

Suitors and Stone

In the city of Tunithel upon high waters
An elven king ruled with eight daughters
Each of which had long, golden hair
And eyes like the sun, with ivory skin fair
These eight maidens were the fairest in the land
Knights and nobles from afar seeked one's hand
Their mighty ships waged war with the sea
To Tunithel they sailed—a suitor they hoped to be

From twilight until dawn the vessels came into port
In his castle of stone, the elven king held his court
Gifts of spice and gems were laid at his feet
With faces veiled, the maidens gazed on from their seat
One suitor after another sang songs of his nerve
Of epic battles old, telling of praise he deserve
Each man stood tall with banner raised high
Yet the elven king sat unamused until the sun was no longer in the sky

When nightfall came to the land of Tunithel
In the Great Hall, the suitors raised their pints of ale
Clamor, songs, and fellowship did commense
One by one, the elven king beckoned them hence
By night's end, the Great Hall was again at rest
Led one by one through the castle, to the West

Again each man stood before the elven king's throne
Yet, there were no maidens—only creatures of stone

From the shadows, the beasts of marble sprang
Swords from the mighty men fell with a clang
The knights and nobles were no match against their foe
And the elven king simply laughed amidst his treasure's glow
Without fail, the horned, four-legged beasts of stone
Crushed every suitor down to the very bone
As the morning rays were cast over Tunithel
The elven king retired the evil stone under his spell

He stood before his lovely maidens of eight
They were only a story to draw in his bait
Since there were no suitors left alive
The tale of eight maidens would continue to thrive
In little time his newest treasures were stowed away
For with the sunrise came his latest prey
Ready to start anew, the elven king sat on his throne

To once again ensnare fools seeking his mythical maidens—made of stone