

The Forger of the Flame

By Mark Edgemon

In the bowels of the castle dark, worked a master of iron and steel, who forged amour and weapons, toiling day and night to provide the finest weapons in the world for the knights who defended the kingdom. He worked alone, often to the point of exhaustion, to meet the number of armaments set by the king.

It was a hard job, but he had been doing it for over forty years.

He was like a father to the knights, who would often council with him, as they brought their swords and shields in for repair.

The forger of the flame would teach them about truth and valor and about the greater war we all fight within ourselves. They truly loved him.

Although a seemingly insignificant person in the scheme of things, he cared for the knights and the people they protected, which made him important to them.

When a knight was killed in battle, he grieved. When someone in the kingdom was hungry, he took them food, even if he did not have enough for himself. When a child was born to a knight or squire, he was there. He was the godfather to four hundred and seventy-five children, many of which, were currently knights themselves.

The king, however, was becoming increasingly erratic, making his subjects more on edge when they were around him. The reason for the king's strange behavior was due to the fact that the minister of war was secretly steeping certain herbs with the king's tea, known to cause mental instability.

The minister of war had a preoccupation with death and suffering. He was secretly gratified to watch people suffer, for it was in their pain that the minister of war felt alive. It was his plan to rule the kingdom after the king had lost his mind.

The forger of the flame knew what was happening and could not be silent. He had to speak out even though he knew he would be targeted by the minister of war. He knew he could be charged with treason and put to death. But sometimes in a man's life, one has to put himself in harm's way for truth and for what is right. So he did the only thing he could do...he prayed.

When the forger spoke out revealing the treachery of the evil minister of war, the forger was charged with treason against the crown and was ordered arrested.

The knights, who were given the orders to arrest the forger, were themselves his godchildren. After the knights conspired together concerning the direction they should take and on the strength of their love of this man, united together and arrested the minister of war confining him to the dungeon, until an investigation could be launched.

The head bishop discovered the herbs the minister of war had been using and turned them over to the kingdom's physician, who developed a remedy to heal the king and restore him to his former health. Afterwards, the minister of war was sentenced and jailed by the order of the king.

One would think the king would have honored the man that had saved his kingdom, but instead was entirely ungrateful for what the forger of the flame had done to save him from the wicked clutches of the evil minister of war. The king, without regard for the risk the forger took to save his kingdom, ordered the forger back to the armory to continue making swords, shields and armour for his kingdom.

The forger just collected his pay and retired to the Southside of the kingdom. He bought a farm and began to build himself a house with the few tools and little supplies he had available. He was never paid very much, so he intended to build his house over time with his own hands.

As he began to chop down the first tree, he could see a crowd of people coming over the hill, heading toward his home site. Knights of the realm, their wives, their children, people from the village, the bishop and his congregation, all came to help the forger build his home and start a new life for himself. The people gave of their possessions until his home was furnished and overflowing.

During any night of the week, dozens of people would be at the forger's home, singing, dancing, eating and just being happy.

The king began to lose the loyalty of his subjects, but continued to rule them with little influence, until he died a few years later.

The forger continued to instruct his extended family of thousands, until he died many decades later. His teachings continued to instruct the good folks of the kingdom long after his death, as they were handed down from one generation to the next.

It could be said, that the day the forger of the flame stood against evil that the power of the kingdom shifted from the castle, to a little farm just south of it.

The End