I hear you, talking that release pig filth about how the city is a curse, about how it’d be better is we freed the beast. I spit on your words and if it comes to it I’ll spit in your face and crack your skull if you don’t care for it. You weren’t there, for the war of Binding. I was. I lost friends, lovers, who are worth a score and more each versus the lot of you. Yes, I know I don’t look my age, it’s the elf blood ya see but I was there all the same.

Piss on the stories you heard, we got lucky. We bound the beast only by the grace of the 13, by the bravery of those few who kept their wits even as the rest of pissed ourselves and ran; useless.

We had a plan you see, one we’d drilled for. All orderly lines -archers and siege placed just so- all with signals to fall back at their appointed hour even even as they supported their fellows. Till finally we’d led it to this canyon where we’d fall upon it in earnest, slaying it so the 13 harpoons would hold it fast.

We’d tried to goad it into such a battle half a dozen times; and each time it had turned aside, or we’d arrived too late, or otherwise missed our chance. We all had a good feeling as we’d led it into the mountains, went to be hoping the morrow would bring the proper battle.

I can still hear the sounds of bedlam as we retreated and died like dogs, crushed like vermin.

It had outrun our own scouts ya see, caught us before dawn with our pants down and our fruits in our hands. I swear it didn’t make a sound until it was already upon us, and then the cold quiet of predawn amongst the peaks was filled with its roar. And the avalanche; stones and ice the size of houses tumbling down slaying man and beast alike.

Men, hard men, old salt of those that hadn’t been slain by the rockfall… most of them soiled themselves and fled.

Throughtout the camp, madness punctuated by the sounds of men dead and dying as the other troops struggled to get armed and armored. Those who fought naked or near enough -southern barbarians, monks, some sorcerors and other wielders of magic- engaged and bought us scant minutes and the 13 managed to get the rest of us moving, fighting in retreat.

We near routed, but did so at a pace and shaped in a direction that put the beast in the crosshairs

Because our captains whipped and guided us to where we’d placed the balistas secured and we couldn’t pin the beast down unless we were sure. So, rather than the orderly fall back as lines, blunting its forward momentum rather than fighting the battle we’d trained, scemed for we died in out hundreds, our thousands, trampled underfoot and gored and bit, but we died in the right direction at least, leading the monster to the spot where we’ve held it fast these last centuries; 13 be praised.