

Storyteller, The "Ambush"

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At dawn they awakened by a strange sound. Something
that sounded like heavy
steps, really heavy
steps. Something was slowly bringing itself closer and
closer towards them.
What could it be? The
fear slowly began to take hold of our travelers as they
all grabbed their
weapons and formed a
circle. That way everyone had their back covered.

"Over there behind those trees!" A troll suddenly
appeared... with a huge
battle axe in hand he
just stood there waiting, but waiting for what? "Look!
There's trolls over
there too! And there,
and there. May the gods have mercy on our souls, we
are surrounded by battle
trolls!" But why were
they just standing there, why weren't they attacking?
They would soon know
why.

Suddenly all the trolls started to pound their weapon
against their shields,
making an almost
hypnotic rhythm. And suddenly, from the bushes came
something so huge, so
hideous and so evil that
any man unfortunate enough to meet it would be lucky
if he died of fear. It
was a GOBLIN. By it's
side stood the man that betrayed Kira and her clan,
and sold the book of
mystery to the dark side.
"Spare the woman, I want her alive" he said. "The rest
is all yours.
ATTACK!"

There came the word they were waiting for

Their warlord was screaming ATTACK!
Hungry for battle and enemy blood
They would never stop

So fire your bows while you still got the time
Kill as many as you can
Reduce the number of enemy troops
As they run towards you

You know this time you have to stand
There is no turning back
So gather the strength you received from the powers
above

Now Kira is attacked by the enemy lord
Deadly combat with sword
And the power of the dwarf's double axe
It spreads fear among the trolls
The sorcerer is casting a ghastly spell aiming towards
the goblin
And Siam strikes a deadly blow tearing the head of a
troll

The battle rages furiously
And neither side will give in
So the chosen one gives a silent prayer to the gods

Give me the strength to be victorious
Give me the strength I need to live through this day
Give me the strength to be victorious
Give me the strength to fight for me and my friends

In the dark the screams of wounded soldiers fills the
forest
And the smell of death spreads the air
Is it over, did they win, no one knows the answer
They have to wait until the sunrise

Hours of fear!

Give me the strength...

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