

## The History of Ealdormere, Part 2

Heather Dale

The last of the Southron, the Otter and Briar,  
Saw Ealdormere prove its worth  
Sagely they called for a tournament grand  
To determine the Prince of the North  
A new Knight defeated the Champion of old  
With Prowess both nimble and sure  
Certain they were upon seeing his face  
That the Line of the North was secure.

Singing they joined in the thundering host  
That fought for the Midrealm Kings  
Fearless the might of the Wolfpack at war  
With the valor that leadership brings  
Sharp were the blades of the triple-edged flower  
That struck its foes down where they stood  
Fierce was the light of the Heaven's red eye  
When the fields were the scarlet of blood.

Upon this foundation their arms would reach wide  
And the Northrealm would leave it's mark  
Powerful Monarchs would sail with the tide  
And would shine like a flame in the dark  
Ealdormere's people were giving and Kind  
Each head of pavilion or hall  
Had no greater pride for a stranger or friend  
But to give them their best and their all.

So Ealdormere grew to a thoroughbred's strength  
From the first eager steps of a colt  
The needs of a Kingdom were pondered at length  
And none could find Ealdormere's fault  
Officers, artisans, wisdom and youth  
And nobles of every degree,  
Women and men full of chivalry's grace  
Who could lead them in war and in peace.

Like bees in the summer, the fever took hold  
For much there was yet to be done  
The newest of nobles joined Shirefolk of old  
In their dreams of a future to come  
The humblest peasant stood equal to Peer  
As the shape of their work was revealed  
Surely the mightiest keep had been built  
From the stones that were found in the field.

And so came the day when the doors were thrown wide  
To the wondrous hall they built  
Drawn like a river they gathered inside  
'Til the greatest of chambers was filled  
Eyes were drawn upward and whispers were hushed  
At the sight of the scarlet-draped throne  
Their dream in fruition, the moment at hand  
For a King and Queen of their own.

In song-softened silence the populace stood  
And the will of the land intoned  
Sweet was the harvest that grew from the past

When the seeds of the future were sown  
Soft was the shining of Ealdormere's eyes  
Who gathered to witness a birth  
Bright was the legacy's circle that passed  
From the first to the last to the first.

And so,  
First is the Wolf,  
And the Wilds,  
And the Will  
And the Rule  
Of the Northrealm King.