

# Harold the Ardently Knight of Battynannas: Part 1

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"Stop him!" The shouting of the Guard was barely audible over the iron shoes of Harold's horse clapping on the tile floor. The tassets of his cuirass clinked in rhythm with the oscillation of the white steeds trained trot. There was no mistaking the sound of a fully armored knight on your path.

"Call the police, this lunatic is tearing the place apart." The Manger shouted the command to his subordinate as he went to confront Harold. The Manager was not sure if confronting the Knight was bravery or stupidity, but as a loyal employee to The Chamber Book and News he would be damned if this tin can was going to go unchallenged by anyone. Books were hitting the floor in waves as Harold rode down the aisles, the flanks of his horse knocked down displays with every turn as he navigated through the maze. The broadsword he wielded swiftly cut the air around any customer within range. The Manager headed Harold off at the end of New Age and Religion, half of New Age was already on the floor.

One of the Guards stood in front of him blocking his path. No doubt the Captain of this outfit. He was no match for a knight trained to a mastery skill level in hand to hand combat. However Harold thought it best to hear what the Captain of the Guard had to say, least it help him in his quest.

"Sir, get off the horse please and put down the sword, you are scaring everyone in my store. I have called the police and no one needs to get hurt here. I don't know what your intention is, but if it is money, than we can accommodate you at the front registers. Whatever you are going through, this is not the way to handle it." The Manager of the store stood fast in front of Harold, and waited for a reaction.

"Money? I have not come for your useless currency. Tell me where your Master is, and you go home to your wife tonight, your head still affixed to your shoulders." Harold threw a heavy iron leg over his saddle and dropped to the floor. Towering over the Captain he flipped up the visor of his helmet revealing a rough face with a thick black mustache. Harold's blue eyes glared into the expanding pupils of the soldier before him. With a heavy leather gloved finger he poked the middle of the man's chest, nearly knocking him off balance. The Guard turned in a panic to run away but the strength and speed of Harold prevented the escape. He was pulled back abruptly by the neck of his tunic. Harold threw him to the ground with such force, that he slid face first into a kiosk of books, and blood began trickle from his nostrils.

"Now, knave, tell me what I need to know or I will bleed you out

into the very earth upon which you now sit." Harold was threatening, and anger swelled in his eyes. He feared the uncharted course his task was taking. His sources mentioned nothing of guards, just that his prize would simply be here, juxtaposed next to another, he was to choose which suited him best. They must not have known the place was already over run. He needed to see the man in charge - surely a leader of distinguished honor would grant him a fair audience.

"Look man, I don't know what you are talking about. Please don't kill me. I don't want to die. I have a wife, and two beautiful daughters. Melinda she is eight, and Dezy she is ten. Please let me go." The Captain of the Guard began to weep at Harold's feet. He took pity on the poor soul and spared him. Bright torches of blue and red flickered from the front entrance of the Fort. A mob did approach on him, the Master's Knights hath no doubt been called to arms. Harold would finally able to prove his worth, in a battle that would echo in every tale of victory ever told. The Captain of the Guard scurried away while Harold was distracted by the assembling army outside.

"Drop your weapon and come out with your hands up." The source of the voice boomed from the mob, amplified by some manifest of demon magic. He had not expected a Mage encounter, he hadn't really expected any fight at all for that matter. Harold had no intention

of dropping anything but the visor of his helmet, to shield his face. Harold sheathed his broadsword and went back to his horse. The massive claymore would require all his strength to wield, but it enabled him to devastate his enemies. He gripped the leather wrapped handle and pulled it from the sleeve tethered to his horses back. Crouching behind one of the heavy wooden bookshelves he knelt, closed his eyes, and prayed.

"My lord, protect me in this battle, but if I should die, watch over my lady, my king, and my land, with your righteous hand," his eyes flashed open behind the steel grate of his helmet. He got to his feet, his heart and soul filled with renewed courage and strength. Gentling patting his horse, he removed the reigns.

"Just in case old friend. You make for the homeland if I should fall." The white stallion scraped the floor with its front hoof and nudged Harold in affection. Harold turned to face the gathering mass. He hoisted the mighty sword in the air as he charged the combatant Mage Knights outside.

"Here he comes. If he gets past that police tape, take him out." The order was direct and by the book. Harold was a threat to the city and needed to be subdued. It was amazing he hadn't killed anyone yet, just destroyed a book store. He obviously had to be on

drugs, but it was strange that he had the ability to put on a full suit of armor, ride a horse, and actually wield these weapons with considerable skill. Chief James Worth had never seen anything like it in his thirty years on the force.

Harold raised a knee and braced himself as he leaped through the large front window of the store. He hit the pavement with a clink, and an equally audible thud. It sounded like a tank had been dropped from the sky. Bits of the shatter proof glass littered the ground and found their way into the open spaces of Harold's armor. His thick canvas padding protected his skin from evisceration.

Officer Danison stood at the left side of Harold at the end of a semi circle of Police Officers, that intended to stop him from advancing any further. Danison's hands trembled and his palms were moist under the weight of his taser. His finger impulsively reacted, pulling the trigger. Two darts shot out and struck Harold behind his unprotected knee, piercing the canvas pants. Danison kept hold on the trigger sending fifty thousand volts of electric current into the suspect.

Harold felt the fangs of a conjured serpent strike the back of his leg. The venom was powerful, and bolts of lightning shot through his body impairing his ability to move. The tight grip upon his

Claymore loosened, and he fell to the ground. So much pain, and then nothing. His eyes grew dark as he drifted off to a deep sleep. He made one last silent prayer and heard shouts as loud as whispers.

"Get him cuffed and into the van, he has a lot of explaining to do."