*The Sun was setting on the horizon of the western plains and hills of Spain,*

 *a terrible battle was taking place under the fading rays that gleamed off the armor and helms of the participants in the madness.*

*The green grass that covered the hills as far as the eye could see was painted maroon with the blood and organs of fallen soldiers and steeds. Beautiful flowers worth the preparation of a bouquet were trampled into the dirt and smothered by the corpses of Spaniard knights and Moorish soldiers ."my lord ! we have lost all ground on the left flank of the battlefield, they have almost completely overwhelmed Captain Julio" yelled a low level lieutenant to the Spaniard army main leader. " Then gather 100 of your best men and go on the outside of the left field and rush those bastards from their shoulder!" roared back his commander who was nearby him on horseback, he was struggling with directing his animal out of the center of the battle as he yelled orders and lead repeated charges against their foes, his silver breastplate was dented from all sides and sliced open in the middle from the keen blade of one of their merciless foes that had nearly got the best of him.*

All the bodies of his soldiers creaked and groaned with weariness both from battle and the weight of armor that protected them, and half of them had lost all hope in victory and there commander sensed this "Don't forget what you are fighting for men! don't forget what's at stake!!" he yelled with his sword raised high in the sky! " For Lord Alfonso! For Christ!, For the church," the look of a thousands years of hardship building in his eyes, to the remaining back up of a army that came in the thousands but slowly dwindled to the hundreds. " we will witness the work of Christ on this on this battlefield to- "

the inspiring speech of the mans cut short by a arrow that found a home deep in the right side of chest, his mouth opened wide for a moment in total shock and his body fell limp on the side of his horse ,. "sire!" squeaked his squire who by his side knelt down to help his commander in despair. A high pitch yell pierced the air from the desert bred culprit of the arrow. Soldiers of the battalion gazed in despair on the host of enemies who fought with their lead forces before him if it could be called a fight with this new band of Moors, who had invaded and took the Iberian peninsula by storm, they were deadly warriors, their skill with blades of any kind were unmatched , and they asked for no pardon and gave no mercy unless weapons were discarded

and hands high signaling for surrender. The Spaniards were not to be regarded as soldiers of low strength nor weak hearted, they were well armed, strong and stocky with brave knights that held front line, but the moors were in a class of there own, one host made of different tribes and clans skin colors ranging from the brown of Arabs to the midnight dark sheen of the tuareg and senegalese with tall and lean enduring bodies adapted to years of harsh living In the deserts of North Africa and There numbers were thousands to There ten thousands , but they were still a force to be reckoned with and were steadily gaining ground. The squire of the fallen Spaniard captain tried desperately to drag his lord's body to the back of his last line of defense while the rest of his allies raged with the moors, trying to prevent the eminent and lose the castle of afreda, therein the midst of the climatic battle death was prevalent in the air,one spanish soldier fought with one moor who matched two long knives to

his javelin and quickly disposed of the Spaniard by bringing of his knives in a downward slice on the end of his javelin as the spaniard pushed a light thrust and the top of the weapons blade fell off, the spaniards pale sweat stained face held a look of surprise which was followed by agony as the moor swirling his blades while he came forward in sheer wrath and thrust his right knife in the Spaniard's neck and brought the other knife to his neck right above the right and pulled both blades apart as hard as he could yelling at the top of his young in his native language of the Tuareg tribe " FOR GODDDDDD!!" and continued on the battle fighting and striking down any that stepped in his path with death strokes that seemed to come from a supernatural place

