

## Days Of Yore

# "The Forthcoming Storm"

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The forthcoming storm

So it was the dawn of another peaceful day,  
when the old mage finally reached the castle's gate.  
Entering the throne room, he shivered, filled with guilt.  
He bowed humbly to his king and then said unto him:

"Sire, I am compelled I fear, to bring you disastrous  
news.

The bright crystal, woe on me, is now in hands vile and  
cruel."

At these words, the king glared at his unconscious  
mage.

He rose his eyes and stood for a while, fixing  
emptiness.

"Oh what a tragedy," he said. "This will surely seal our  
fate.

Without the crystal's light, the realm is defenseless."

Distressed by such bad news, the king was lost in his  
despair,

when came up to him an old man wearing a long white  
beard.

It was the last of the elders, the wise man of the realm.

He locked his stare upon his king and said unto him:

"Sire, all hope is not lost, there is a way to slay the evil  
lord.

He who holds the sword of truth can defeat this one if  
he's stout and pure."

Then the king ran his eye over the people  
and beckoned an impressive young man to come to  
him.

"Arbo my son," he said. "You are our only hope.

Seek out the sword of truth, oh please save us from  
doom."

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