

THE ONCE AND FUTURE NERD
Book II - MYTH MADE FLESH

Chapter 9
"A Handful of Bodyguards"

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PART THREE:

12 INT. WHITE FOREST CONSTABULARY - NIGHT

12

We're in a small room that's built into the center of a huge tree. The sound of burning torches mixes with the nocturnal stirrings of woodland life.

As this ambiance fades in, so too does...

YLLODYK'S WRACKED SIGHS AND GASPS.

She's been crying all night and has truly run out of tears. Now it's just her lungs going through the motions of crying.

NARRATOR

I'm going to take you away for a bit from Regan's new court. And for now, to the constabulary of the White Forest.

ELF CONSTABLE

I truly am sorry for your loss, dear.
(*but somebody else needs this room, so...*)
If you like, we have a small bereavement room, where you may--

YLLODYK

--You're sorry?! That's it? Can you do anything?

NARRATOR

Built into one of the sturdiest trees in the Forest, the constabulary was where all Elves were taught to go when faced with a danger they could not handle themselves.

ELF CONSTABLE

Well from what you've described, it all sounds like a tragic accident. From which you were fortunate to survive I might add.

YLLODYK

Have you not been listening to me?

ELF CONSTABLE

Why of course I have, child. Very closely. Your house girl mistook poisonous mushrooms for benign ones, and cooked the former into a stew. Sadly your parents ate the stew, which proved fatal, and you did not - hence here you sit, drawing breath. The house girl, realizing her error too late, decided to end her own life.

(MORE)

ELF CONSTABLE (cont'd)

Whether to escape shame or punishment I cannot say. But she explained it all plainly in the note that you yourself read.

YLLODYK

I told you - if Ruby made that stew once then she made it ten thousand times. She would have never made so glaring an error.

ELF CONSTABLE

(I'm sorry to break this to you, but...)

I fear we often give the Memyet too much credit at our own peril. All the latest science shows they learn by mere rote, rather than by deduction as you or I might. We cannot know what went through the poor girl's head when she grabbed the wrong mushrooms - only that obviously for some reason she did.

YLLODYK

But what of the four ruffians who entered our house unbeckoned and unannounced? "He said make sure it was done right." Those were his exact words.

ELF CONSTABLE

Mm. Admittedly that doesn't fit with the suicide letter...

YLLODYK

I should say not!

ELF CONSTABLE

Is it possible your parents contracted to have some work done in the house?

YLLODYK

...Do you have a supervisor I might speak with?

ELF CONSTABLE

(Scoffs)

No, dear. Now about that bereavement room...

There's a knock at the door.

ELF CONSTABLE

Come.

The door creaks very loudly because of course it does.

NARRATOR

I swear on all that is--it's called lub-ri-ca-tion! And its sources in nature are plentiful!

(MORE)

NARRATOR (cont'd)

(Calms himself down and then rushes through the next line)

Anyway at this moment a lower-ranking constable entered the small room and handed the higher-ranking constable a note.

(Gives this line the weight it deserves like the professional he is.)

And then, having processed what she'd read, the senior constable looked at Yllodyk with a focus and clarity she'd not shown at any point prior in this interview. Consciously or not, Yllodyk perceived this change, and shifted uncomfortably in her seat.

ELF CONSTABLE

Child, forgive me, I've been...distracted. Perhaps at a distance I have missed things that you would have noticed up close. Why don't you tell me - calmly and in your own words - what you think happened.

YLLODYK

(a bit wary now)

Well...naturally I suspect foul play.

ELF CONSTABLE

Mm. And is there anyone you think might have wanted to hurt your parents?

Replay:

WYYN

We now have an enemy in Ry'y lo-Th'yyt. Not to mention that dreadful Ba'al Syndyyk. And both of them are the kind whose ambitions far outpace their consciences. We must be exceedingly careful.

A beat...

ELF CONSTABLE

Child, it's very important that you tell me everything you can. So that I may help you of course.

YLLODYK

You know, now that you mention it...

(intentionally works herself back into tears)

...I think I might use that bereavement room. It just comes and goes in waves, you know?

ELF CONSTABLE

Yes of course, but I am very curious about--

--YLLODYK CUTS HER OFF WITH SOBS TOO LOUD TO TALK OVER.

ELF CONSTABLE
(*has to raise her voice*)
RIGHT THIS WAY DEAR.

