



# **Tir Nan Beo – Cursed Lands**

## **Prologue**

### **A Druids Tale**

Part of Dumnonni Chronicles

<http://www.tirnanbeo.com>





## A Druids tale

The Druid held his hand in the river for just a short while. Just short enough to feel the poison closing in from all sides. He waited a few moments before taking it out and looked at his hand. With his eyes closing he gathered the silence which was needed to hear them and when the silence found him the lands opened their eyes and began to speak with unearthly voices. Behind his closed eyes he saw shadows of warriors battling, of druids and falling blood. With thundering sounds the drops fell on the ground, where the earth took them. The Druid tasted the bitterness of the blood and felt the release of the bond between earth and druid and heard the winds roar in anger as the full extent of the scene gave birth to even more shadows. The Druid opened his eyes and looked at the river. A shimmer of white seemed to float just under the surface. Just long enough for the Druid to see it.

On a clearing he stopped and looked at the ground. Tracks of man, deep in the mud. Armoured man, he thought, seeing the depth of their tracks. He tried to hear them, but heard nothing. An eerie silence amidst a strange sounding forest. After hours of walking he found the warriors. Three lay dead on the ground, one lay in the middle of a man-made circle of twigs, herbs and blood. The druid stopped and pierced at the wounds made. Madman's wounds, wounds made in frenzy. He knew these wounds, knew the hands and arms behind them. Knew the fallen lords, eager and desperate as to turn to these rituals. Cursed rituals in a cursed land, the druid thought, but not all by means making. Not all of this had the same beginning he felt and with it he looked at a bush and could have sworn it moved. He took a deep breath and tried to taste the flavours of the air, yet the wind would not reveal its secrets, as if the secrets would undo what was already there. The druid understood and surrendered his curiosity.

After hours of walking the druid gazed at the horizon and looked around for a clearing. The sun was setting and the night here was full of horrors. Was filled with anger, with grief and pain and needed only life to express it. De druid cursed himself for lingering and knew he could not outrun the





coming darkness and so he had to prepare for a sleepless night. His bag provided the necessary herbs and the twigs from the root tree he took yesterday should do the trick. He carefully lay down a pattern of herbs, weeds and twigs around him. He sat himself down and folded his blanket around him. Looked at the carefully lay down pattern of herbs, weeds and twigs surrounding him. As he gazed at the sun he felt his heart beat faster. He felt his head spinning and a coldness approaching. He looked in silence as the shadows of the forest came alive. Shimmers of strange light emerging from the trees. Weird erupting spontaneous from wells deep under the ground and then a face, as if made of wood, just a few yards away from him. It was a short moment before the shadows fell into shade and the shimmers moved away from him, when he realised that this was their moment, right between the darkness and the light, where they could move unaligned and unchallenged. The curse had moved powers far beyond the lives of man.

The night was as cold as the death hiding within it. As if life itself was not allowed to see it. Such anger, such grief, such torment all waiting for a moment to be heard. The druid had wept for so much grief. Had touched a spirit whose voice had moved his heart and whose song had broken his mind to think. When the song finally stopped he had seen the darkness in her eyes, but just too late. The wounds were just scratch's, yet there was a foulness to its sting. The blood closing it began to darken and he knew that herbs had to be attended if blood poison had to be avoided, yet he could not find them. They seemed to be hidden from him, by an unknown enemy. He felt the fever gaining power within his body and kept walking. Hours seemed to pass without a single usable herb found. The fever was so fast he could feel it grow within him.

And then suddenly he stopped. He did not know this place, had not seen it before, yet he felt an old power present. A power hidden within the earth for many a winter. He felt compelled by it and that was enough to turn around. He knew this power, the earth had shown him. Old ones from the ice, waiting for destiny to find them. The fever now burned his blood and death approached, yet the druid saw something, a weed, an herb a hope for tomorrow. With his last will he made himself drink the poisoned water with the healing herbs. The lands would judge his place among them now and he felt content by it. He watched to his side and saw a strange face looking at him. A face reflecting his pain and grief. Unspoken words were enough to understand the moment and within heartbeats the figure returned. The druid took his last breath and whispered his words onto the winds who accepted them. He did not fight his coming death and looked with heavy eyes upon the figure above him. He saw the arms rising and then, with force, saw them coming down. As his life returned to the earth his voice began its journey. His last words for those to come.

