

## The Grave, My Soul

Paramaecium

In the distance, my falcon flies, circling above a clearing in the  
Forest. Suddenly, I hear its cries as it falls to the ground to  
its  
Death. Leaving Destiny, I rush in the direction of its final cry. I  
Enter the clearing and stop in sudden horror as I view an  
Unnatural spectacle of ancient fallen trees.  
This is a fossilised forest, silent and calm, with no sign of  
Movement save for the stain of my form. The spell of age has  
Woven its evil intent upon this hallowed ground as beneath the  
Grey clouds the forest was rent. Moving slowly, in deliberation  
And respect for the dead, I am revulsed by the scene played out  
Before me. How these giants have fallen. Their majesty, their  
Power, and all that they were are as dust to the soil and returned  
To the earth. I know not why.  
I plead with Destiny for an answer as she arrives and she explains  
It thus; "It pays tribute to the accursed rains for of all that  
was,  
Little remains. These grey flowers you see are but a poor  
Reflection of what's left of humanity. They spoke the laws of old  
Yet chose to disoblige the Ancient, holding such decrees in  
Contempt by their works. The bane of mankind is that all that he  
Is until the day that he dies is a pawn that's expected to live  
by the  
Lies of tradition. The human condition, it seems, is to reduce  
all to  
Tradition."  
I wander amongst the fallen trunks as though drawn, and find my  
Fallen friend, my falcon forlorn. Lifeless, I hold his body hoping in  
Some way he's free. Whilst clutching him, I notice something, now  
What can this be?  
Embedded in chalcedony within an aged oak is the semblance of  
An ancient warrior sword. To suggest that this had ought to do  
With the legend was a dream but to ignore the possibility I could  
Not afford. I grabbed a nearby rock and began to smash away  
The quartz as crystal shards, they flew and cut into my flesh.  
The  
Golden sword hilt exposed, I pulled with all my might as it was  
Loosed at last from its chalcedonic grave. And I held the sword  
Aloft for all the land to see and I was filled with power beyond

d my

Darkest dreams.

Destiny, with a smile, approaches saying, "The Garensword holds  
The power to bequeath life as well as death" as I watch my falc  
on

Take wing to wind and soar high above the forest once again.

Following the bird, leaving the clearing behind us, we enter in  
to

The forest and instantly I am startled. The sword has affected  
my

Sight, enabled me to see things which I have never noticed befo  
re.

There are thousands of graves amongst the trees; a cemetery for  
The living. Headstones with no names, overrun with wild grey fl  
owers.