THE **CRYING** CONTINUES AS...

Three sets of footsteps walk down a hard,
echoey corridor.

NARRATOR
As the two constables escorted Yllodyk down a narrow
corridor in the constabulary, the young Elf found it
quite easy to summon tears. For though her motives for
crying were at least somewhat disingenuous, the grief
she drew upon was real and fresh enough.

They stop walking.

ELF CONSTABLE
Just in here, dear.

YLLODYK
(*manages to croak out...*)
Thank you.

ELF CONSTABLE
And if you need anything, you needn't even call.
(*very pointed*)
Simply open the door and we shall hear it.

The creakiest door we've heard on this show to
date slams shut.

YLLODYK **STOPS CRYING** - QUICKLY, BUT NOT INSTANTANEOUSLY.

A moment of quiet...

NARRATOR
Yllodyk surveyed the room around her. Though natural
light was abundant via a hole in the tree's trunk far,
far above her head, there was no clear route of egress,
save for that ominously loud door.

She looked to the small table at the room's center,
where provisions for the grieving were provided: A
basket of lily-white silken handkerchiefs. A tasteful
candle. A small tray of rich but simple biscuits and a
pitcher of water with slices of fruit. And some
pleasant-smelling ointment concocted to restore
moisture to one's hands.

He's waiting for something...

(MORE)

NARRATOR (cont'd)

...Which, perhaps, she is clever enough to realize is a form of lubrication?

One more beat of waiting.

And there it is! She's got it.

We hear gooshy, sloppy, lotion noises. (It should be pretty over-the-top.)

Now, having never lotioned the hinges of a door before, Yllodyk was not entirely sure how much was necessary. So she played it safe and used the entire container.

The lotion sounds continue for what is a maybe intentionally uncomfortable amount of time.

...It was a rather large container.

The continue for another moment or two and then finally stop.

And once she had run out, she said a short, silent prayer, and pulled - not too swiftly and not too slowly - on the door. It opened...with merciful silence. And Yllodyk tiptoed away down the corridor.

13 INT. CAVE UNDER THE BLACK MOUNTAINS

13

NARRATOR

As you'll recall, Mag Uidhir had made a deal with a great and ancient dragon that he would answer their questions in exchange for quills of the dragon's plumage to unmake his many terrible injuries. With it, Mag Uidhir could return to his previous form, before the dark magic of Renault had raised him from the dead.

DRAGON

What work did you do in order to 'achieve' this body?

MAG UIDHIR

A lot of things. Training, to be a good soldier. Certain medicines. A surgery. A great deal of pain, all told. The work to become a man. Every man holds a great forest in his heart. To keep it alive, he must sometimes burn its driest parts. The Elves made my position harder also. I only hope that with your help, I can get back what they took from me.

DRAGON

The Tree Folk, you mean. How did they take your body from you? And why?

MAG UIDHIR

Ah. Bit of a long story but I suppose...I fought against them when they came to Iorden. Successfully enough to be made example of. When at last our army was defeated, they gathered its leaders, including me. They brought us to our Queen's great hall. Then they put swords through us, not to kill us, but to keep us pinned down to our seats. And they burned us alive. Once the fires had gone out, they left us in our seats, but piled earth atop the entire hall. We were hidden, but not buried. Forgotten by our descendants in this world, yet unable to join our ancestors in the world beyond.

(We can almost hear a bitter smirk)

But the joke's on them, it seems. Bastards should have known - that which you never properly bury never properly dies.

DRAGON

If you cannot die in this form, why would you willingly choose a form that can die?

MAG UIDHIR

What I have now is a half-life. I do not feel the warmth of the sun. If I had a lover, I could not feel the tenderness of his touch. On the way here, a bear trap nearly tore off my leg, and I was angry at the inconvenience, but I felt no pain. It is much like when I was young, and felt myself both puppet and puppeteer. I am not alive. I am just not properly dead. I would like to be a man once more, and not a monster of Renault's.

DRAGON

Ah. You deem your life yours alongside your body. Without the one you cannot have the other.

MAG UIDHIR

Do you not, oh venerable one?

DRAGON

I do. But I do not think we share our reasons for it. Riverlings have been hunted and killed, perhaps even treated as cattle by their own and by the tree folk. But I do not know that their hair has been stolen to make rope, that their nails and teeth have been displayed as a sign of prowess. That to make weapons from their bones or to kill their wandering young is cause for adulation.

