

# The Bane Of Gyromania

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*This story is about a war between good and evil in a land very much like Tokien's lotr.*

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<b>Chapter 1 - The King's Temper</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>Chapter 2 - An Early Assassination</b>	<b>3</b>

# 1 - The King's Temper

November, 1st, the 3rd era has just began. The world is divided into two super giant countries, Gyromania and Fandon.

After the great war in the 2nd era many of the Dwarven, Elven and Human tribes have settled down all across Gyromania. The great enemy lord, Fosolith is the ruler of Fandon, he and his minions occupy Fandon and parts of Gyromania.

Christopher Dregen lord of the Humans, right now he leads the largest human tribe, they are living right now in a old castle with a small Elven tribe who specialize in archery. It was a cold day, Christopher woke up, he got changed and went out of the keep.

"Sire, we have gathered all the wood we can"  
said the guard on his left hand side.

"Good, how much wood?"

Christopher replied

"About 500 planks"

the guard said proudly

Christopher stopped walking...

"You alright sire?"

the guard said fiercely

Christopher grabbed his neck and bellowed

" 500 planks, do you dare insult me with such low numbers!"

Christopher with his other hand got a little knife out of his pocket and held it to the guard's throat. He then said

"You have until this day is out to bring me twice that number and more men, got it?"

The guard nodded, Christopher threw him to the ground and carried on walking down the hallway...

## 2 - An Early Assassination

Christopher was eaten breakfast in the courtyard. After being told disappointing news, he wanted the day to get better but the day got worse, very badly indeed. As he grabbed a hold of the goblet filled with sweet red wine, as he was about to sip from it one of the guards nearby jumped in front of him and fell to the ground bleeding, suddenly Christopher was guarded in every direction and one man blew as hard as he could into his horn. 3 Men dressed in black robes suddenly appeared from no where with knives and their hoods were painting in the most distorting way possibly, two of em ran to Chris' guards and started to fight em. The other assassin ran to Christopher, whilst running he held 2 blades in either hand and killed the two unoccupied guards, he held his knife to Christopher and bellowed

"God wants you dead Christopher Dregen!"

"Why, and why must i be assassinated like this?" said Christopher

With his left hand the assassin wounded King Christopher

"Ahhhhhhh...hhh" Said the dying King

The assassin got a held of his feather and dipped it into the royal's blood, he quickly layed upon his forehead and shouted

"Retreat, target assassinated, RETREAT Alta and Toler

The two other assassins who were fighting the guards now started to run to the courtyard's walls to escape. The other followed, but then an elven archer found his mark upon Alta's heart. He fell slowly to the ground and puked out blood.

The two other assassins bent down and both shouted

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO"

Toler said

"Ramas, don't cry, remember the assassin's rules and we must make haste before how lives are taken"

And so the two assassins ran off into the woods.

All of the warriors serving the deceased king and the elves gathered around the dead body. Then Teren Dregen walked into the courtyard and froze... After a few moments he said gently

"Dad, is de, de, dead???"

They all nodded

"NO \*\*\*\*\* WAYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY"

Teren ran to his dead father and started to cry his life out,

"Sir, you must lead us now, you must become king" Said one of the guards

Teren ran into the palace in tears...