

The Tale of The Mighty Caspian

I. The Return to Endror

The surrounding foliage of the forest whispers, replacing
Silence with distant echoes of the past, speaking
Courageous tales of ring-givers and princes who fought
For days upon end, defending their kingdom, crying out
In agony, as their fellow men lay dying, many already raven-harvests. Then
Through the whispers, a faint pounding of hooves, steadily growing, announcing the
Return of the fierce Prince Caspian of Endror and his loyal warriors, their hearts beating with
The victory of battle as they unknowingly disturb the forest, a growing vastness of mystery
That holds the dwellings of creatures, demons sent from Satan, growling
As the hunger for human flesh becomes a ferocious need. These monsters,
Impatient with desire, slowly creep from their darkness, gravitating towards the sound of
Harmonious singing. Bodies of matted fur and rotten breath, create a mass
Of man's worst fears, ready to pounce, unbeknownst to their prey.

II. The Attack of Satan's Spawn

The creatures of corruption, devils of deceit, and spawn of Satan descend
Down upon Caspian and his men, roaring with rage, the hunger so severe
That the blood within each creature's veins begins to boil. The almighty Caspian calls
For his men to unsheathe their icicles of blood, preparing to plunge the point deep
Within the cold remnants of each creature's heart, ripping life away.
Caspian and the warriors battle, the monsters shredding apart men,
The men stabbing monsters and cutting off heads. Caspian leads his men, wielding
His sword, executing whatever evil stands before him. His men could flee, the battle
They choose instead. Soon the monsters retreat or lay rotting, men
Mount their horses once more, to continue
The journey back to Endror.

III. The Arrival of Caspian at Endror

The victorious prince and his fellow companions arrive in Endror, crowds
Of people awaiting their return, the mead hall desperately waiting for its men. Men singing
Drunken songs while praises of the brave Caspian and his fearless warriors are shouted
Off rooftops. The King celebrates, women weep for their lost husbands, warriors boast, stories
Of the battles are spread, the whole kingdom rejoices, the danger of previous hours forgotten.
Meanwhile, inside the forest, the remaining monsters, furious at the thought of defeat, begin their
Way towards Endror, arriving late in the night, crowding around the walls of the kingdom, waiting
For the last human to drift into a deep sleep.

IV. The Invasion

The lights of Endror fade, signaling the creatures to begin their descent. Through the
Shadows they slither, squeezing through any crack and crevice, and over the stone
Walls of Endror they climb. A shout pierces the silence of sleep, the monsters disperse,
Men run for their weapons, women and children barricade themselves within
The confinement of their homes, praying for their kingdom to be saved. Caspian
Awakes from his slumber, grabs his trusty saber, and races out of the castle. The streets
Erupt in chaos, the ground is a mixture of mud, blood from man, and
Blood from creature. Caspian strikes every monster around him, swiveling left and right,
Twisting his body to gain full control of his blade. The devils,
Witnessing their defeat, scatter, crawling their way out of Endror,
Back to the place from which they came.

V. Endror in Ruins

Caspian's kingdom is in ruins, blood stains the earth and
Corpses litter the streets, the creatures of Hell have wreaked havoc upon the once
Peaceful and joyous kingdom of Endror. People are fearful, children
Will not go out and play, the kingdom isn't safe. The carnage
Of the night before haunts the people. Beautiful Endror

No longer exists, rather in its place stands a city of gloom and despair.

Caspian gathers his companions in preparation to seek revenge.

“Men, we are assembled here to prepare for a war, a war I imagined to come

Years from now. These creatures have destroyed our beautiful kingdom of Endror,

Our home, our community, lives of our people have been taken, the battle-sweat

Of our kinsmen stains the earth around us, a crimson reminder of the evils of our world. As God

Is our witness, let us find these monsters, and slaughter every remaining one, our lives

Lie in the hands of Fate, our journey ahead will be vast and treacherous, some might die. My

Fellow warriors, be loyal, be courageous, be strong, be fearless, follow me

To the ends of the earth, as we search for these creatures who have ruined our kingdom.

I will guide you and protect you, my sword will be the deaths of these monsters. Let us

Force those creatures back to Hell, and return back to our beloved Endror, crying

Out in victory, and finally, we shall rebuild what has been destroyed.

Endror will be as it once was.”

VI. The Journey

Air, thin and brittle, causes heavy breaths, the warmth leaving Caspian

And his army of men. Setting out to begin the journey, blood

Turns cold as the air grasps each body with its fingers, but then starts to boil

As emotions of rage and grief come forth, conveying the happenings

Of the night in Endror. Caspian leads his men through the wilderness, through

Dense trees, raging storms, and frigid nights. Stomachs ache and grumble

As each day goes on, the food supply rapidly diminishing. Long days and long nights turn

Into long weeks. Soon a month passes, then two, still

No sign of the creatures who left Endror in ruins. Word travels from kingdom to kingdom, finally

Reaching Caspian, the kingdom of Arin has been terrorized. Caspian and his men

Make their way to Arin, the journey is over,

A war is to be fought.

VII. The Blood Battle

Caspian, his warriors, and the warriors of Arin descend down upon the creatures. Howling, Their voices carrying across the land. Each raises their sword, running, preparing to plunge their Icicles of blood into each monster's heart. Caspian leads in front, swinging his blade, Slaughtering demons. Claws rip open Caspian's flesh, battle-sweat trickles Down his body, several of his men already dead, the warriors use all their strength, Stabbing, slaying, until only one creature, is left. Caspian's eyes blaze with fury as He takes on the last of Satan's spawn. He stabs the monster over and over, the creature tries to rip Apart Caspian. Claws catch him in his side, he stumbles, and with his last Remaining ounce of strength Caspian stabs, his sword plunging deep within The creature's heart, the final blow, the blood battle is over, the demons are dead, And so is Caspian.

VIII. The Mourning of Caspian

The loyal and mighty warriors of Endror return home, the body of Caspian Returns with them. Despair and mourning for Caspian fills the air With a thickness, an immeasurable sadness. The kingdom of Endror weeps, the Mead hall remains empty as Caspian is remembered. The King, Queen, and all the rest Of the kingdom stop working. Black is worn by every man, woman, and child. The tale of Caspian, his warriors, and their victory against the demons who Once destroyed Endror is spread across land and sea. The tale of Caspian will live on.