

THE ONCE AND FUTURE NERD  
Book II - MYTH MADE FLESH

Chapter 2  
"What Used To Be Enough"

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## PART THREE:

13 INT. YLLOWYYN'S BEDCHAMBERS - EVENING

13

NARRATOR

Daylight had just begun to depart the White Forest, and Ylloyyn had returned to his chambers to gather supplies. Though as these things often go, his heavy heart had weighed down his feet. *Some* grew impatient at this.

*A KNOCK ON A DOOR, PANNED HARD-LEFT*

BA'AT

*(through door)*

Ylloyyn? Are you almost ready?

YLLOWYYN

Yes, sire, just a few more minutes.

*THE DOOR CREAKS OPEN*

NARRATOR

Oh for the love of all that is--no, no, no, no. You told yourself you wouldn't get worked up. It's not worth it.

BA'AT

My child, we've gotten you something to aid in your task.

YLLOWYYN

You have?

*A METAL CAGE OPENS. THIRTEEN FLAPPING SQUAWKING PIGEONS BURST FORTH INTO THE ROOM IN A CACOPHONY OF CHAOS. THIS MADNESS CONTINUES UNTIL SPECIFIED OTHERWISE.*

YLLOWYYN

Sire, what...what is this?

BA'AT

They're messenger pigeons, child. Will make it very easy indeed for you to stay in contact with us. Simply attach a message to one every three hours and it will return to us. Then we'll send it right back to you.

YLLOWYYN

But...I've no experience training birds.

BA'AT

Well you remember your old friend D'ay-vaad don't you?

NARRATOR

Then entered a male Elf, near to Yllowyyn's age.

D'AYV

Yllowyyn! My old dear friend. Good graces how long has it been?

YLLOWYYN

*(not loving this)*  
Hello, D'ay-vaad.

D'AYV

Oh, we know each other better than that. Call me D'ayv!

YLLOWYYN

Very well, D'ayv. It has been many, many...many years.

D'AYV

And what a cruel accident that's been.

YLLOWYYN

Yes, an...*accident*.

D'AYV

And don't you worry your head about the birds, I'll take right care of 'em.

D'ayv does some kind of an  
**elaborate whistle.**

*THE BIRDS ALL RETURN TO ONE SPOT AND SETTLE DOWN.*

D'AYV

See? All taken care of. Oh I am ever-so-excited we're taking to the road together. Will give us a chance to catch up.

BA'AT

You'll be ready to go in just a moment, won't you Yllowyyn?

YLLOWYYN

Yes it won't be much longer now.

BA'AT

Well then...

D'AYV

I shall await you in the foyer, old friend.

*THE DOOR CREAKS THEN CLOSSES SHUT.*

Yllowyyn gives a **dismayed sigh.**

NARRATOR

Ylloyyyn sat on his bed and buried his head in his hands.

*A KNOCK ON GLASS, PANNED HARD-RIGHT*

Ylloyyyn

*(tired)*

Oh what new doom is this?

*FOOSTEPS CROSS RIGHT AND A WINDOW OPENS.*

Ylloyyyn

Yllodyk?

Ylloyyk

Well there my baby sibling is in the flesh.

Ylloyyyn

What are you doing out there?

Ylloyyk

Well I was trying to come in here and hide from D'ay-vaad. Thought he'd come to propose to me for the umpteenth time. But clearly it's you who has the news to share.

Ylloyyyn

I'm not sure I'd call it news exactly.

Ylloyyk

Did you bring your Memyet back again? Is that what's got our parents in a tizzy? Are the Memyet here, can I see them?

Ylloyyyn

No, sibling, but it seems I'll be returning to them very soon.

Ylloyyk

You do look troubled if I might say.

Ylloyyyn

In truth 'tis been an eventful week. I left here on quite bad terms with our parents, rode into...more than a few battles, was welcomed back with open-arms only to then be rushed back out the door. I came here hoping to gather my thoughts, and now they are more jumbled than ever.

Ylloyyk

I know that feeling. You know what's good for that?

CUT TO:

14 INT. YLLODYK'S BEDCHAMBERS - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

14

Ylloyyyn and Yllodyk both **giggle uncontrollably** while **chewing**.

NARRATOR

And so did the pair sneak out of Ylloyyyn's window and into Yllodyk's chambers to partake in that kindest of herbs, cannib root. Grown in the White Forest no less, so you know it was that good-good.

YLLODYK

*(giggling)*  
But why the pigeons?

