

THE PRINCIPALITY OF GWYNT

Sylwedl Marsz couldn't believe his eyes. The wide plumes of smoke and dust curling out of the Kyllkonek were indisputable, though. The fools had done it. They really had.

Talk had been rife among the Milwers and Yawdryls "in the know" for weeks that the Prince wanted to close the pass. Their Coftryan overlords had a different opinion, however; an opinion they argued with tractor and crate. The Prince wanted to keep the Crusaders out of Gwynt above all; Coftyr wanted the Kyllkonek open, and the gold from the Tail flowing steadily. Apparently all those expatriates from the other defeated Royalist kingdoms, they wouldn't fight for free. To keep them around, they needed Gwyntish gold. The irony of it all was not lost on Marsz – the Prince liked his officers intelligent, and knowledgeable of the history of the Principality. Once Gwynt had used her gold to hire mercenaries to keep Coftyr out. Now Cloen used her gold to keep Coftyr in. On any other day, it might have given him a headache.

Today that honor was reserved for the deafening explosions that had rolled every quar on the Zaadyl out of their bedrolls at dawn. An overbright sun crept above the mountains, her brilliance not yet masked by the clouds of the Prince's infidelity. He'd blown the bridges over the channels. A thousand years ago, Marsz' ancestors had dug impossibly deep, impossibly wide trenches through the solid granite floor of the Kyllkonek in a half dozen places, then used that same granite to build wide bridges. Bridges strong enough to support huge loads, even tractors. Those bridges couldn't distinguish between a Coftryan tractor and a Crusader, though, and that was the problem. Coftyr wanted the bridges up, not content to rely on the slower barge traffic along the Afonyr Aur and Wit to bring the gold downstream. The Prince had waited until the caernerols had ordered yet another offensive to try and budge the Crusaders from their positions on the opposite end of the Kyllkonek, then he'd blown the bridges. Every one. Fifty-three wedges of Coftryan tractors and cavalry, the bulk of their strength in Gwynt, were now trapped between the enemy and impassible ravines.

There would be an accounting. There would have to be.

It must have been written on Marsz' face, for when the Prince passed by, his face haggard and drawn, he stopped and spoke to him.

"Don't worry, Sylwedl. There was a Gwynt before Coftyr; there will be one after."



THE ORIGINS OF GWYNT

As with all of the original nations of Alwyd before the usurper Alykinder appeared, Coftyr is ruled by a King. The current regent is Chyldryc mir Myrvvn the Third, in the sixteenth year of his reign. The King is the ultimate authority and undisputed ruler of the Kingdom of Coftyr, though he leaves much of the day-to-day operation of city-states and provinces to a trusted cadre of Princes and Governor-Generals. In addition to these constituent entities, there are also a handful of Principalities within the borders of Coftyr proper. Ostensibly free and independent countries of their own, each of these Principalities—and the regents that rule them—recognize Coftyr as their sovereign, pay taxes to the Crown, and enjoy the King's protection.

Foremost among these is the Principality of Gwynt. Like so many of the myriad cultures of quar across Alwyd, the Gwyntish national identity is heavily influenced by the local geography. Much of northern inland Coftyr is mountainous, riddled with deep ravines and impassable granite cliffs, and the Principality of Gwynt is no exception. Small and geographically isolated, the Principality nonetheless boasts both great mineral wealth and strategic importance to the Crown, advantages that have afforded its inhabitants great privilege and relative autonomy among Coftyr's subjects.

Originally settled by loggers and trappers exploiting the natural wealth of the Afon Wir river valley and the Booz—deep woods sprung up from its floodplains—Gwynt initially struggled as a backwater workers camp. It was not until gold was discovered in the hills and riverbeds of the headwaters of the Afon Aur that Gwynt began its ascendance. In those days, the Kingdom of Coftyr was much smaller and weaker, and its claims to the lands to its north and east were tenuous at best. By the time the weak Coftyr kings were replaced and the Kingdom of Coftyr expanded its borders, Gwynt was a kingdom of great wealth. This wealth made the minute kingdom an attractive target for Coftyr expansion, but here too the local geography rewarded the Gwyntish quar.

Access to the Gwyntish plateau and the deep Booz forest was restricted to a narrow pass through the mountains to the north. Called the Kyllkonek—The Neck, in the local dialect—it was the only place for hundreds of miles east or west where beasts of burdens or wagons could make the journey. It was not until centuries later, after extensive improvements were made to make the Afon Aur navigable this far upstream, that southern Gwynt was reachable by any other means than the Kyllkonek. No fewer than four Coftyr armies broke themselves attempting to invade Gwynt through the pass, wrecked upon an ancient ring of fortifications built into the walls of the Neck and a large wedge of rock called the Zaadyl. Just south of the opening of the pass, the Zaadyl was dozens of feet higher than the surrounding ground and bristled with guns. That most of those guns were crewed by Toulmorese and Maer Braech mercenaries was a fact not lost upon the Coftyrans, who made it widely known that eventually the Zaadyl would fall, and when it did, any foreigner found among its defenders could forget any hope of clemency or ransom. When the fifth army appeared at the mouth of the Kyllkonek, the Gwyntish king, deprived of the bulk of his defenders, rode out to meet the Coftyran Syrnols himself. It took months of negotiating, but eventually a deal was struck, and the Principality of Gwynt was born.

