

Heidi Newfield

"The Book Of Theil"

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[Introduction]

In the lost century of the past millenium,
The kingdom of Bendorig burned among the flames
of such a cruel,
Mad and bloody war the no delirious mind could even
concieve it.
A hope of salvation came from very far away.
At that time a mysterious foreigner appeared among
that devistation and death,
Wandering about those desolate places.
He was wrapped in a long dark cloak.
His unusual clothes, ancient and worn out, showed the
signs of a lost time.
Disdainful of danger, he roamed and at the end,
He was exhausted in consequence of that journey
which seemed endless.
He hid a dark story in his soul.
The solitary pilgrim was in search of a knight of virtue
and power
Chosen by the divine oracle: his name was Sidgar.

Zerion the last descendant of a glorious cast,
The Guardians of the Temple of Theil revealed his
identity to Sidgar.
The ancient sagas had always said that the plain of
Theil where the shrine rose, was the place of eternity
and harmony,
The place where every secret mystery was revealed.

The spirits of those sacred lands, that was sung in the
old sagas,
Flared in the eyes of Zerion.
The words that Sidgar heard burned inside his soul
Like blades of fire and he felt that the man was telling
the truth.

[Zerion]

We heard the echoes of the war-horns nearer and
nearer,
Resounding among the valleys.

We heard the horses galloping like roaring waves
against the rocks.
We saw thousands of unsheathed swords flare and hit
innocent prey.
We heard the howls and the cries reach the sky,
A multitude of different sounds that became one
deafening thunder.
The words of the woman are proved to be true.
The prophecy is right...

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