

TRENCH ✠ CRUSADE

4th Circle, Naval Raiding Detachment 'Barbas'

Servants of Leviathan, the Heretic naval raiding parties prowl the coastlines of Christendom like predators in the night. From the sun-drenched shores of the Mediterranean to the frozen fjords of the north, they descend upon unsuspecting villages and monasteries, bringing fire, death, and despair. These raiders, echoes of the Viking marauders of old, embody a new and darker terror.

They strike without warning—burning a monastery one night, slaughtering a fishing village the next. Survivors tell grim tales of children dragged screaming beneath the waves, their fates sealed in the flooded halls of Hell itself. Are they destined to serve as slaves, recruits, or sustenance for the infernal legions? None can say, for none have returned to tell.

Emerging silently from the surf, they stalk the beaches like creatures born of the abyss. Bulbous bronze diving helmets conceal their faces and muffle their voices, rendering them monstrous silhouettes in the moonlight. Deployed from unholy submarines crafted with infernal ingenuity, they are the nightmares of sailors, villagers, and monks alike. Nowhere near the sea is safe from their relentless hunger.

From the Submarine Jörmungandr, the 4th Circle Naval Raiding Detachment 'Barbas' launches raids to steal and burn. The dread heretic priest Barabas Nu preaches the gospel of Mammon, telling of the prizes that await on the next raid or in Hell for those who serve in the parties.

Supported by his consort, the Shell Witch Melusines. She was chased from her small Irish coastal village as a child for her fae ways and unsettling presence returned as a specialist in Infernal naval gunnery to seek revenge on the so called communities that spurned her and cast her to the cold winds of the dunes.

They have become a tale to frighten recalcitrant children along the coasts of Britannia and the Mediterranean, a curse spoken in hushed whispers by those brothers who toil in religious houses within sight of the dark waves.

The crew plays host to the many varieties of the earthly servants of hell. Anointed Adaro a giant brute who loves to watch the reflected flame spewed from his heavy flame thrower dance on the blood dark waves. The Legionnaires Aruna and Lukka who's love for plunder is second only to the obsessive attachment to their prized sub machine guns and Sirsir, stolen from a fishing village as a boy, brutalised and warped by a childhood spent in the sunless lower decks of an Infernal Submarine he now turns his rage and pain on a world he can no longer recognise.



Witness Report of a Heretic Raid upon Whitbeach

Recorded by Brother Aldwine of Lindisfarne, as told by Edwin, aged 12, sole survivor of the Whitbeach raid. Sent to the Most Reverend Bishop Wilfred, Year of Our Lord 1913.

In humble service to the Holy Diocese, I submit this grim account pieced together from the testimony as related to me by the boy Edwin, survivor of the recent tragedy that befell Whitbeach. It is a tale of horror, one that confirms the monstrous cruelty of the Heretics who have of late haunted our shores with increasing frequency. Though the boy's words were halting and simple, they spoke of horrors that cannot be ignored, horrors which I have sought to render faithfully in this report.

Edwin, in shock yet determined to speak, recounted his experience thus:

"I was hiding in the dunes, just beyond the village, I'd gone to escape my father and mother arguing. The night was calm, the waves gentle as is usual that time of year. I liked watching the moon, on the water. Then, I saw them. They came from the sea" he whispered, his voice trembling. "Like shadows, but... blacker somehow."

At first, he thought it was driftwood or seals, black shapes rising from the sea. But as they moved closer, he realized they were men—or things that looked like men. They stood up out of the waves, water streaming from their shoulders, their helmets round and glinting in the moonlight like giant, unblinking eyes of some abyssal creature. They walked without speaking, their footsteps heavy on the sand.

There were many of them, more than he could count with his small command of numbers, and they carried strange weapons—some with long serrated blades, others with infernal contraptions, pipes that spat smoke and fire. He claimed they moved like shadows, silent except for the hiss and clank of their gear. They struck swiftly. The boy watched in terror as they descended upon the village.

The first screams came from the longhouse. One of them—he described as taller than the rest—smashed the door in with a single, monstrous blow. "My father and brothers ran out with their tools, but it was no use. The creatures cut them down without pause. I wanted to shout, to cry for help, but my voice was froze in my throat. I saw my father," Edwin murmured, staring at his hands. "He had his knife, but... it didn't matter. They cut him down, quick as anything."

From the boy's scattered words, I discerned a scene of unrelenting brutality. The whole village was woken by then, but it didn't matter. The men of the village were slaughtered where they stood, their crude tools useless against the Heretics' infernal weaponry. Women and children were seized, their cries swallowed by the crackle of flames as the raiders set the cottages alight.

The flames lit the beach like daylight allowing the boy to watch the whole horror below. He saw the smith fight back with his hammer, but they overwhelmed him, their blades flashing like the teeth of a great sea beast. A woman tried to flee with her baby, but one of the raiders dragged her back into the firelight.

When they finished, they took the survivors—women, children, even the youngest babes—and tied them together with ropes. They hauled them back toward the sea, their captives screaming and wailing. Then, as if by magic, the boy could not say how, they disappeared into the waves. He could not say what became of those taken, only that they vanished beneath the water, their screams fading into silence.. "The sea swallowed them up. They took everyone. Dragged them to the sea, tied up like nets of fish."

By this point in his tale the boy was barely able to make himself understood, tears streaming down his face. He said he could still hear their cries when he closed his eyes, still see the blank, inhuman masks of the raiders' helmets staring back at him.

By God's grace, Edwin was spared, though he knows not why. "Dunno. Maybe they didn't see me. Maybe they didn't care." was his only explanation. He stayed hidden in the dunes until dawn, when he crept back to the village and found no one alive. The Heretics left behind only ashes, bloodstains, and silence.

It is my solemn duty to report this atrocity to you, Most Reverend Bishop, and to urge swift action. This account, though gleaned from the fearful words of a child, bears the mark of truth. The Heretics, servants of Leviathan, have struck again, no place is safe within reach of the sea. The devil's servants stalk our coasts, I urge Your Grace to consider this report with the utmost gravity, for these fiends grow bolder with each passing day. I fear they will not stop until all of Christendom lies in ruin. May the Lord guide us in this dark hour.

Yours in Christ,

Brother Aldwine

