

The Host of Emain Macha

by Brandon M. Dennis

~Staghorn ~ Hibernia ~ Percival~

“Welcome Albion, to our beloved Emain Macha! I will be your host for the evening. Doughnuts and coffee will be served on the Hibernian side of the Albion Mile Wall, please, help yourself!

This, as you know well by now, is the Albion Mile Wall. Many of us Hibernians love to visit this fair wall, mainly I suppose, because it is such a lovely wall. From the top you can see far west; it is such an extraordinary view. In the center at the top of the wall we have a lovely gatehouse with strong wooden doors. It is such a homey place! Wait... where did your Infiltrators go? They seem to have simply vanished... Oh well, I'm sure they will show up later.

As we move west you will notice the lovely slopes and valleys that our good Emain has to offer. What beautiful land! I could stand in this valley for hours upon end, just taking in all the beauty around me. Ah, here we are at Dakkon's Tower. This tower was erected by none other than Dakkon, many years ago when our struggles were with the Fomorians. Inside you will find a nice box and lump of hay to rest upon. I like to come here during the nights when the stars are out and the moon is shining high in the sky, when the air is crisp and cool and just rest my weary self, soaking in all the nightly noises.

Whoa... what was that? Your numbers just seemed to significantly decrease. Where did all your Scouts and Minstrels go? Ah, probably back to the Wall to get some more refreshments, no doubt. Wait, where are you folks going? Stay with the group please, we haven't even gotten to Crauchon yet. Oh, you wanted to visit our good Chieftain Crimthainn? Er... I suppose that's all right. Aye, just head south and take east Crimthainn Valley, you will run right into his humble abode. I'm sure he will love the company. No seriously, stop laughing; he has been lonely as of late. Anyway, let the rest of us head north.

See these cute little fellows? These are what we call grogans. Do not be afraid! They are neutral. Just be wary when casting an area of effect spell please, you might

anger these fine little fellows! Ah, we are almost there. The jewel of Emain, the heart of Hibernia...

This is the home of Chieftain Crauchon; Dun Crauchon (which some of us have fondly begun to call Dun Ping-pong, hehe.) There is a splendid forge inside where many of our aspiring craftsmen and artisans go to hone their craft. What? You want to borrow Dun Crauchon for a while? Well I don't know... we Hibernians use it quite often, I don't think it would go over well with the rest of the realm... of course I am a good host, it's just that... well I suppose you're right, I guess it wouldn't hurt if you borrowed the place for just a little while. After all, you are guests in my fair realm, and it is my duty to make your time as pleasant as possible.

The forces of Albion have captured Dun Crauchon!
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...Just be sure to give it back when you leave, we don't want anything ugly to start. No seriously, stop laughing; I need it back when you are done.

As we head north you will notice the varied wildlife that lives in our humble Emain. And look at this! See those shrimp-like creatures swimming in yonder lake? Those are what we call Lusus. Foul creatures they are, but it is quite an experience to slay one, and sometimes they even have some nice reinforced armor on them. We Hibernians used to hunt them all the time, but as of late... well, Emain has become a little too dangerous to hunt in. Too many enemies about. I blame Midgard of course, not you fine folks. I'm sure that any murdering done by your hands can be explained.

Lastly we come to the Midgard Mile Wall. It is much like your gate, nothing
n...e...w h...e...r...e t...o s...e...e...

Whoa! Did you feel that? What was that horrible lag? Ah, the doors to the Midgard Mile Wall open... why, Midgard has decided to join our little party! I hope they brought some refreshments, I do not think I have enough for all... 150 of them. Wait,

what are you doing? Put your swords away! Do not fight them; what are you thinking? You are guests here! Be respectful! No! Stop! Do not mar the beautiful green grass of Hibernia with blood! Long have our lands been blood free, ever since we beat off the Fomorians centuries ago. Do not change this!

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You liars! You thieves! You said you were merely going to visit Chieftain Crimthainn! Now I see your minds, wretches! False are the words that leap from your mouths and they are too easily given! You were guests in my home, my home! and alas, you have betrayed my trust. Invaders you are, so fight, fight to the death! Kill yourselves over lands and power and relics; die! You will not be missed.

The bodies... so many bodies. Is anyone still alive? Oh, such gruesome carnage! I cannot look any longer. This is inhuman. What of their families back home? What of their children? Just another generation of bodies to litter the grasses of Emain, no doubt.

What was that? I thought I saw someone. No, maybe I was wrong. Maybe I'm just seeing things. But I could have sworn that I saw a quick flash of a person standing right next to me. Hmm, where *did* those Infil—"