YLLLOWYYN

*(giggling)*  
They want me to stay in touch. I need to send a bird back every three hours.

YLLODYK

*(fake somber)*  
Well good thing you have D'ayv to keep you company.

Silence.

The **explode in laughter**.

After it slowly dies down...

YLLODYK

Oh, he really is the worst.

YLLLOWYYN

I can't believe our parents looked well upon his marriage proposal.

YLLODYK

Add it to the list of my failures in their eyes.

YLLLOWYYN

Speaking of which, they wanted me to leave hours ago. You're like to incur their wrath by sheltering me here.

YLLODYK

Well, I get blamed for all of your bad decisions no matter what. Might as well try to be a good sibling. Need another hit?

YLLLOWYYN

Don't mind if I do.

(MORE)

YLLLOWYYN (cont'd)

*(chewing)*

I don't know what they have against this stuff. It's given us from the earth and makes every thing so... pleasant.

YLLODYK

They don't like it because it lets you see through their lies.

NARRATOR

But at this, some of the euphoria on Yllowwyn's face was replaced with a tinge of worry.

YLLLOWYYN

What do mean? What lies?

YLLODYK

Just like...the whole system. You picking up what I'm putting down baybruh?

YLLLOWYYN

No. But I really wish I were.

YLLODYK

It's like...wouldn't you rather be a sparrow than a snail?

YLLLOWYYN

I...suppose so.

YLLODYK

Rather be a hammer than a nail?

YLLLOWYYN

I don't know what in Galadon's name that means.

YLLODYK

Ba'alophyyl explains it much better than I can. You should talk to him.

YLLLOWYYN

That's your...paramour?

YLLODYK

Mm.

YLLLOWYYN

Still?

YLLODYK

That hard to believe?

YLLLOWYYN

It is hard to keep track.

YLLODYK

You're still an ass, baybruh.

They both **chuckle**.

NARRATOR

But the worry had not left Yllowwyn's face. He looked to his sister, searching for some opening to vocalize his concerns. This effort was undercut by Yllodyk's attempts to pour honey into her mouth directly from the jar.

Yllodyk makes **tongue-stuck-out noises** then breaks into **laughter**.

YLLOWYYN

*(beat)*

Sibling, what do you know of Orcs?

YLLODYK

*(swallows honey, then...)*

The Urrkyet? Very little, poor wretches. Why do you ask?

YLLOWYYN

I'm curious of late as to what separates them from the Memyet.

YLLODYK

Well mostly the Black Mountains I suppose.

YLLOWYYN

I can't tell if you are joking.

YLLODYK

Here's what I can say for sure. As you know, I'm something of a connoisseur of Memyet songs.

YLLOWYYN

So you've said.

YLLODYK

Turns out the oldest songs of the Memyet in the far west aren't terribly different from Urrkyet songs. That implies a shared culture at some time past. Or at very least that they once broke bread together.

YLLOWYYN

How do you know what Orc songs are like?

YLLODYK

Ba'alophyyl has traveled over the Mountains. You forget that he was Kalth'yr to Ironhertz before that all went to Selbirin.

(MORE)

YLLODYK (cont'd)

*(dreamy sigh)*

He's so worldly. He learned a few songs and brought them back to me. But now...I'm not saying they're exactly the same, but I think the fall from Man to Orc is less of a sheer cliff and more of a gentle slope.

YLLOWYYN

But...the skin and the eyes. Surely that's a stark contrast.

YLLODYK

Is a brown horse truly that different from a white one?

YLLOWYYN

Our parents likened the divide to the one between a lap dog and a rabid wolf.

YLLODYK

"Lap dog" is a telling choice of words. I'm sure that's a comforting thought for them. Must ease their sleep.

YLLOWYYN

*(getting really worried)*

What do you mean "ease their sleep?"

YLLODYK

Has it ever occurred to you that there is far more of humankind living under this one roof than there are members of this family?

YLLOWYYN

I...suppose I hadn't considered that.

YLLODYK

In the very room where we eat, there is one entrance for us and three for our servants. If they were barely removed from savage beasts, wouldn't we all be in terrible danger?

YLLOWYYN

Then...does that same thought not disturb your sleep?

YLLODYK

The Memyet *like* me. I talk to them about music. You see I always try to put positive energy out into the world and trust that it'll return to me.

NARRATOR

But YllowyyN in that moment looked the picture of anything but positive energy.



YLLODYK

What's the matter, you freakin' out? Here, grab hold of this quilt, let it be your constant.

*WYNN'S VOICE COMES IN MUFFLED FROM DOWN THE HALL*

WYNN (O.S.)

