

The Evil King

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Submitted: August 19, 2004

Updated: August 19, 2004

A sad story about the people of Braal.

Provided by Fanart Central.

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Chapter 1 - Untitled

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1 - Untitled

Once upon a time in the land of Braal, was a kingdom ruled by a king. He was a very mean king, and only allowed one channel to be viewed on television, which was the public access station, and which only showed the king going on about his life in his royal palace while the rest of the people toiled every day in their dirty little shacks and their muddy fields, and dug coal to fuel the kings furnace, and also to use as food when times were bad. It was a wonder that these people never revolted against the king on the outside, but really the people couldn't. Not only weren't their bodies capable of fighting, but their brains had practically turned to mush with the years of surviving on bread, water, and coal, and watching the public access station. And on top of that, the fields were always muddy, which may not sound to bad, but you try trodding around muddy fields in gray weather for several years and see how much sanity you have left while you watch the king take a bath with some of the towns virgins.

So the people of the kingdom continued to live their horrid little lives with one television station until one day a messenger appeared before the king. He was from the tinier kingdom over to the east. He declared that several of the coal fields that belonged to them were now being mined by his mindless followers and that it must stop. Of course the king is mean, as was stated not to long ago, and refused to cease the activity. Left with no choice, the kingdom to the east launched an attack on the kingdom.

Now the king hadn't really an army, more like a bunch of hicks from the outskirts of town that he knew he could easily manipulate and gave them swords and helmets and had some guy pretend that he knew what he was talking about and swung weapons around as a demonstration. The thing was however, that he didn't need an army at all. He was friends with the king to the western kingdom who was in control of several B 2 bombers and many other aircraft that were able of bombing the hell out of whoever opposed them.

Unfortunately for the kingdom of the east, that is exactaly what happened to their entire army, which consisted of nealy half of the men of the territory. Without defenses now, the mean king drove his hicks into the city, took it over while killing many of the innocent civilians who stood too shocked to move, and then held a massive funeral for the only soldier who died in the takeover, condemning the actions of the eastern people.

Several years later the people of the east were just like the mush brained people, and here too their feilds became muddy every day, and had their remotes completely taken away from them.