

In the dark a lost soul wandered
Loki Syal

This book I write told through the sight of a person from long ago,
Shall tell of a time when burning ash fell upon snow.
One who was meant to be a hero, shown in a different light.
This time, the 'beautiful star' shall not shine bright.

In the dark a lost soul wandered, looking for a place to stay.
Though the trees were dense, through the woods he found somewhere that shone bright as
day.
Stumbling towards it, with relief he sighed,
But that feeling was short-lived, as soon he cried;
"This is no human village, of good and light! This is the village of monsters, the ones that haunt
the night!"

Despite his harsh words, the inhabitants welcomed him.
There was hardly a thing about the village that seemed grim.
In the center, a space where no houses lined,
A person- a monster- sat proper and refined.
Surrounding her, a group of young children listened
As a story told by magic shimmered and glistened.

She spoke these words, that would be passed down through ages;
Before finally making it onto these pages.

"If this were a typical tale, where monsters would roam,
you would hear of a hero, far from their home.

Lost to the wilds, where their sword would speak,
Those who challenged them would not be meek.

But how did that hero get there, you may ask.
The truth of this hero we must unmask.

As monsters ourselves why tell the tale
Of someone who slaughtered us without fail?"

The traveler heard this and spoke,
And so her story broke;
"You know not what you speak of, this hero is true!
It is his good deeds and feats that you skew!"

The storyteller closed her eyes, And hummed in reply.
"The wicked were not the only ones who the hero led to die.
Our village might be next, so now you see,
The hero would never listen to a monster's plea."

The traveler scoffed and responded in kind,
"You do no evil, so what is there for the hero to find?
What of humanities cries, and the monsters that haunt our skies?
It is peaceful here, but there are other monsters to fear."

She opened her mouth to reply,
But a reddish orange filled the sky.
The surrounding forest burned,
To ash and char the tall trees turned.

Screams and cries of fright,
Could be heard piercing through the night.
Thumps of footsteps as the villagers ran,
And flames burned as far as the eye could scan.

The traveler stumbled back, then fell down
He wondered who, and why? Till he saw a glittering crown
A mighty figure stood tall,
Standing strong and powerful through the brawl.
In their hand, a legendary sword shone,
One that the traveler recognized with a groan

It was the hero that pillaged this place
Slaughtering the people with terrifying grace
The village was a peaceful group,
Now left to stoop,
Over the sword,
Of the terrible overlord.

The traveler kneeled, in the ashes and blood,
As the people who welcomed him fell in mud
And the village burned in an inferno of fire
And his situation seemed incredibly dire

The storyteller reached up and broke him from his stun
Placing a hand on his shoulder she quietly said "Run."
The traveler grabbed his pack and left
Just as the storyteller took her last breath.

He watched from afar as a village unable to defend
Met a glowing and ghastly end

The traveller thought, the hero cannot be good,
As he had watched them cut down innocents where they stood.
No longer the story of a hero he had to tell,
Instead the story of a villain, to whom a friend had fell.

The traveler eventually settled down,
This time, in a larger town.
He passed on a story, a tribute to a storyteller
Which eventually, in an old repurposed cellar
Would be written down centuries later
Unchanged, no lesser or no greater.

History would tell of a hero of might,

A brilliant person who shone so bright
But many would pass on a story of ashes, char and frost
Carrying a bitter memory of what was lost.