Perhaps then, I should take action in the only endeavor truly worth a damn, that of the written word. For it is made of spices and shit. I don’t know, there is no point forcing oneself to write drivel. It must come from a place of quiet and stillness, this is from whence brilliance ascends. Not from the tumultuous churnings of forced thought. That yields only dough. I must have mistook you for a fool, who reads this. That I guessed youd want to listen your ears to the forced shit I was preparing to spit, yet better than that I can promis you, lies ahead and awaits you in these pages. For within these pages lies magical things gold and crooks and kings and wings. I cannot tell you more just now, for listen you can hear them now.

The street opened up on a broadly lit alleyway, that spoke of evening market humblings, where peddlers packed away there wares and children helped but mostly ran and played as fathers lifted sacks back onto carts. There was dust, red in the air, against the brown dirt paths, along the tan stone buildings, and also there was ease. It was light still, but growing dim, all who had attended the market had been pleased to spend the day amongst their amicable neighbors. A gull barked overhead, the kids jumping down the street recklessly, laughing as they chased one another towards no way in particular, An old man smiled on his porch. This was a town known as Cheroth. In the kingdom of jolofam.