

## \*THE FALL OF THE GREAT EMPIRE\*

"At this time of every year an old man normal tell sacred tales of the ancients tribe to his people, but this one was a different one".  
People cheering and clapping as the oldman walks to where everyone can hear him.

\*Old man 🧓: Turns ago while I was just a little boy my mum will always tell me she wants me to become a warrior and I wanted it too. At the age of 12 I started training with the rest of the rookies by the time I was 15-16yr old I could handle a sword very well. One day while I was cleaning the commander office I saw some letters on his desk from the captain saying "\*Sir we have successfully arrested all of those who planned on leaving the empire and those who preached that outside this empire was better. We are also enforcing the law that anyone how speak such things would be arrested\*". When I read the letter I felt bad for the people, I knew couldn't do anything about it so I left. Few turns later they announced the killing of all prisoners. When I heard this I couldn't just stand and watch it happen so I told my best friend what I saw in the commander's office and we planned on releasing the prisoners before the day of their execution. We organized the plan and worked successfully. The next day the commander called all the rookies out, he said we are the main suspect of the release of the prisoners. Later that day the two most suspicious rookies where brought out and they were killed.

"Oldman coughs then cleared his throat continuing his story"

\*Oldman 🧓: plenty of turns had past and I had reached my mid-thirties there was nothing serious going on, I was the second in command to the commander which was now my best friend. We got letters from the scout, it said \*"we have just spotted some of those prisoners that escaped turns ago, they have multiplied in size"\*. When we heard this we knew that there's going to be battle for the square!. Shortly after we got this news we figured that spies where in the city and we got infiltrated, 80% of our leaders were killed the whole city was in huge chaos. Citizen were leaving the city. \*THE GREAT EMPIRE\* had started to fall apart, two turns or few we heard that we were being attack by five other tribes. Even with all these many casualties we still marched into the battlefield we knew we were never going to win. it seemed that the other tribes had planned it well out. My best friend died during the battle, the rest of us ran away and hid in the secret till they all left, and we are still hiding.

"The oldman started coughing again, the cough calms then he continues."

\*Oldman 🧓: it was my fault that the empire fell, I made a mistake by feeling pity for those prisoners. I'm sharing this last story so that none of you would make such mistake I made.

The end.

"The crowd stands up and was clapping. They excorted the old man to his tent".

The old man was in his 50 and he had never stop feeling guilty of himself by freeing those prisoners. Later that same day he died.

Note: this event took place eons ago after the civil war of tribes.