



The Lancastrian Times Summer Supplement

Special Issue

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TEUTONIC ORDER SHOCK!

The Teutonic Order was in shock today, after Lancastrian scribes uncovered what seems to be, a dark tale of deceit and betrayal, dating back to a battle which took place in 1398.

Although most Yorkists would be quite at home with such a tale, we must warn our readers that many of us will find this story repulsive, as it contains material that certainly would not be expected of any Lancastrian ally!

This shadowy story starts with a manuscript discovered recently, detailing the events of a battle between England & France in 1398, fought near the site of beloved Aginzcourt in France.

Lord Erpingham with the glorious Richard De Vere and his heroic Oxford household, a band of spear from Normandy, and the denounced Teutonic element, made up of fine French mercenaries, lead by their artful dodger of a leader, Adrian the *'Vulture of Aginzcourt'* Pinn, had drawn their lines up against a mixed French, Italian and Germany army.

The mighty Oxford's drew up against the fearful French on the left flank, with Lord Erpingham and the hooded claw's Teuton's taking on their fellow cut throats, the Germans in the centre, and on the right, the quite but deadly spearmen faced the 'I'm surprised they haven't fled yet' Italians.

Erpingham wisely placed the sausage muncher in front, where he could keep an eye on him and his own valuables, knowing of his dubious nature and his questionable fighting abilities.



The Teuton attacks more dead people...

Desiring a quick resolution to the conflict, Erpingham ordered his best troops, the Oxfords, into battle. The mighty Oxfords crashed into the feeble French line, and after moments of hand to hand fighting, Vintner Fettis bravely fought his way through the French scourge, to confront their trembling standard bearer. Lord Pinn of Stratenhasoundedclausenstein ordered his band of armoured bible bashers to advance, many of which had to turn awkwardly to hear his voice, from so far behind their lines.

It was said that, at this point, the English band were now slowly pushing the French army back, the right flank had routed the Italians, allegedly without striking a blow. The Teutonic center had made 'friends' with their fellow German's, and decided to settle the whole issue over a large sausage sucking competition, dressed in tightly fitting studded lederhosen, leaving only the brave Oxfords fighting outnumbered, against the French.

With his blood full of English pride, Master Fettis attacked the French banner bearer, and entered into a life and death struggle, for a trophy of victory, which could be proudly displayed in his local alehouse.

In the titanic struggle which ensued, said Fettis struck the banner from the Frenchman, and fell upon his prey, to deliver the killing blow, as the other fellow Oxfords engaged the half hearted attempt by the French to recapture their flag.

Whilst this mayhem was taking place, a lone Teuton stalked the field, looking for yet more 'shiny things'. It was then that the Magpie from Munich struck. Upon seeing a gleaming object in the grass, the pilfering peasant snatched up what he thought was a 'golden badge', but was dismayed to discover that it was in fact a golden fleur-de-lis painted on the French banner. Liking 'pretty things', Adrian hoisted the banner over his shoulder and headed for home.

Unfortunately, the hapless Arian didn't realise that in raising the banner over his shoulder, he had inadvertently alerted what was left of the French army to, what they thought was their new rallying point.

As the slow dribble of French soldiers started to arrive at Adrian's side, panic set in. Using the vital element of surprise, he was able first to cut down the infant drummer boy, who put up a brave defence with his drumsticks. Before striking out at the priest, who had just started blessing the fallen boy, then making good his escape back to his large chest, hidden in the back of a wagon.

The triumphant Erpingham returned to camp, and the Oxfords set about trying to locate the deceiving Teuton, to 'educate' him on his treacherous trick, but he was nowhere to be found.

And so ends this story, apart from that night, tormented by nightmares of shame and guilt, Adrian decided to return the banner to its rightful owners, and snuck away to the defeated French camp!!