

Paramaecium, The Grave, My Soul

(Music by A. Tompkins and J. De Ron)

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 aught 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 my darkest dreams.

Destiny, with a smile, approaches saying, "The Garen sword holds the power to bequeath life as well as death" as I watch my falcon take wing to wind and soar high above the forest once again. Following the bird, leaving the clearing behind us, we enter into the forest and instantly I am startled. The sword has affected my sight, enabled me to see things which I have never noticed before. There are thousands of graves amongst the trees; a cemetery for the living. Headstones with no names, overrun with wild grey flowers.