Yllowyyn? This is getting absurd, child.

YLLODYK

I think you'd better go. I can only shield you so much.

YELLOWYYN

Yes, I...thank you. We must talk again soon. Perhaps I would like to speak to your Ba'alophyyl.

YLLODYK

That can be arranged. Here, take some root for the road.  
(*whispers*)  
Oh, and if D'ay-vaad asks I'm not at home.

YELLOWYYN

Of course.

NARRATOR

And then Yllodyk proceeded to hide herself under her bed.

*YELLOWYYN STANDS AND WALKS TO THE DOOR. IT OPENS.*

WYNN (O.S.)

Yllowyyn?

YELLOWYYN (O.S.)

(*petulant*)  
Coming.

15 EXT. FREEHOLD CAMP - EVENING

15

*A CAMPFIRE CRACKLES AT NIGHT AS CHEAP UTENSILS STRIKE BOWLS.*

NARRATOR

At the camp near Freehold, Billy, Jen, and Nelson were taking their evening meal. They'd grown accustomed to doing this in the company of their full Party, but... well I'll leave it to Billy to remind you of the situation.

BILLY

(*through full mouth*)  
So this all went to shit quick, huh?

JEN

(swallowing)

Should we be jumping on this? You know, to do something?

NELSON

Like what?

JEN

I don't know. I mean I know we talked about hanging around until the Elders or whatever and until Nia could do some research. But who knows when that's happening now. Or if. Maybe we should try to move the timetable up.

NELSON

I'm not going anywhere until this Orc stuff gets dealt with.

(takes a bite)

We helped make the mess, we gotta help clean up.

BILLY

This isn't kindergarten, dude. You heard how they were talking, shit's about to get real.

NELSON

Shit's already real.

BILLY

Even realer then. I'm just saying I don't think we all have to die just because you've got...black white guilt all of a sudden. No offense.

NELSON

Can't see *any* reason why that would offend me.

JEN

I'm not saying we peace out first chance we get. But I'm still on team keep our options open. We were always gonna have Nia help us with research right? So maybe we can do it sooner than we thought. That's all I'm saying.

NELSON

Okay, fine. We'll talk to Nia. But I'm staying until we fix this, and you should too. It'd be pretty fucked up to bail right now.

JEN

You're not wrong. This just *could* get to a point where there's nothing we can do. No sense being a martyr just to prove a point.

NELSON

That's...literally what a martyr means, but--

JEN

*(bite)*

--So who's gonna talk to Nia?

NELSON

I will. I should talk to her anyway.

BILLY

I haven't seen her since this morning. Anyone mind if I kill the stew?

DISSOLVE TO:

16 EXT. POND NEAR FREEHOLD - SIMULTANEOUS

16

*NIGHT SOUNDS AND A FEW GENTLE SPLASHES. VERY SERENE.*

NARRATOR

Now at that moment, Nia had taken to the side of a small pond, just far enough away from the Freehold camp as to be quiet. There, she knelt in silence with her hands clasped.

We take in the night sounds for a good long beat.

NIA

Holiest Galadon, God of Order and Lord of all Lords. Watch over your children in this their time of trial. Deliver us from chaos, show us the path that should be, and grant us the courage to walk it, now, and at the moment of our deaths.

BRENNEN

Amen.

NIA

*(startled)*

Sir Brennen. I didn't see you there.

BRENNEN

Forgive me Nia, I didn't mean to surprise you.

NIA

It's all right.

*(beat)*

What brings you down here?

BRENNEN

forgive me if this is an intrusion, but i thought, you being a woman of the cloth and all, we might pray together.

NIA

*(surprised)*

Oh. Why...yes, of course.

*(chuckling)*

When I was a girl I aspired to lead the prayers at some small country chapel, like my parents did. Feels like ages ago.

NARRATOR

Brennen knelt beside her.

BRENNEN

*(straining a little)*

If you were a girl ages ago...

*TWO ARMORED KNEES HIT THE GROUND.*

BRENNEN

...Then I'm a relic.

Beat.

NARRATOR

They both traced circles around their hearts with their fingers.

A slightly awkward silence...

NIA

I...well we've already said the common prayer. Is there anything in particular you'd like to ask for, Sir Brennen?

BRENNEN

Is it sacrilege to wonder if it makes any difference what we ask for?

NIA

*(chuckling at first)*

I certainly hope not. In my experience, it's a coin toss.

