

The Grave, My Soul

Paramaecium

In the distance, my falcon flies, circling above a clearing in the
Forest. Suddenly, I hear its cries as it falls to the ground to
its
Death. Leaving Destiny, I rush in the direction of its final cry. I
Enter the clearing and stop in sudden horror as I view an
Unnatural spectacle of ancient fallen trees.
This is a fossilised forest, silent and calm, with no sign of
Movement save for the stain of my form. The spell of age has
Woven its evil intent upon this hallowed ground as beneath the
Grey clouds the forest was rent. Moving slowly, in deliberation
And respect for the dead, I am revulsed by the scene played out
Before me. How these giants have fallen. Their majesty, their
Power, and all that they were are as dust to the soil and returned
To the earth. I know not why.
I plead with Destiny for an answer as she arrives and she explains
It thus; "It pays tribute to the accursed rains for of all that
was,
Little remains. These grey flowers you see are but a poor
Reflection of what's left of humanity. They spoke the laws of old
Yet chose to disoblige the Ancient, holding such decrees in
Contempt by their works. The bane of mankind is that all that he
Is until the day that he dies is a pawn that's expected to live
by the
Lies of tradition. The human condition, it seems, is to reduce
all to
Tradition."
I wander amongst the fallen trunks as though drawn, and find my
Fallen friend, my falcon forlorn. Lifeless, I hold his body hoping in
Some way he's free. Whilst clutching him, I notice something, now
What can this be?
Embedded in chalcedony within an aged oak is the semblance of
An ancient warrior sword. To suggest that this had ought to do
With the legend was a dream but to ignore the possibility I could
Not afford. I grabbed a nearby rock and began to smash away
The quartz as crystal shards, they flew and cut into my flesh.
The
Golden sword hilt exposed, I pulled with all my might as it was
Loosed at last from its chalcedonic grave. And I held the sword
Aloft for all the land to see and I was filled with power beyond

d my

Darkest dreams.

Destiny, with a smile, approaches saying, "The Garensword holds
The power to bequeath life as well as death" as I watch my falc
on

Take wing to wind and soar high above the forest once again.

Following the bird, leaving the clearing behind us, we enter in
to

The forest and instantly I am startled. The sword has affected
my

Sight, enabled me to see things which I have never noticed befo
re.

There are thousands of graves amongst the trees; a cemetery for
The living. Headstones with no names, overrun with wild grey fl
owers.