



# The Lancastrian Times

Issue 5, Vol. 1

12 May 1471

## TOWTON LIGHTNING SHOCKER!!



Black news has reached our ears of a disastrous defeat for the Lancastrian army at Towton! It was early morning, 4 May 1471, Our Divine King Henry had just paid a small fortune to equip Henry Beaufort, 3rd Duke of Somerset's army in the latest brigandines and sallets, and our arrayed forces shone with confidence. All of this amassed splendour was rounded off with the biggest banner pole that mankind had ever seen. Plated in gold and silver, carried by twelve men and two horses, and pronounced the mightiest of erections in all of Christendom, indeed such an erection could only befit the true King Of England!

Our heroic men formed in their lines, as the slobbering Yorkist dogs scurried to the field, their mothers still dressing them as they went. The Yorkist Lord Fauconberg attended the field and was overheard proclaiming at the sheer size of the Lancastrian banner in front of him and that it *"was certainly the largest one he had seen gracing God's good earth"* and he immediately sent forth his herald with their terms of surrender.

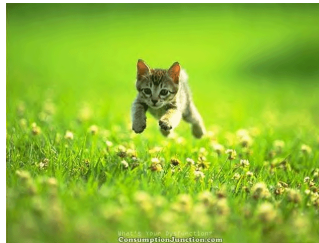
Glorious Somerset received Fauconberg's herald with humility and grace, (well as much grace as he could muster for a dancing monkey dressed in silks) and flatly refused the offer of conditional Yorkist surrender, dismissing Fauconberg's suggestion of a sugared almond for each of his men if they quit the field as just plain ludicrous! And promptly ordered his men to attack.

The whole of the Lancastrian army moved as one towards the sworn enemy of the crown. The biggest banner in the world swung like the reapers own sickle and struck righteous fear into the darkest depths of the black Yorkist hearts. Unable to control their fear and bowels any longer, the entire Yorkist army turned and fled as the first wave of Lancastrian arrows peppered the very ground where they had just

### Bonnivants found to be "Too Perfect!!"

Squeaky clean household, The Bonnivants, have been found guilty of serious misdemeanours that have appalled the medieval world and sent shockwaves throughout the local community of Herstmonceux.

In a confession so shocking and frank a "recent defector" to the way of the Lancastrian told LT how their family image and general all-round niceness was in fact a big scam and they were the *"worst devils I have ever come across on God's clean and pleasant land!"* Unlike the idyllic kittens they portray themselves to be (right), the Bonnivants have proven to be not the free loving youthful felines of Summer joy but the dark dark souls of inconsolable devastation and darkness. Such overwhelming evidence has come to the attention of The Lancastrian Times that we feel obliged to only publish the details in our highly exclusive and subscription only sister publications "LT Today". Cheques can be made payable to "The Henry Tudor Election Fund".



Not The Bonnivants

stood. For all those that viewed that battle from a far it appeared that the day belonged to the Lancastrians.

However, sinister forces were afoot. It seemed as if Fauconberg had made some form of perversed love-pact with the Devil himself, causing a most sinister turn of events to undo the heroic and righteous victors of the day and hand the spoils to the tarnished Yorkist regime.

An unnatural peel of thunder resonated across the field. In a flash, a bolt of blinding blue and white struck the tip of the Henry's banner; lighting raced down the pole and spread from man to man, helmet to helmet, sword to buckler, buckler to bill until the Lancastrian army in its entirety, spasming in the crazed flickering light, dropped down dead.

Fauconberg, not believing his luck, raced after his army, and spent the rest of the day trying to find them. It took him many days to convince his men that they had indeed defeated the Lancastrian force and he reported back to the dastardly pretender, "King" Edward who had spent the entire battle cowering in his tent. The "King" immediately ordered the execution of several hundred of his own men to make their new tale of events more convincing. A task, I am told, was carried out eagerly by the Richard, Duke of Gloucester.

### Breaking News...

Yorkist eat Marmite. Are there no depths to which they won't sink? This makes them common in nature with slugs, sloths and sinister hunchbacks in the throne room.