*(then more like a Sunday school teacher)*

But, the primary reason to pray is to listen for the voice of Galadon. On very good days, we may hear Him.

BRENNEN

Then that is what I wish. To hear the voice of Galadon.

NIA

Yes. Of course.

NARRATOR

Nia bowed her head again, but took a moment to collect her thoughts this time.

NIA

*(off the cuff; struggling)*

Lord Galdon, we beg of you...guidance. To know injustice when we see it, and lies when we hear them. This we pray.

Then there's a very long beat of just the nature sounds.

It drags on.

BRENNEN

Is there another prayer you might say?

NIA

I couldn't promise it would do anything the first two didn't.

BRENNEN

*(just a little bitter)*

Nothing in any of the books you read?

NIA

That is not why my Order reads books.

BRENNEN

I thought it was to bring wisdom.

NIA

Yes, but wisdom is no simple thing, and the path to it is ever-winding.

BRENNEN

Or you're just walking in circles, patting yourselves on the back the whole way.

NIA

Sir Brennen. Whatever the truth is of what we're being asked to face, it is not the fault of me. Or my Order.

BRENNEN

I don't know the scripture as you do, but does it not say that we are all but swords of Galadon and faith is the fire the forges the sword?

NIA

Yes.

BRENNEN

Then why does everyone of your ilk do all in their power to smother the fire? Reading heretics and infidels and chaos worshippers and Galadon knows what else.

NIA

We do not smother the fire, Sir Brennen, we quench the sword. I don't know arms *as you do* but what happens when you take a sword straight out of the forge-fire and set to fighting with it?

BRENNEN

That's not--

NIA

--The Order of the Quill teaches that learning and reason are the water, without which the sword of the faithful may be bent to crooked purpose.

BRENNEN

*(temper rising)*

Is that what you think then? That I am bent to crooked purpose?

NIA

That remains to be seen.

BRENNEN

*(temper flares)*

Just answer me one thing then! When you sit there praying, when's the last time you heard anything?

Beat. That one hits home.

NIA

*(stung)*

I hear something every time I pray.

BRENNEN

*(bullshit you do)*

Aye, is that so?

NIA

*(backed into a confession)*

Yes. It...just grows harder to make out what it is.

*(beat)*

When I was young I could hear Him as clearly as my mother calling me in for supper. Now it's as if I'm... trying to understand something shouted across a city square. And if you see that as a condemnation of how I keep my faith, I suppose I've no way to prove you wrong. But it is still the best way I know, and I'll not apologize for it.

BRENNEN

Nor should you I suppose, if that is your conviction.

NIA

I will however apologize if I've been less useful to you as a religious adviser than I ought to have been. Especially in this moment. You've seen more tragedy than you deserve. A crisis of faith would not be unheard of.

BRENNEN

*(softens a bit)*

My faith hasn't waned. I think that's the problem. I've just grown angrier the more Galadon has failed this world. I prayed after my father died. I prayed after Prince Uther died. I prayed after Queen Dagmar died. When King Gunther died, I stopped. I fear if I tried to now, I'd only have a curse on my tongue.

NIA

It's often those we love the most who make us the angriest.

BRENNEN

Now that is wisdom. You're right that this isn't your fault. You've been to us wise and good counsel. 'Tis not fair to expect you'd have every answer.

NIA

True. Though I fear we are all soon to be asked more than is fair.

BRENNEN

I think I must...walk some more.

NARRATOR

Brennen rose.

*HIS ARMOR CREAKS.*

NIA

Come find me again if you wish. I imagine I'll be here a while longer. And Sir Brennen? I hope you find what you are seeking.

BRENNEN

And you Nia. You'll make at least as good a priest as I have a knight.

NIA

A staggering compliment. If our paths must diverge, be sure to say farewell.

BRENNEN  
Mm.

*FOOTSTEPS RECEDE.*

NARRATOR  
And then he was gone.

17 EXT. SOUTHERN PLAINS - EVENING

17

NARRATOR  
In the south of Iorden, Arden and Mag Uidhir had reached the crest of a small rise. Mag Uidhir took the opportunity to look behind them for signs of being followed.

MAG UIDHIR  
I think we actually lost the wretch.

*A CAMPING PACK IS UNFURLED.*

MAG UIDHIR  
Would ye help me pitch this tent, Arden?

ARDEN  
Mmph.

MAG UIDHIR  
Wait, that's--

ARDEN  
--HYAH!

