

# Arthur Protasio

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## Sword Legacy: Age of Defiance

*Transmedia motion-comic animation developed from a lore document found in the tactical RPG Sword Legacy: Omen.*

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An ancient map of the land of Britannia (before the island even had a name) is seen on screen.

### **NARRATOR (VO)**

Many are the chivalrous tales of Arthur, Uther and Excalibur. Yet such heroic feats hide the secrets of the true legend.

At a remote camp in the forest, close to some castle ruins, the warrior Britannia gives a speech to an army of farmers and soldiers.

### **NARRATOR (VO)**

This is but one of them...

The warrior Britannia stands atop a small stone pedestal and looks at the crowd with confidence.

### **BRITANNIA**

We shall break their ranks by morning light and feast in their halls by sunset. All with me?

The men and women cheer in agreement. One man and his cohort, however, approach the gathering and speaks out.

### **LORD GENERAL**

Not so fast!

All eyes are drawn to the big, bulky warrior.

### **LORD GENERAL**

Why should we listen to the ramblings of a woman?

The man's group bursts out laughing. Meanwhile Britannia's army stares at the agitator with sinister apprehension.

Britannia leaves the small stone pedestal and walks towards the Lord general. Only her footsteps are heard.

**BRITANNIA**

I regret my gender is not to your liking, my Lord. Yet I fail to see why this matters.

**LORD GENERAL**

It matters because, unlike you Southerners, my men are real men! Ye lack what it takes to command.

**BRITANNIA**

Which is, my Lord?

**LORD GENERAL**

The thing that's missing between your legs.

The lord grabs his crotch in an offensive manner and another shorter session of chuckling takes place.

Britannia's followers all reach for their weapon hilts. The clanking of metal interrupts the laughter.

Britannia raises her hand signaling for attention and preventing any aggression.

**BRITANNIA**

You refer to these free men and women? Those who have chosen to follow my leadership?

She comes closer, just inches from his face.

Whatever claim you had on them is over. Along with your presence here.

Leave. Now.

**LORD GENERAL**

Stupid bitch! Who do you think you are? I'll tell what happens next. My men will grab you by the --

Suddenly, a flash. Silence.

A severed head falls to the floor. Britannia's sword gleaming above her head, bright red.