

Daybreak. The dawn washed over the eastern mountains, flooding the plateau on which the castle town stood. Sunbeams suffused the mighty blade, the tip of which rose into the sky in the center of the palace building: it was the sword of Alexandria.

Even at this early hour, the cobbled streets of the castle town were bustling with activity. All kinds of people were walking around, including those who were not too unlike you and me, with eyes, noses, mouths and ears. They had hands in which they carried things around, and feet that stood in shoes.

Besides these, there were also people you have probably never seen before. But in Alexandria, they were not such a rare sight.

Some of them had a beak and their bodies were covered in thick plumage. Others had a snout and their appearance was more reminiscent of that of a hippo. And here and there you could also see people with pointed noses, like mice, and long ears and fur. What all of them had in common was that they had hands in which they carried things, and they walked on two feet, sometimes in shoes and sometimes not.

Women, men, children, old people, and many, many more - they were all represented, and every one, regardless of their origin, would claim with some pride to be a resident of the kingdom of Alexandria ...