

L'elan Vital

"Ode From The Mountains Of Bothzak"

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Once, in a land of darkness--long ago--when all the Earth was covered in darkness and shadow under a spell of an evil sorceress witch, the people cried for deliverance, and no child was born for many a long year.

Out of the mountains of Bothzak a hero did answer their call: riding forth upon his stalwart steed, brandishing the heirloom of his house: the jewel encrusted claymore.

Forth he rode into the night, slaying foes great and small, and all evil did flee before this valiant hero and the might of the jewel-encrusted claymore.

At last the hero came to the evil witch's realm and lo, he looked upon the barren wasteland: frozen and dry where no life could take hold. And with his claymore he smote the witch's minions and at long last stood face to face with her. And he did run her through with his claymore, piercing the soft flesh beneath the witch's callous exterior.

She gave a cry of pain and--yet it seemed to all that did witness--possibly a cry of ecstasy, as well. And behold, impossibly he saw that she was unharmed and fair now to look upon. The skies of the land opened upon the Earth and life began to blood anew.

She looked upon him and said, "Oh, most valiant of heroes, thou hast delivered me from a fate worse than death. Verily I beseech you, wilt thou pierce me with thy jewel-encrusted claymore once more?" And so he did and all the land rejoiced.

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