

One night, after a tediously long day of crossing off names on an ever-growing list of potential kings the councilmen had set before her, Libby had a most magical, mystical dream. When she awoke, she tossed her chestnut curls, bounced out of bed, and danced across her room to the window that faced the pathway which led to Prem's farm. She knew exactly what to do. She gathered her dearest sisters and assembled the beleaguered councilmen and the loyal town folk around Old Town Square and from the window of the astronomical clock tower she called out this proclamation:

**"I AWOKE THIS MORNING WITH THE CLEAREST OF VISIONS. THE COUNCILMEN SHALL GUIDE MY TRUSTED MARE, KRÁSA, TO THE CHARLES BRIDGE WHERE THEY SHALL RELEASE HER. I BID THE COUNCILMEN TO FOLLOW HER CLOSELY. DO NOT LOOSE SIGHT. IN MY VISION I SAW A FARMER WITH ONE BROKEN SANDAL PLOUGHING A FIELD. KRÁSA WILL LEAD YOU TO THIS MAN. BRING THIS PLOUGHMAN TO ME FOR HE SHALL BE MY KING. DESTINY. PROVIDENCE. FATE. FORTUNE. THE FUTURE HAS SPOKEN AND THE PRESENT MUST ACT AT ONCE."**

