

## Song Of The Ancient

Paramaecium

The song I perceive as I wander through the woods through the  
Dim light of dawn, lilted as it's carried on soft shifting winds  
Through the stillness of this early morn.

"Upon the hill, east of the woods, the old man stood rapt in  
Thought; gazing, contemplative and lost in himself. His old hands,

Fingers long and thin, but rugged, grasped the wooden staff. It  
Was familiar in his hand; crooked yet strong. How many times?  
How often had he before this stood on this very place, lost within

Himself; rapt in reflection? A light breeze swelled about him  
Ruffling his hair and wisps of beard, grey with age and wisdom  
of

Years. He had seen much, experienced much and known friends  
In the Hidden Lands. But that was before; before the Fall.  
Glancing downward, a sea of activity, the forest teeming with life

And lives. But lives are merely a doorway wherethrough can be  
Expressed the nature of the Ancient; the one who abides within  
The Hidden Lands. The old man thinks 'I am become not what  
Was intended but through intent am become.' And so, in servitude

To human heart, he made forfeit that which was his; the intangible

For the tangible, the imperishable for the mortal."

By now I am intoxicated by the surreality of the tale, viewing  
Myself in the old man, and at last it dawns and I realise the very

Nature of mankind, and of myself, and I lay down to cry.

"In his youth, the Old man wielded the Garensword, but not now.  
And yet, the legend holds that one day, Man shall wield the  
Two-edged blade once more to the conquest of nations and  
Strongholds and powers beyond this realm."

I raise my eyes as the song comes to an end and a stranger  
Approaches as though she's a friend. Extending her hand I accept

It and rise. Standing, she looks into my eyes. "Destiny, we have a

Long way to go. There is so much, too much, that I have to show  
you."

"If the truth is what you seek, it is only with the Ancient whose

Face is never seen. He remains within the Hidden Lands and may  
Only be reached with the Garensword in hand. Let us depart from  
this place."

I was relieved to learn that I would not be alone in my quest.  
For

That day, Destiny became my guide. I released my falcon, the bi

rd

Soaring high and free above the forest canopy. And yet there  
Remained within my heart the lingering memory of that tragic Fa  
ll;

The wretched nature of mankind and of myself. Am I who I think  
I am?

Am I even alive?