, another Moor fell struck dead to the prowess of two soldiers who came attacking him from both sides but not before his scimitar sliced off the arm of the Spaniard on his right who's cry of pain fell to deaf ears among the thousands that joined them. In the ringside of the battlefield the Moors ground and trying to circle around the Spaniard infantry, but the Spaniards proved a match in arms, and the Spanish still outnumbered them and were taking numbers in their own right, while in back of the moorish numbers. The moors were fighting the Spaniards on the plains in front of the castle and steadily planning to circle the location and come from the right flank. surveying the whole battle, I was there grand general Yusuf ibn, with his lieutenants sending orders of battle through a series of special bird calls and howls to make, while to the Spanish it was gibberish , to the Moors they were messages to die by" milord where holding ground on the middle but left is taking a lot of pressure" , "said his first lieutenantMaad a Sinig , Yusuf shook his head"can they not see we will soon over take all of them?these men are no more a match then children with wooden blade imitations"Maad a Sinig gave a bemused smile " I don't think they've realized they lost yet"

yusuf laughed" then I guess we have to go change their sense of reality ," Yusuf abruptly mounted his horse and drew his blade "I think it's time we joined the battle, I'll lead through the middle and press strength once I'm in the middle no one will go past me," and with a slight smile on his lips Yusuf ibn said" since I know you take the path of the coward in pride I'll send you to the right were fighting wont be to bad " nimrod tossed his head back and laughed loud" you call it the cowards path but it will be littered with the bodies of the brave and timid alike," a tall mighty Moor of almost 6,7 feet with muscle that rippled even under his hoodie who towered over most of the host, Maad a Sinig was easily one of the mightiest of the host, he had skin the color of smooth black granite and a proud and stern face that hid his descent as a desert monger of the Senegalese tribe of Africa and instead made him seem as one of royalty

from the courts of Morocco, he was destructive in battle and used a long black Egyptian war club engraved with Moorish encrypting that at nighttime glowed sapphire. The Moorish nation that had set siege and conquered parts of the Iberian Peninsula had sent word to their cousins still in northern Africa for need of warriors and generals who were to lead their campaign against the rest of the peninsula , what came back were strength of 10,000 along with three men Yusuf, Nimrod, and Kyron who's worth in battle was said to be worth a thousand men and later became generals of the Moorish campaign with promises of honor and glory to their name if succeeded. Maad a Sinig smiled," be it as it may, go handle business ", then Yusuf turned to his last and youngest war general Kyron, leader of his third division of shock troops that had done did critical damage to the structure of the Christian army up until this point of the battle. He stood surrounded by his own circle of lieutenants who relayed his orders to battle, rubbing his knuckles together in anticipation, aching to join the battle again and shed blood" Kyron you support me from behind as I lead through the

middle with the horsemen battalion,” Yusuf turned his gaze from Kyron to the warring factions of soldiers below them on the plains and hills, the Spaniards were not giving ground easy and there King Alfonso was in the battle surrounded by his knights of the Castilian courts, Yusuf wanted to fight him personally ” that means those I rush through that don’t die from the onslaught are yours to handle.” Kyrons black face widened into a devilish grin” yay! That's what I love about Yusuf you always save me the good part.” Yusuf shot him a moody look in attempt to reprimand him, that’s sir to you boy and I take that as a sign of disrespect" Kyron smirked" if you take that as disrespect then you should hear what the bathing maidens say about you in Seville" and laughed. “You know if I had your mouth sewed shut , you probably would be just as good a general or even better” Yusuf said Kyyrons face made a pensive expression, like he was pretending to think about it” maybe” he said, “ but then I’ll know you will miss my goodnight kiss before battle” and laughed loud. A couple of the nearby horsemen stirred with laughter, “even stone faced Nimrod stifled a giggle at the young general, all Yusuf could do was shake his head in mock anger, Kyron was the youngest of the three generals at 22 years of age he was younger than a good number of the host, he differed in that he was not of Moorish descent, he was a tall and forever grinning treasure hunter of a Nubian tribe in Egypt. Kyron like many other Moors had followed Yusuf to Spain with the promise of honor, glory and countless women. Although at first impression he appeared merely to be an over enthusiastic youth with a smile that

