



Twas the Night before Gallidon

by Kali Chung

With a creative nod to Clement Clarke Moore...

'Twas the night before Gallidon, when all through the world
Not a creature was stirring, just the Maelstrom whirled.
The Runes were positioned by the Houses with care,
In hopes that Na'naat would soon be there.

Greater Noble children were snug in their beds,
While visions of Rune-weaving danced in their heads.
And Lower Noble children in humble dress and cap
Had just settled their feuds in a five hour gap.

When out from the sky there arose such a clatter,
Spirits sprang forth to see what was the matter.
Away to the Isle they flew like a flash,
And wondered if House Kreal had started a clash.

The stillness seemed like shadows in snow
As if House Vanth had descended below.
Suddenly, the Consort! She did appear.
But she wasn't alone, to much of our fear.

With Noblemen and Guards so deft and quick,
Sorcery, assassins formed a deadly clique.
From the thick of the smoke, Telar then came,
Pulled me aside and called them by name:

"House Nuada! House Talire!
House Ptah and Lucan!
House Vakur! House Kaday!





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House Corvus and Ravan!
Tonight they were here
To conspire or fight all!
Now run away, hide away,
Let not your House fall!"

Desiring to escape, I prepared to fly,
But the Destruction had taken to the night sky.
Running fast on my feet, I quietly flew,
And heard muffled pairs follow me too.

They were of Ruena who leapt from her roof
And the Young Gallidon with his noble hoof.
Their eyes told me, "Hurry, cover much ground!"
And we sped past the trees bound by bound.

Gallidon was so young and agile on foot,
And his attire was soiled with blood and soot.
A leather knapsack was thrown on his sweaty back,
By Ruena Kreal who shared the same pack.

His eyes--how they focused! His hair, so unruly!
His cheeks were like scarlet, his poise he held coolly!
His determined, strong mouth he took from his father,
And the mysterious, tiny birthmark he inherited from his mother.
A torn piece of parchment was held tightly in hand,
And through all the obstacles he made no demand .
He would have been a great leader, one whom we could follow,
But this turn of events was hard for him to swallow.

We reached a rocky, hidden-like shelf,





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And Ruena gave directions on how to explain myself.
We were in new territory, new stuff for my head
But her instructions were sage to discourage the dread.

The future would be filled with long, arduous work,
We would need to endure humility with an occasional jerk.
And breathing the new dawn air with one nose,
A silent prayer we prayed and briskly we rose.

The realization of the end was sharp like a whistle,
And cut at my heart like a desert grown thistle.
But I'll never forget Gallidon as he ran out of sight saying,
"I will return and atone for this night!"



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