NARRATOR

Mag Uidhir swallowed. He looked up at the dragon's enormous body, and down at his own injured limbs. He pressed his lips together for a moment before speaking.

MAG UIDHIR

It occurs to me, oh venerable one, that I have not asked for your name.

NARRATOR

The Dragon's eyes grew and their great head pulled back, their eyes scanning Mag Uidhir.

DRAGON

Nor have I asked yours. My kind do not much value names, they come and go like your tongues and cuts of cloth.

MAG UIDHIR

My people have always cared more for names. Will you indulge me?

YRRSYLAX

...Very well. Perhaps...

(Considers)

I think I should like to be called Yrrsylax.

MAG UIDHIR

Very well. It is good to meet you, Yrrsylax. I am Cían Mag Uidhir of the Blue Elk Forest. I thank you for your kindness, in giving me freely what so many have sought to take from you.

NARRATOR

Yrrsylax's massive eyes crinkled a little, and their lips quirked up at Mag Uidhir's words, revealing a few more of their enormous teeth.

YRRSYLAX

You are welcome, riverling. I care for the sanctity of my body, because I care to be seen as a whole and not as parts. But to continue my questioning, it seems you seek something more. You mentioned... the 'work to become a man', your desire to 'be a man once more'. Do all men do as you have?

NARRATOR

Mag Uidhir tilted his head in thought for a moment, grateful for the question.

MAG UIDHIR

I suppose it depends on what you refer to. No man does and lives the same as any other. There are things most do, and things fewer have done, and I have my share of both. In some ways, my path was rarer and rougher. Most men do some sort of work to become so in their lives.

YRRSYLAX

Why is it so important to you?

MAG UIDHIR

I am not sure. Why is it not important to you, oh venerable one?

YRRSYLAX

Lack of habit, perhaps. I do not speak to riverlings often. And they keep changing the meaning of things. I remember once, 'women' were the ones with the long, flowing clothing. Then it was cold for some time, and long flowing clothing was worn by all. At which point women were the ones with the flowers. The ones that wear colours, the ones that don't. And men were the ones who went to battle, unless there was peace, in which case battle was cruel and ought not be done...

(Scoff)

Truly, river folk change their tongues and fashions so often I have given up on keeping track. It all seems... Unfounded in meaningful principle.

MAG UIDHIR

You make a good point, oh venerable one. We often ignore how similar we are, and where there are few differences, we expand or create them. You have no reason to care for the distinctions.

YRRSYLAX

And yet you do. Enough that you would bargain with me for it. Why?

MAG UIDHIR

...I am not sure myself. In a way, it is something I had to discover I cared about. I found myself yearning for things others did not. And when I spoke to my sisters and cousins, they found it odd. My brothers and uncles understood. I was curious, gravitating towards their habits... Which is to be expected of some girls, of course, but the manner in which I wished to be grew further from them with time.

(MORE)

MAG UIDHIR (cont'd)

I remember the horror I felt, when it came time for my first blood. I wished I could fight a thousand battles in its stead. My eldest sister laughed, said I would never be a mother. She meant it to mock me, but... Words cannot explain the relief I felt at the thought. As I grew, and could make more choices... I made the ones that would give me a body I would bargain with a dragon for.

YRRSYLAX

I see. So you chose to do the...work, to become a man.

MAG UIDHIR

Aye. It was common enough in my time, before the Elves came. I fear it is less so now that they have built the world they wanted out of mine.

NARRATOR

The Dragon watched Mag Uidhir with sharp, careful eyes, considering him.

MAG UIDHIR

I believe that is seven quills you owe me, venerable Yrrsylax.

YRRSYLAX

...You are correct.

NARRATOR

In a slow, deliberate motion, the Dragon moved their tail towards Mag Uidhir's frame, resting its tip between the two of them, so that he may pluck the six quills. With gentle care, Mag Uidhir separated a single quill, and pulled at it.

When it proved much sturdier than he had at first anticipated, Mag Uidhir took out a small knife, and began to carefully cut off six individual quills. Having them in his possession, he was suddenly much more at ease. The dragon moved their tail closer to their claws once he was done.

MAG UIDHIR

...This will heal my wounds?

YRRSYLAX

(Reluctantly)

...No. At least, not by itself.

MAG UIDHIR

(a little testily)

What else do I need?