gave away his young age but with an oddly deep voice that resonated with power, he was a mighty warrior and hunter, his reputation in combat gained from the raids he lead on warring kingdoms in the Sahara, and by word of his father was he given Yusuf Ibn Tashfin attention. Yusuf cast his cloak aside and openly showed his shining cuirass that was engraved with the names of his family in Arabic characters "Alright enough talking, let’s stop playing with our prey! “ Immediately Yusuf, both his generals and horsemen mounted on their steeds and drew their blades. “Men, they have to come to a wasp nest with no regard of the potency of stingers poison” Yusuf said, meeting the eyes of all his men while he talked “but we will show them the strength of The Almoravids in one mighty blow. “ He then let loose a loud sharp whistle that pierced the air of the battle and signaled for his drum men to play the impending and doom approaching tune that signified that the signature war leader of

their host was riding into battle. Yusuf drew his weapons, two long scimitars that cleaved all blades and let unfurl the red sash that trailed behind his horse and the other 1000 horsemen of his deadliest battalion. This was Yusuf Ibn Tashfin in his prime the mighty overseer, the omnipresent general of The Almoravids nation, he was a noble moor who possessed dangerous skill with blades that only his mightiest generals Maad a Sinig or Kyron came close to matching and long before coming to the Iberian peninsula he along with his brother and father had conquered warring tribes and small kingdoms in the name of the Islamic Reconquista. Many feared at thought of seeing his pointed beard tan complexion face in battle and few could hold the intense gaze of his piercing eyes that smoldered under his conjoined eyebrows. Just like in the uncounted battles he had lead the ground once again trembled with the approach of the strongest legion of horsemen that he always saved for last. The swords and spears of the Spaniard host were tightened in fear by the hands of their bearers. just the rumor that Yusuf ibn Tasfin was coming to war had spread fear among-st the host, now to see him riding in their direction from the hills with the two mightiest of his host and a legion of horsemen was a sight unbearable for the weakhearted. Once Yusuf and his battalion of men came close to the main affray of the battle he yelled for one last order to be followed and suddenly the middle rows of his fighters stepped to the side like the parting sea to make way for the leader. With the force of a typhoon Yusuf galloped through the middle of the battle and met the

shocked and confused Spaniards head on; once Yusuf clashed with his foes and was swinging the two scimitars that he wielded death fell immediately to any who stood in his way that wasn't of Moorish descent. By the first ten seconds of his presence in battle eight Spaniards fell dead from the edge of his swords. Hands were detached from there wrist with a swing of his scimitars, helmeted heads of armor flew into the sky and were tripped on by unwary soldiers, his horse trampled over the cowardly of the host who had tried to flee and tripped over each other. Maad a Sinig was causing terror and havoc on his side of the battle as well, helmets were smashed, and shields were cast down, his massive club swinging with an agility that betrayed his size even on horseback, he knocked knights from there horses, crushed the brains of his enemies inside there helmets with blows from the top of there heads and a couple of times grabbed knights by there necks with his free hand and lifted them like a shield to block blows. Those who encountered Kyron in battle didn't have it any easier, for as soon as he hit the main flank he had dismounted from his horse with A slight hop, he always preferred to face his enemies on the ground face to face ,he fought with gloves made of leather hide that had a mesh of marvelously crafted diamond covered in gold and black marble that curved around his hand and covered his knuckles and

on the finger were cruel ring knives, that bit deeply along with a longbow and arrow with which he was known to shoot with deadly accuracy as was the way of Nubians he matched long swords and spears with gloved hands, pierced and tore open silver armor with stabs and punches, and stopped heartbeats with powerful swings. He was well adept at the art of hand to weapon fighting he learned from his brothers in Egypt, and was confident at blocking sword swings with one hand and dealing deadly punches and slices with the other, one soldier swung his sword at him with fury but Kyron laughed and with one hand grabbed the tip of the sword and held it and with the other hand uppercutted the middle of the blade and broke it and before the soldier could understand what could happen he fell dead to a hard punch at the side of his temple, another soldier brave enough swung and was dead before the swing was full done, " who's brave enough to with stand me?! Let him come forward and meet death at the hands of a true warrior!!!!!!" "