

Hero Of A Thousand Wars

Just the other day, in a place not far from here, there was a city which had decided to celebrate their heroes, special soldiers who were called in when there was a disaster or an accident.

These special soldiers were very brave. They would go where others would run away, into burning buildings and very dangerous places, to assist their fellow citizens.

Not long ago in this particular kingdom, there had been a big disaster where a huge palace had been destroyed and many had died and perished.

Quite a number of the special soldiers had come from this one city in which our tale occurs; here, the city managers invited them all to this big party and to stay at their most glamorous inn, give them lots of food and speeches for the gratitude and admiration of the people in the city were great.

Preparations went underway. Garlands were hung in the streets, "Welcome Home Hero!" signs put up all along the main road, the children and the adults all were given a day off and flags to wave and flowers to strew into the hero's path.

So there was the grand parade, and all the heroes arrived at the inn — but then disaster struck again.

There was no water in the inn at all and not a place for the heroes to wash up from their long journeys and the long days. Being heroes, they didn't grumble or complain, but all the organisers were rushing around most upset with their heads burning like torches for the embarrassment of it all, and because they felt they'd let their heroes down.

Specialists were brought in but they shook their heads sadly and proclaimed that it would take at least a day to fix this so that water would be available in the inn again.

