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Long story short. I am the current GM for my DnD group and this is a story told by one of the bards the players so will encounter. I really liked the outcome of this tale I made, be aware as it is still in progress.

The Ancient One

Its always spoken about their story, of everything they done and their glory.

The white ones followed the chosen route, as their innate powers are greater than any golden loot.

Blessed by the dragons and touched by the gods. They are the chosen ones even if they are just as odd.

They wandered into the raging war, as they shared and spoke of the waste it all was for.

White milk pristine skin and silver hair, it was the common trait they all share. Pupilless they were as they saw everything, as they are the wise advisor for any king. They walked the battlefield unharmed as they learned, while the rage continued and everything burned.

They spoke the many words of any world, but secrets they kept nice and tight furled as they told us;
“Every secret will be uncurled.”

Walking between people they could, what do you know where they stood. Everywhere they are but never will you know, as their powers will conceal the ones white as snow.

Said to have a perfect face, still they left without a trace.

Great as their powers are, they left us a gift somewhere far. But no clue was left behind, so never will we know what to find.

An old tale that still lives on, just like the sun who always reaches dawn.

Being ancient as they were, they stay a mystery as they prefer.

Just as old as the great sun, is the stories of The white one.

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