



A Hog Named Henselt

King Henselt is like a hog in countless ways. Firstly, his appetite is unlimited: just as a hog sinks its teeth into all things edible, lecherously licking its chops, so Henselt bites at his neighbors. Swine pay no mind to the freshness of their fodder, pouncing upon carrion with reckless abandon. And Henselt ventures into Aedirn — a realm orphaned of its ruler and gravely weakened like a dying man. A hog's eyes remain fixed on the ground beneath its trotters, and Henselt is likewise short sighted, failing to foresee the consequences of his deeds. Driven by his hog-like desire to stuff himself, he now leads his army and realm to destruction. It is no wonder, then, that some have appeared who seek to slay the crowned swine of the North one by one.

A new order must arise in the Northern Kingdoms. A wave of turmoil has passed through Aedirn and Temeria, and now it rushes towards Kaedwen.

A swell murky with blood rises in its wake.

Once it reaches Henselt's realm, we shall not speak of regicide,
but of the simple slaughter of a pig.