The Worst Fighter in the east

One a field of chivalry a lone figure stood apart. dressed for battle in red, black and green with joy in his heart.

He added his arms to the list field and put his shield in the wall but laughed the entire time he did this. His chances for glory were small.

He’s the worst fighter in the east. While others strove for glory he was happy to be least. A crank in the mead hall and a grump at the feast. He never strove to be more than the worst fighter in the east.

Time moves on and the blows kept coming, his beard turned grey and his skin was weathered. He found that he could no longer shake of the pain of the battle field. The healers told him that body had betrayed him and the corruption he felt was real.

Now he’s the worst fighter in the east. While other strove for glory he was happy to be least. A crank in the mead hall and grump at the feast. He had to prove he was more than the worst fighter in the east

The darkness inside him grew stronger and stronger, biting deep into his soul. He no longer stood in a shield wall, his endurance for battle was gone. All his thoughts and energy were needed to fight his hardest fight.

He’s the worst fighter in the east. While others strove for glory, he was happy to be least. A crank in the mead hall, a grump at the feast. He was quietly showing he was more than the worst fighter in the east.

After fighting a private battle, the day came he could no longer answer the trumpets of war. The darkness ate all he loved, his chance of survival was small. He settled his affairs, forgave old debts and provided a legacy for those he loved. The slipped through the veil as gracefully he could. On that day we who loved him realized the truth.

He was the greatest fighter in the east. He didn’t want for glory, he was happy to be least. He beat a flaming monkey and made friends with Cthulhu’s beast. I wish we all had the heart of the greatest fighter in the east!