

Duel at Rannoch Moor

by Fairfield

The founding wizards receive a challenge.

Chapter 1 of 1

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It was at the tribal campfire
The fearsome stranger came.
A dragon hide was all he wore.
It matched his deadly game.
T'was Beltane Eve that holy time
The time of blessings due
He gave a challenge loud and clear
For reasons they all knew.
It was at this tribal fire so rude
Not in their castle dear
To which he came to show his might
Wanting to strike great fear
He challenged Godric to a duel
Upon that Rannoch Moor
He was to take away their heart
So it would beat no more
They all stood and invited him
To share their meat and wine
They recognized a warrior true

And with him they would dine
They knew he from the Druids came
To take back their old fief
But they honored him nonetheless
He came not like a thief
They could not offer him their best
In rough camp they must dwell
To be friends with all the herdsman
And wish their cattle well
For tomorrow was the Beltane
To bless the livestock all
And mourn with sacred proper rites
Whichever one would fall
They told him this was not an end
Druids had fueled their hate
No matter which side won or lost
They would retaliate
The bounty hunter rose that morn
And traveled to the site
All the others gathered around
To see the fearsome fight
The dragon hide did turn away
Godric's mightiest blast
He charged with blade but all his friends
Feared that he could not last
The spear was thrust at his brave heart
His sword swung to parry
Lifeblood gushed; the body gave up
Soul it could not carry
That Beltane day three bonfires burned
Two for herds as was right
One stacked higher for to honor
A memory so bright
The herdsman now could take their choice
Which embers they desired
They all chose the warriors pyre
Their spirits were so fired
Godric leaning upon his crutch
Thanked them man and wife
For making the choice he would make
Upon his very life

Prompt from MuseAmusant: dragon hide, bounty hunter, Rannoch Moor.