YRRSYLAX

(Ominous and scary)

In an ancient tablet hidden away within the depths of this mountain, lay the instructions to prepare a powerful potion, of dragon's plumage and mountain's blood, glowing silks and cave flowers' bud. It must be prepared in darkness, boiled for hours, and drunk through the back of a skull.

MAG UIDHIR

(A little suspicious)

...And where is this great tablet to be found, oh venerable one?

YRRSYLAX

(Sheepishly)

...Just down the path, second on the left.

MAG UIDHIR

(struggling not to laugh)

I see. And may I--

YRRSYLAX

--Yes, yes, of course, I'll show you the way.

Sounds of standing up and powerful, thunderous steps, followed by Mag Uidhir's much less powerful and thunderous footsteps.

MAG UIDHIR

Does our deal stand, oh Venerable one? Seven may not be enough.

YRRSYLAX

It does. I wish to know more.

Walking continues

NARRATOR

And so, as Yrrsylax and Mag Uidhir ventured deeper into the caves, they came upon the ancient tablet. Yrrsylax read out the recipe to Mag Uidhir, and they set out to find the first of the ingredients, a pinch of cave flower's bud.

MAG UIDHIR

How much is a 'pinch'?

YRRSYLAX

About so much as you can hold between two fingers.

MAG UIDHIR

My fingers, or your fingers?

YRRSYLAX

Dragon fingers.

MAG UIDHIR

..So is that a fistful?

NARRATOR

Yrrsylax grabbed a handful of pebbles from the nearby underground river between two of their massive claws. It was perhaps as much as two human fistfuls.

MAG UIDHIR

I see. 'Cave flower's bud' meaning that rock formation?

NARRATOR

The dragon nodded. Mag Uidhir climbed up the stone and began to hack at the cave flower with a spear he had found amidst the dragon's hoard.

We hear the sounds of metal against stone.

Long, arduous work for several minutes resulted in the stone finally cracking, and part of the formation falling off. Sadly, the part that fell off was much smaller than what was required of a dragon's 'pinch'. As Mag Uidhir prepared to continue to hack at the formation, Yrrsylax held up a claw, prompting him to pause.

Yrrsylax then stared at him for a long moment, and simply flicked their claws at the formation, prompting the rest of it to fall, and providing much more than the necessary pinch in the process.

Stones crash to the cave floor.

YRRSYLAX

Sometimes I overestimate riverlings' abilities, I apologize.

MAG UIDHIR

It is a great honor to be overestimated by a dragon.

NARRATOR

They continued to wander, gathering what ingredients they needed for the potion.

We hear footsteps.

YRRSYLAX

I must say, Mag Uidhir, that I am glad I accepted this exchange. It has been... Quite some time, since I have wandered so far in the caves. My legs thank me for the stretch.

MAG UIDHIR

Is it very difficult, venerable Yrrsylax? Given your size, and how they grow narrow in some parts?

YRRSYLAX

No. If needed, I can always carve out a path for myself.

MAG UIDHIR

...Then why?

YRRSYLAX

I do not know. I suppose, since I made my oath, I have been in a more... contemplative mood.

MAG UIDHIR

...I see.

YRRSYLAX

Now we turn left, and it should be just ahead.

NARRATOR

A suspicion began to nag at Mag Uidhir, but he chose not to voice it. Instead, they arrived at the location of the glowing silks. While the caves had featured the creatures here and there thus far, the one Yrrsylax had guided him to was massive and incredibly beautiful. Little dots of light littered the ceiling like shivering, blinking stars in the night's sky, their light falling gently down towards them as the silks dangled downwards.

We hear a tranquil and beautiful underground river flowing.

The river that flowed leisurely through the cave reflected their lights in the water, its gentle current blurring the light from the glow worms' silks. The entire cave had a gentle flow to it, lighting the two of them in pale blue hues. Mag Uidhir approached the cave wall, and finding it much too slippery to climb, he glanced back at Yrrsylax.

MAG UIDHIR

Venerable Yrrsylax, would it be possible for you to gather the silks, so that I may collect them in the container?

YRRSYLAX

It would be better for the potion if it was done by your own hand.

NARRATOR

Mag Uidhir nodded, and looked up at the starlike beauty of the glowing silkworms' work.

MAG UIDHIR

Could you perhaps lift me to it?

