



The Mystical Pool Part II

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As the mist cleared the full moon, the old lion drank from the pool

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Six raiders and two ancient Triremes sailed from the Isle of Man. With the sun to their backs rows slicing the waves making for the Kingdom of Jewels. Under the banners of the Golden Lion, and the Grey Wolf, 600 strong warriors with thoughts of exotic lands and fabled jewels filled their hearts. It was dark times as evil rolled from the East consuming all that lay in its path. Fed by death, rape and blood the horde moved West. First a trickle of news from the East then a flood of scared people on the move. Wide eyes filled with fear and horrible stories of death and destruction. Fear grew in the land of the Kingdom of Jewels. On the third full moon the wise old king was called back to the ancients. Bells rang of his passing, and the people turned to their young warrior prince. With the darkness from the

East rolling towards them he became the King of the Jewels. His daughter being raised as a warrior knew of no fear, her blade quick in finding its mark. If you were so blessed to see her blazing green eyes, your heart would melt. And her smile, a smile that lit the whole of the kingdom. All loved and cherished their warrior princess. The Gods being amused with man was behind the great horde moving West. They cared little of bringing death and destruction to mankind. That said they did relish seeing man fall in love, as they toyed with hearts, filling them with love. Little did the green eyed warrior princess know of her soul mate. A lion of a warrior from the far off Isle of Man. Part III coming soon.....