PRINCE OF GWYNT'S LIGHT CATRAWD

4 Companies

Due to its relative safety within the Coftyran borders, spending on the Gwyntish military has been minimal, and their rhyflers have little access to heavier weapons—a typical squad lacks the LMG found in their Coftyran equivalent.

Having trained in the old ways of drill and ceremony, each Gwyntish Light Rhyfler is *steady under fire*. They must be, for they do not have the modern weaponry at hand to assist them, whether defending the line or pressing the attack.

Veteran Abilities

Independent - The veteran Gwyntish Light Rhyfler has honed his skills to a degree that he is able to pick and choose targets on the field as he sees fit. Knowing each shot will save a fellow rhyfler.

A Gwyntish veteran may target any enemy rhyfler within his line of sight, not just the nearest target.

Fonwyr - The rhyfler excels with the lance; leveraging it with one hand and changing his grip fluidly, allowing for quick jabs and thrusts (+1 to the Combat die roll).

OFFICERS

Syrnol	Q3	Leader—Syrnol, Steady Under Fire
	72 points	C2 Pistol, Sword
Caerten	Q3	Leader—Caerten, Steady Under Fire
	82 points	C3 Pistol, Sword
is-Caerten	Q3	Leader— <i>is</i> -Caerten, Steady Under Fire
	82 points	C3 Pistol, Sword
Cavalry Caerten	Q2	Leader—Caerten, Steady Under Fire, Cavalry
	160 points	C3 Graes Derringer, Sword

RHYFLERS

Yawdryl	Q3	Leader—Yawdryl, Steady Under Fire
	96 points	C2 Doru
Rhyfler	Q4	Steady Under Fire
	48 points	C2 Harlech
Rhyfler Faedyg	Q4	Steady Under Fire, Faedyg(Medic)
	50 points	C2 Harlech
Standard Bearer	Q4	Steady Under Fire, Standard
	53 points	C2 Harlech

VETERANS

Veteran Yawdryl	Q3	Leader—Yawdryl, Steady Under Fire, Independent
	106 points	C2 Doru
Veteran Rhyfler	Q3	Steady Under Fire, Independent
	64 points	C2 Harlech

CAVALRY

Gwyntish Dragoon	Q3	Steady Under Fire, Cavalry
	88 points	C2 <i>is</i> -Haem Carbine, Sword
Veteran Dragoon	Q3	Steady Under Fire, Cavalry, Independent
	108 points	C3 <i>is</i> -Haem Carbine, Sword
Cavalry Standard	Q3	Steady Under Fire, Cavalry, Standard
	92 points	C3 <i>is</i> -Haem Carbine, Sword
Gwyntish Lancer	Q3	Steady Under Fire, Cavalry, Fonwyr
	70 points	C2 Lance, Pistol
Veteran Lancer	Q3	Steady Under Fire, Cavalry, Fonwyr, Independent
	90 points	C3 Lance, Pistol



Tyne was a Boozquar, a true son of the forest and the mine. He could track a fydou through the solid rock of the Kyllkonek or a wild cadier through the darkest depths of the great and sacred forest. Now he stooped atop a narrow ridge just above the pass, his hat in his hands.

The twihorne was two hundred years old, stained with the sweat from the brows of ten quar. The day his father had given it to him had been the best day of his life. The worst, too, considering that no Boozquar willingly parted with his twihorne while he still had a spark of life in him. The Kusteryr had caught them working the family mine in the Tail, had waited for them outside the mouth of the decline. They'd had shotguns. Papa had been the first out and bore the brunt of it. Tyne's uncles and younger brothers had killed some and driven the rest of the murdering curs off, back across the river to the dry, dusty rockpile they called home, but it didn't help Papa any. He bled out on the floor of his great-great-grandfather's mine, living just long enough to press his battered twihorne into Tyne's shaking hands.

Ten generations that hat had been passed down. The ancestors alone knew how much gold it had seen mined, how many raids and reprisals against the quar from Kust it had gone on. It saddened Tyne to think of Papa, just as it saddened him to know that his would be the last head the twihorne would ever perch upon. The Crusaders would see to that. If they didn't, the bosses from Coftyr would. They hadn't taken the Prince's treachery well – the krates still bombed the Zaadyl and the Regent's Palace two or three times a day, or so the stories went. Tyne doubted some of that—he knew how much Coftyr needed their gold—but he didn't doubt that whichever way the war went, he wouldn't be there to see it through. Ten generations, and here he sat on the rocks he knew so well, watching his doom. All their dooms. Riding the gentle southerly breezes towards him, towards the heart of Gwynt lying behind him. He'd have rather faced every Kuster cur and brigand alone and naked than see that flotilla. His lips moved soundlessly, naming his doom.

Airmobile.