*A HAMMER SWINGS AND A PIECE OF WOOD EXPLODES.*

MAG UIDHIR  
Well there goes the first stake. On second thought, I'll handle the tent. You can chop the firewood.  
(beat)  
Are ye sure Mac Connor's Shield is this far inland? I think we would be safer along the coast.

ARDEN  
Shield this way. Ich ist siyur.

MAG UIDHIR  
"I am sure" is the expression.

ARDEN  
Bah.



MAG UIDHIR

You are gettin' much better. A few days ago you'd fly into a rage just at hearing the common.

ARDEN

Slave tongue.

MAG UIDHIR

Look I don't like how the war turned out any more than you do, but if we're to keep fighting we need to stay clear-eyed about where we stand. And everyone today speaks the common.

ARDEN

Mans.

MAG UIDHIR

Men, Arden. More than one man is men.

ARDEN

Mens.

MAG UIDHIR

No, that's when someone bleeds out of their--

\*

NARRATOR

--That was when Mag Uidhir looked up, and saw where Arden was pointing. Emerging from a wood below were two figures, shambling towards the rise in a hurry. As they grew closer, it became clear they were shackled, but trying to run as fast as they could.

MAG UIDHIR

Sorry-looking bastards. This is why we should've stuck to the coast. Let me get...presentable.

NARRATOR

Mag Uidhir looked around in search of something to cover his more decayed bits. That was when two Elvish riders emerged from the wood, in apparent pursuit of the shackled figures.

ARDEN

Invaders!

MAG UIDHIR

*(Exasperated aside)*

Matron help me.

*(Quickly)*

Arden, let's take a moment to--

ARDEN

--AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

NARRATOR

But Arden was already sprinting down the hill...

*ARDEN'S FOOTSTEPS AND BATTLE CRY CONTINUE BUT FADE INTO THE DISTANCE.*

NARRATOR

...With hammer raised high.

MAG UIDHIR

*[Long sigh.]*

NARRATOR

And Mag Uidhir had no choice but to stroll down after him.

18 EXT. VALLEY BELOW - CONTINUOUS

18

*CHASE MUSIC POUNDS AS TWO MEN RUN FOR THEIR LIVES, PANTING. THEIR CHAINS JANGLE.*

*TWO SETS OF HOOFBEATS THUNDER AFTER THEM.*

NARRATOR

As the Elvish riders closed to within fifty yards of their quarry, they raised their repeating crossbows.

*TWO CROSSBOWS LOADING.*

NARRATOR

And then a strange sound filled their keen Elvish ears.

ARDEN

*(running in from afar)*  
...aaaaaaaAAAAAAAHHHHHH...

SA'AMYYN

What in Selbirin?

ARDEN

*(closer still)*  
...AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH...

ELF RECRUIT

Halt or you'll be shot!

ARDEN

*(right up on us)*  
...AAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

*TWO REPEATING CROSSBOWS SHOOT*

NARRATOR

Both riders loosed bolts at Arden, but his gargantuan frame was more nimble than it had any right being.

SA'AMYYN

*(scared)*  
*Rhypoas!*

*A HAMMER SWINGS AND THEN A SICKENING CRUNCH. ONE HORSE STOPS RUNNING ENTIRELY AND THE OTHER STOPS SHORT AND WHINNIES.*

NARRATOR

With one swing of his hammer, Arden nearly beheaded one of the horses. It fell, pinning its rider beneath its lifeless flank. The other rider reacted quickly and shot a bolt at Arden...

*REPEATING CROSSBOW SHOTS*

NARRATOR

...who rolled out of the way with catlike grace, dodging towards the Elf. Attempting to break away, the rider spurred his steed into a mad gallop.

ELF RECRUIT

Hyah!

*HOOFBEATS BLOW PAST US.*

NARRATOR

Arden readied a strike for the rider as he passed...

*ANOTHER REPEATING CROSSBOW*

NARRATOR

...but was struck in the shoulder by a bolt from the pinned Elf, whom you might recall was called Sergeant Sa'amyn.

*THE RETREATING HOOFBEATS RECEDE A BIT...*

ARDEN

Hmph!

SA'AMYYN

*(a curse)*  
*Yy kylab!*

NARRATOR

Arden, barely distracted by the new wound, strode towards Sa'amynn, who shot once more.

*CROSSBOW SHOOTS.*

NARRATOR

But Arden knocked the dart away with the shaft of his hammer.

*METAL PINGS OFF OF WOOD.*

NARRATOR

Before the Elf could shoot again, Arden brought his hammer down on the crossbow...

*WOOD SMASHES ALONG WITH SOME FLESH.*

SA'AMYNN

Yaaaaaagh!

