

The Storyteller "Chant Of The Thieves"

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[Though they were a little doubtful at first about how these people would make their living, they couldn't help feeling a bit snivious. Those people lived a quietful and almost peaceful life. Everyone helped each other as a great family. And they had to admit that when the sun went down and they all gathered around the fire and sang, they felt as one with the family. And for just a few seconds they felt like all their problems were gone.]

This is my stry: a thief what I am, I live in
the forest so deep
I earn my living by steeling gold, from the rich
couse they can afford
Yes deep in the forest my people all live, and use what
the nature can give
We obey no laws 'cause free men are we, and thieves
are what we always will be

Every day a risk 'cause the lawmen can catch us
Attack like the wolf then escape like a mouse
In the woods they won't fint med it's the place that I
love
The place I feel saft in, the place I call home

When the sun goes down and everything is going to
rest
We sit by the fire and wait for the others to some
And when we're all gathered everyone start to sing
We sing our song, we sing the chant of the thieves

"And the story ends... for now. In the camp of the
thieves
is where we leave our adventures. But the wuest still
remains: Will they fint the book of mystery in time to
save Kali? Or will the evil one place Kali in eternal
darkness? Well, that story is yet to come."

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