to safety, but the second man felt his fingers slip on the seaweed. His comrade turned to him and grabbed his hand, trying desperately to pull him out from the clutches of the sea. The sailor's face bobbed under the waves and then up again. He spat out a mouthful of water and then with one last effort of life he shouted out to his companion, "Go, find a horse and ride as fast as you can to him. Tell him the Bretons are here and tell him to run. Run and hide on the moors...no-one can stop them!" With that his fingers slipped through his friend's grip

like the untying of a knot and he fell back under the waves forever.

The sailor looked down into the dark blue emptiness and then he stared far out to sea. On the horizon he saw the victorious Breton fleet move ominously closer and closer to the shore, their many sails blocking out the light of the moon itself, and then he turned away from the coast and ran!



## 2. Rough Tor

~ *Those that brave the moors, are brave indeed* ~

**I**t was late spring on the wastes of Bodmin Moor and a clear, fresh greenness filled the wide grassland. All around the bracken was unfurling, vibrant heathers danced on the moorland and golden clusters of daffodils nodded obediently in the swift morning breeze.

High up on Rough Tor, gangs of hungry seagulls fell to the earth like rain as they searched desperately for fresh food and amongst the stony outcrops, rabbits chased each other playfully as the sun arched overhead. Further down the slopes, a graceful heron swooped low and followed the course of the River Fowey southwards, through the rugged moors, and down to the Cornish coast and the open sea.

But suddenly, the calm was broken as the echoes of hooves thundered through the air. The rabbits fled back underground and the gulls scattered into the sky as a troop of horsemen crossed the horizon.

They were moving fast. Tall, black shadows against the sun. As they reached the top of the Tor, rays of golden sun fell upon them and the iron shafts of their spears shimmered like ice. They stood quite still, illuminated only for a brief

moment whilst their two banners fluttered in the wind. The first one was well known; the white cross of the Duchy of Cornwall. But the other banner was more striking. Upon a green background, a beautiful golden tree bounced joyfully, as the flag rippled on the breeze. It was the banner of the valiant Sir William d'Vert, though he was better known as the Green Knight.

From out of the sunshine, another lone horseman sped across the moor. He looked ragged, exhausted and desperate and when he pulled up his horse in front of the band of warrior-knights he fell from his saddle.

A young knight jumped to the ground and helped the horseman to his feet. A salt sea air hung around the ragged man, but he raised his head long enough to utter a few sparse words to Sir William, then he fell to his knees in exhaustion.

The Green Knight immediately gazed southwards to the coast, his steel-grey eyes searching the far horizon with a look of concern. Then he turned back to his band of loyal followers and he smiled. He would make his last stand here on the moors and if he was to be defeated then at

least it would be amongst noble men and stout  
friends!

