

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,

