

My Fine Lads and Lasses,

Hear now a tale of strength and valor of the day our great Lord Keenan McFionn overcame death and treachery upon the battlefield.

It was in the spring of the year. A band of wild rebels did drive a camp into the wood at the edge of Felicitas Glen and there made a stand of defiance. The leader of the English Archers came to Lord Keenan to ask for the support of his famed Red Branch Warriors.

In the mid day sun their armies marched upon the rebel rabble who had been joined by mercenaries from the land of the Swiss. No amount of argument or coaxing could wrench them from their lair. And so, the valiant Archer Leader ordered a flight of arrows to be launched into their midst. The great Lord McFionn stood patient in the right ranks with his warriors gathered behind him. One arch of arrows flew into the camp and another and yet another but still the rebels were defiant. When the forth flight was launched, the great Lord shouted, "They shall never come out. Let us storm the walls and take them by force!"

Keenan ran forward with his men as the great gate of the fortress cracked open, The wild rebels, seeing the furry of Lord Keenan, ran out to meet him in a fierce attempt to protect their walls. As the two armies clashed, a final flight of arrows fell all around them but they fought on.

Many were the rebels and Swiss mercenaries who fell before the mighty Red Branch Warriors. Lord McFionn fought in the midst of the hottest battle wielding his great broadsword and slicing through the wilds like a sickle through tall grass. But the unforgivable rebels jumped the Lord in numbers hoping to take him down. A rebel each grabbed the two arms of Keenan and another leaped upon his back. With a roar, the great Lord swung around and the rebel was launched from his back twenty feet into the air.

But then in great treachery, a Swiss mercenary crept up and seeing his chance, struck his sword deep into the back of Lord McFionn. The mighty warrior staggered under the weight of the wilds still clinging to him. His precious blood was gushing from the wound. And yet the great Keenan mustered his strength and wheeling around, sliced the head cleanly from the shoulders of the mercenary.

At this moment, the Red Branch Warriors, seeing their Lord in such distress, ran to his aid. They slew the wilds and spirited Lord McFionn from the battlefield to carry him to his encampment. As he lay dying, the people gathered to lament their loss. The wind blew a dry hot breath upon the land. And in the trees above Lord McFionn's tent, a banshee, that horrific harbinger of death, began to shriek

Hearing the wailing, Lord McFionn rose to his feet and still wearing his blood soaked leine, stood before his people. "I am not yet overcome!" he shouted with defiance. And with his fist in the air, he yelled to the banshee, "Be gone, and do you not show yourself here again!" For the great Lord McFionn has no fear of man or immortal.

And so it is that the great Lord McFionn lived for yet another battle and yet another day. For, he is the strongest among men and most beloved by his loyal Red Branch Warriors.