

A Tale of Lovers in the Days of Yore

In the days of old, when the winds whispered secrets of the heavens and the earth stood still in awe of love's sweet reign, there dwelt a fair maiden named Elowen. She was as the morning sun upon a summer's morn, her hair the hue of spun gold, and her eyes, bright as the azure sky. Her father, a lord of great renown, kept her close, for she was the jewel of his house.

In the same village, there lived a youth named Aric, a humble scribe of no great lineage, but his heart was pure as silver and his soul as vast as the sea. Oft did his gaze fall upon Elowen from afar, where her beauty shone like the moon on a darkened night. Yet, he dared not speak, for he knew his station was but lowly in comparison to hers.

One fateful evening, as the sun dipped low and the stars began their silent watch, Elowen wandered to the edge of the forest, drawn by an unknown longing. There, upon the path, she espied Aric, who, in his quiet contemplation, had come to gather herbs for his modest art.

"Good morrow, fair maid," quoth Aric, his voice but a whisper upon the wind, for he knew not how to speak in the presence of such beauty.

"Good morrow, good sir," said she, her voice soft like the cooing of doves, though her heart beat with a strange flutter, for she had not often conversed with one so humble.

Thus, they spoke for a time, of naught but the flowers and the birds, but within each word lay the stirrings of a deeper truth. In her heart, Elowen felt a warmth she had never known, and Aric's soul, long bound in quiet longing, soared as if on wings of the wind.

As the days passed, their meetings grew frequent, and with each encounter, the flame of their affection burned brighter. Yet, their love was but a secret, known only to the stars and the silent moon that watched over them.

One eve, when the heavens wept with the tears of a thousand stars, Aric, his heart full of courage, took Elowen's hand in his. "Fair lady," he spake, "though I be but a humble man, my love for thee is true as the north star. Wilt thou be mine, though the world may deem us unfit?"

Elowen, her cheeks rosy with the blush of a thousand dreams, gazed into his eyes, where she saw the boundless depths of his devotion. "I am thine," she whispered, her voice trembling like the softest of leaves in the breeze. "For thou hast captured my heart as surely as the stars hold the night."

And so, in the quiet of the twilight, their love was bound, not by wealth nor title, but by a truth far greater—the unspoken bond of two souls destined to be one. And though the world may have scorned them, in the hidden places of their hearts, they knew a joy no earthly power could take.

Thus, their love endured, as timeless as the stars, for in that moment, they had become eternal.

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