NARRATOR

After a moment, Yrrsylax offered one of their massive limbs to Mag Uidhir, and lifted him up towards the ceiling of the cave. With a gentle hand, Mag Uidhir pulled out one of the crystals they had already gathered and began rolling it gently around the watery, sticky threads, until he had gathered enough to cover the crystals in the container and no more.

Once it was done, Yrrsylax's great appendage lowered Mag Uidhir down, and they began guiding the way out of the cave. Mag Uidhir lagged behind, staring at the starlike twinkling lights of the insects with the same wonder that so many other creatures had before being drawn too close, and trapped by the silks' viscous grip to be eaten by their makers.

As the cave entrance approached, he stole one last glance at the pulsing blue lights, and stepped outside to follow Yrrsylax to the next ingredient.

MAG UIDHIR

Thank you for showing me such beauty, mighty Yrrsylax.

YRRSYLAX

I suppose.

MAG UIDHIR

I can't recall the last time I...paused. For any reason. Even with my unnatural long life, there is much of worth in this world that preceded me and will survive me. And perhaps even you, Venerable One. I find the reminder...welcome.

YRRSYLAX

I am glad it is a comfort to you.

MAG UIDHIR

...Have you any further questions for me?

YRRSYLAX

Oh, I do, yes. Thank you for reminding me. I used to have much keener philosophical inquiries. One time, I spoke with a communitarian fellow for twelve years, and could easily recall which points they had made in a winter or a summer.

MAG UIDHIR

(suspicious)

...Has this also changed since you took your oath, oh venerable Yrrsylax?

YRRSYLAX

I suppose. I have not had much opportunity to speak to anyone else. Over the past few hundred years, other sentient beings shun my company. And I shun them in turn.

MAG UIDHIR

(more suspicious)

...I see.

YRRSYLAX

(Scoffs)

Enough of my sorry state of affairs. We must turn left for the mountain's blood.

14 EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - NIGHT

14

It's a raging blizzard.

A shambling set of footsteps (plus one walking staff) hobbles towards us through the snow.

NARRATOR

If you were to travel up from these proceedings several hundred feet as the mole burrows, you would find that winter had at last come in full to the Black Mountains. Conditions were cruel and miserable - almost as cruel and miserable, in fact, as the two creatures to whom we now turn our gaze.

The footsteps come to a stop.

Mixer: Renault and Jethro both converse through magical means.

RENAULT

I can see the cave but it's nearly snowed over. We'll never be able to dig through.

JETHRO

Dig through? No. Melt through - now there's a thought.

RENAULT

I never claimed to be a fire mage.

JETHRO

Don't you worry, I know me a spell or two. Do you reckon you can cast air from this here staff? Shouldn't be much different from the way you're managing to speak.

RENAULT

Yes, that should be quite simple.

JETHRO

Well then, just point me towards the cave. I'll light the tip of the staff, and you push the air.

First we hear a whoosh of ignition, and then a few seconds of roaring fire like a flamethrower.

After a moment, the fire stops. We're left with the sounds of dripping icy runoff.

RENAULT

(to himself, pleasantly surprised)
Almost effortless...

JETHRO

I'll say...this here staff of yours is as good a conduit as it is a vessel. You've molded it well, young fella.

RENAULT

Yes, this collaboration continues to pay dividends.

JETHRO

(a dark joke)
Well...after you. I'm afraid I must insist.

The walking through snow resumes.

15 INT. CAVE UNDER THE BLACK MOUNTAINS

15

NARRATOR

And now we return once more to the tale of Mag Uidhir and Yrrsylax. After having obtained the rest of the ingredients, Mag Uidhir set about following the instructions on the tablet as carefully as he could.

We're awash in bubbling, gurgling, crashing, crunching...various cooking sounds.

The two of them had found their way to one of the cavernous mountain's openings, and now cooked the potion in the night air. There, Yrrsylax continued to inquire about Mag Uidhir's life.

YRRSYLAX

What did you love so much that was taken from you? What is to change?

MAG UIDHIR

...I would like to feel my hands once more, gripping the hilt of a sword. To feel the breeze on my chest when I run. To hear my own voice, my own laugh once more. To feel the beating of my heart in the rush of battle as I defend my people.

YRRSYLAX

Why did you fight them?

MAG UIDHIR

I saw the world my ancestors had built, and I saw the world the Elves wanted to build. Decided I'd rather die for ours than live in theirs.