NARRATOR

...Splintering it, along with its wielder's hand. Then Arden turned his attention back to the other rider, who had turned and was lining up for another shot.

*THE HOOFBEATS COME BACK TOWARDS US. BUT THEN SOMETHING HEAVY CLANKS AGAINST METAL.*

NARRATOR

But this one was struck by a javelin from an unseen source. It did not pierce her moonsilver armor, but did stun her out of her chance at Arden. And Arden made the most of the opportunity.

*A HAMMER SWINGS AND THEN A SICKENING CRUNCH. THIS HORSE SLOWS TO A STOP.*

NARRATOR

Arden returned to the pinned and lamed sergeant.

*FOOTSTEPS START AND THEN STOP.*

SA'AMYNN

*(through intense pain)*

Have you any idea what you're doing you damned fool?

ARDEN

Ja.

NARRATOR

Arden raised his hammer high.

ARDEN

You put men in chains. Men don't wear chains.

SA'AMYYN

Those aren't men, they're--

--*WHOOSH, CRUNCH.*

ARDEN

You shut up now.

NARRATOR

Arden now turned to the two he had seemingly just liberated. So astonished were they by what they had just seen that it only now occurred to them to be frightened of the giant, violent man walking towards them.

*ARDEN'S PLODDING FOOTSTEPS*

NARRATOR

They tried to back away but quickly tripped over their shackles.

*CHAINS CLANK AND TWO BODIES FALL.*

NARRATOR

Arden towered over them. Their faces were painted in smeared grey, and their pupils were a deep red. they raised their hands in abject surrender.

ARDEN

Are you friends to the Motherland or to the invaders who would ravage her?

NARRATOR

They looked at each other.

*ONE MORE SET OF FOOTSTEPS APPROACH.*

MAG UIDHIR

That'll do ye no good, Arden. These two actually *don't* speak the common. And come here, let me break off that dart.

*A THIN PIECE OF WOOD SNAPS.*

MAG UIDHIR

We'll have to wait 'til we've built a fire to pull the head out.

ARDEN

That was god sheoot, Mag Uidhir. What you mean no speak common?

MAG UIDHIR

"Throw." You mean to say "that was a good throw." And these new friends...

NARRATOR

At this, Mag Uidhir bowed to the two terrified persons on the ground before him. But in so doing, he accidentally revealed the decaying body beneath his cloak. The men recoiled.

MAG UIDHIR

*(to the prisoners)*

Ah, yes. You'll have to pardon my...condition. I promise you'll get used to it.

*(to Arden)*

You see Arden, these two are from west of the Black Mountains. This land split in a way since you've been aslumber. When I told you the Elves ruled and everyone spoke the common, that's true this side of the Mountains. On the other side though, well, the Elves can still do what they want to whom they want. But the old ways are not quite so dead and gone.

ARDEN

Men don't wear chains.

NARRATOR

Arden lifted his hammer high. The duo was paralyzed by fear until...

*METAL CRASHES AGAINST METAL.*

NARRATOR

...Arden brought his hammer down on their chains. But though the force was tremendous, the chains did not break.

ARDEN

Hmph.

*ARDEN KEEPS HITTING THE CHAINS.*

Arden **grunts**. The two men **flinch**.

NARRATOR

Arden hit the chain again and again as the two men sat mere inches from the swings, frightfully aware that the wrong move could land them below the head of the great weapon.

MAG UIDHIR

That'll never do, Arden. The Elves' metal-working is a fearsome thing. I've an idea though.

NARRATOR

Mag Uidhir went to the corpse of one of the fallen  
Elves, and rummaged through his saddle-bag.

MAG UIDHIR

Ha! Here, try this.

NARRATOR

Mag Uidhir tossed Arden a key. Arden looked at the  
device, looked at the chains...then began pummeling the  
chain with the key.

*TINY CLINKS OF METAL*

MAG UIDHIR

No no no! You'll break the key, stop! Give it here.

NARRATOR

Mag Uidhir took the key from Arden and unlocked the  
chains.

*A LOCK CLICKS OPEN*

ARDEN

Elf sorcery.

NARRATOR

Arden addressed the two prisoners and pointed towards  
where the Black Mountains jutted over the horizon.

MAG UIDHIR

Goest oeste du?

NARRATOR

They nodded.

MAG UIDHIR

Well, so are we as it happens. Why don't we travel  
together for a spell? Tell me, have ye ever heard of  
Mac Connor's shield?

**END OF PART THREE.**