

# THE BOOK OF THE OLD TALES

The year was 2309 E.A of the second realm, conflict struck between the Nords and the Cirolians, a dispute between the rightful owners of stalrim and of the world as was known. General Amberzine Rellen, head of the empirus tallus brigade of the Northern most Cirol empire, carried out an attack on the town of Herelthanigan, Where I was sent to be executed, I'm writing this to document the battle, and my view of how the event unfolded.

The Carriage was damp, left out the night before I presume, the horse pulling it seemed worn for wear, at least I wasn't the only person sent to the block, there were four others, their names I came to know in due time. One of them seemed to be a Cirolian soldier, well he looked it anyway, blue cuirass, brown band slanted through the middle, typical Cirolian soldier wear. He seemed weary, yet not old, his hair was a strong blonde that burst the eyes of the men around him. The other two men seemed to be just prisoners, nothing special about them, they both wore the same ragged trousers with a string belt.

The Carriage arrived at Herelthanigan, The tall brass gates wide open as we were hurried off by the Nordic soldiers, they were tall pale skinned men, almost identical looking, they scurried me off into the detainment cells where we were placed and interviewed.

The Commanding officer approached my cell, and pulled out a piece of papyrus. "Name, place of birth and date of birth please" the Officer demanded. I rested my shoulders and replied "Dalyn Farwell, Old Burry farm, just south of here, 2259 E.A of the second realm". The officer wrote each detail down and walked to the next cell. I was able to look into the next cell due to a hole in the wall, the Cirolian soldier was sat there in a chair by the door scratching his head. I could hear the noise of the papyrus as it moved as the officer took it out once more. "Make this quick!" The Cirolian demanded. "Name, place of birth and d-" The officer was cut off by the Cirolian man answering too quickly "Lestanrathim the First, lieutenant of the Cirolian army, born and raised in the castle city of Riftol, 2289 E.A of the second realm." The officer disappeared around the corner, his voice faint as he asked each prisoner the next question. I heard the sound of keys and the clank of a cell door in the next chamber down. The Cirolian man seemed to have escaped his cell through some sorcery, or at least some unholy means. "Oi, get off y'er arses lads, the Cirolians'll be here any minute now!". Exclaimed Lestanrathim. He took the keys and placed them into the keyhole in my cell door, turning them and opening the barred door. I ran as fast as I could, not even thanking the man as I did, I shot up the stairs that was straight ahead, falling and crashing to the ground.

I tried to pull myself up to no avail, something heavy was crushing me, a sharp pain throbbing into my back, I managed to move my hand out from under me and placed it firmly onto my back, there was something sticking out of place, something sharp, it was an arrow. With my hand I pulled as hard as I could, lifting the arrow from my spine. I felt the blood dripping down from my back and onto my finger-tips. Yet the pain wasn't as harsh, and I managed to muster enough strength to return to my feet. I staggered along the halls until I found what once was the exit, now battered and destroyed, there seemed to be an escape, but that's not what it was, I opened what was the remnants of the door, out into what would usually be a bright day, but not this day, the day was dark and stormy, the bodies of men lay strewn about on the floor, a battle had happened here, and in-fact was still happening here. Loud clashes of steel from all around was heard, catapults firing boulders into the turrets, the walls, and at any target they could find, I started to wonder if they even were on anyone's side.

I picked up a sword that lay on a corpse near me, I wasn't fighting for anyone however, I fought for myself, to escape, this wasn't my battle, I'm neither a citizen of Stalrim or of Cirol, it didn't concern me.

I saw the Cirolian again, his long blonde eye striking hair flowing in the wind as he struck each enemy down that met him in battle, I felt irrelevant, even if this wasn't my battle, I felt like I couldn't be as proficient in combat as he is, or even be as strong as him. I tried to join him in battle but as I ran towards him to join in and aid him, he ran towards me his sword readied in his hands, as he got closer I realised he wasn't running to me for aid, he was running at me, he thought I was foe, and no matter how many times I screamed "Alas young warrior, I am but a friend!", he kept running towards me, he was in blades reach now he swung towards me, catching my ankle in his swing. I tried to mask the pain but it was to no avail, a tear crept down the side of my eye, I thrust my blade forward missing the man by what felt like a metre, the man swung again and narrowly missed, my hand seemed to tense up and the sword fell from my grasp, the man readied his blade once more, as he swung I triumphantly tackled him to the ground, leaving him stunned for a second, I moved back onto my feet, feeling the sharp shooting pain in my back, and the feeling of nothing-ness where my ankle was. I took an arrow out of the quiver from one of the archers he had slain and readied it in my hand, he chuckled as he dropped his sword onto the floor, his fists readied, I moved my hand down the shaft of the arrow to get a better grasp on it. He ran towards me flailing his fists in my direction, as his fist collided with the side of my face the arrow I held in my hand pierced through his armor and into his arm. He grasped the arrow, yanking it out with all his might, he then turned it towards me, I took the ragged belt off my trousers, and readied it in both of my hands, tying it around my ankle to stop the blood loss. He ran towards me once more, I stepped to the side and he fell to the ground, falling onto one of the corpses of his fellow men. While he was down I snatched another arrow from one of the leather quivers that lay on the floor, he got up, I thrust the arrow into his chest, not even piercing the surface, he pushed me to the ground, his hands grasping my neck tightly, the light started to fade in my eyes, the corners growing ever closer, I saw my reflection in the man's eyes as he mercilessly choked me in an adrenaline fuelled rage, I thought this was the end for me, I would've been happy if it ended that way, at least I wouldn't have died just for stealing medicine from a dying man, I would've been killed in battle, but that didn't happen, suddenly the man's grasp faded, I was able to breath, the man fell flat onto my chest, his weight almost crushing me, I rolled out from under him and laid face up staring at the pale moon that lay above, to a night that felt like it was going to last forever. I tilted my head to view the fallen hero, his once flowing hair at a stand-still and over his corpse one of the two twins, in his hands was a bright shining dagger, he crept over to me, reaching his hand out, I couldn't muster the strength to move any part of my body, he retracted his hands, running for cover as a man clad in a gold shining armor approached.

He grabbed me by the arm and dragged me onto one of the intact carriages, My vision faded and so I could not remember much of what happened. I woke up back in the carriage at my old farm-stead, bandaged and with a make-shift crutch. I left the carriage, waving at the real hero of that day, I thanked him and went back into my barn, I took out my book of Tales and started to write another chapter.