YRRSYLAX

Go on.

MAG UIDHIR

...Their world is one of greed and speed. Once, difference was a virtue, like colourful threads in a tapestry. Now, they have made it shameful, inefficient, as though it is the speed of the loom that matters most. Their lives are long, but have no time to wonder, to wait, to watch something grow into what it is meant to be.

(pauses to reflect once more)

Never has a people been so deft at producing a blanket, yet unconcerned with whether their neighbors are warm.

(MORE)

MAG UIDHIR (cont'd)

...It occurs to me, oh venerable one, that we are missing the last ingredient.

YRRSYLAX

What? We have everything on the recipe, you've executed it well thus far, we need only wait until-

MAG UIDHIR

The skull. Do you have any skulls I may drink from?

YRRSYLAX

(laughs)

Oh. No, that was... for atmospheric purposes. One of the goblets will be fine.

Yrrslyax clangs and moves something heavy around.

YRRSYLAX

Here.

NARRATOR

Mag Uidhir took the goblet. Inside was a handful of additional quills for the potion.

MAG UIDHIR

Thank you. I... Words cannot express...

YRRSYLAX

It may be only cold comfort now, but that one of my kin even considered your request is a great credit to the justice of your cause. I understand now why they listened.

MAG UIDHIR

But you still won't.

YRRSYLAX

I can't.

MAG UIDHIR

Might I ask more about this oath you took?

YRRSYLAX

What do you want to know?

MAG UIDHIR

Why did you make it?

YRRSYLAX

The taking of life from a creature that knows pain is something I could no longer justify to myself. The main

(MORE)

YRRSYLAX (cont'd)

reason I had done it before was for food. But I can
subsist perfectly well down here on fungus and moss.

MAG UIDHIR

But if by taking one life you could spare many
others...

YRRSYLAX

I do not possess anywhere near such power. Suffering
and killing will go on no matter what I do. Even if I
rid Iorden of your enemies, do you think the wolf will
no longer slay the fox? Shall I kill all the wolves?
And then what? Will the foxes not gorge on the rabbits?

MAG UIDHIR

But those are beasts! I'm talking about saving people -
who love and have dreams and make art and--

YRRSYLAX

--And how can you know what is in the rabbit's heart?
Do the tree folk not justify their violence by saying
you are not as sophisticated as they?

MAG UIDHIR

But they're wrong!

YRRSYLAX

You may think it obvious that you're smarter than a
rabbit. But that is because a riverling and a rabbit
need to know different things.

MAG UIDHIR

That may be. You may be right that there shall always
be predator and prey, and that is the law of nature.
But the nature of the Elves is invasive to the nature
of this land. Their wars are slaughters, not
skirmishes. They...

NARRATOR

Mag Uidhir looked at the dragon for a moment and
smiled.

MAG UIDHIR

(Speaking like he has a hidden ace up his sleeve)
You are a great and wise dragon, oh venerable one, who
has chosen not to take a life to feed. But most of your
kin do not take such a vow, and live as the greatest
predator of the land, do they not?

YRRSYLAX

...That is true, yes.

MAG UIDHIR

Imagine if there were hundreds of thousands of dragons. If there were not enough great bulls or bears or horses to feed them, if they ate their way through wolves and foxes alike. Would that be mere nature?

NARRATOR

The dragon looked at Mag Uidhir, clearly uncertain about how to react to the comparison. Their throat tightened and briefly, Mag Uidhir worried that he might have made a terrible mistake.

YRRSYLAX

Nature corrects itself. My kind would simply begin to die in that scenario, due to lack of food. Thus allowing the natural balance to reassert itself and return to our current numbers.

MAG UIDHIR

How many species ought go extinct before that point? How many will be lost forever?

YRRSYLAX

How many have already? It is not up to me to decide that whichever new creature takes their place does not deserve to live also.

MAG UIDHIR

But it is in the nature of those who will die to fight against it. In whatever way they can. For as long as they can. It is up to them to declare that their lives are worth saving, to sacrifice all they can to ensure it. To fight to the last breath.

NARRATOR

The dragon's lips quirked up around the edges.

YRRSYLAX

Yours is a formidable spirit indeed. Tell me about your war. Every detail you can recall.

MAG UIDHIR

(very pleased with potentially getting the dragon to budge)
As you wish.

END OF PART THREE.