LIGHTEN THE DARK

A brutal felony, not for human eyes. The valley was enveloped with scarlet blood of innocent casualties. This crime was believed to have been a fallout of deities’ wrath. Death was skulking everywhere in these times of cruel gods’ mastery. Ordinary people were significantly muddled by dread. Unexpectedly, one spirited guardian dared to face up to the affair.

“If you want to accomplish something, call upon the snow haired man.” That was one single guideline he had received. Nevertheless, the above person was not keen on endowing. However, the royal warden did not lose his courage. He truly believed in justice. Every human life was equal. Consequently, sacrifices were impermissible for him.

After a few weeks, he realised his powerlessness. When he was nearly prostrate, SHE - from druids’ lineage - revealed herself to help him. She said calmly that … he must leave this case behind. It was unimaginable. His insistency deceived the lady. She could not affect him without explanations. “Offering is inevitable. Esus, Taranis and Teutates are ruthless, but they are giving us an abundance of aliment in exchange.”

She brought him to The Holy Forest, where the snow haired druid was preparing an offering rite. The guardian was tied with a tether. Suddenly he started weeping quietly. She was touched by the image of the frail man. She tenderly embraced him.

A huge raven was surveying this situation. At the same time, Dagda, without cudgel, descended from the clouds. It was not the same god as before - his serene smile was shining like the sun. This New Dagda hugged the distraught man and softly breathed to his ear: “Cruel gods’ mastery is over. I set about new times.” The youth could not hear or see anything, but he could feel the indescribable warmth of god’s hug.