

King Owen carefully stepped down a long, straight narrow path, the sloped ground gently rose on either side. The inclines were covered with trees, lichen-stained Victorian gravestones and a diverse range of statues. The ivy grew so thick along the path that many of the markers looked as if they had been ingested by it. One grave in particular caught King Owen's attention. It was topped by a statue in the likeness of a young woman kneeling on her grave. She held flowers and looked at him wistfully with her granite eyes. She seemed so real he felt as if she would speak to him and say: *Don't fail us, we who came before. We forgotten ones, you are our King as well.*

King Owen continued down the footpath slowly, appearing and disappearing through patches of light and darkness until he saw Queen Caesaris ahead of him. She stood in a clearing and bore a faint glow in the moonlight, making her appearance seem almost angelic. His heart quickened at the sight of her and surprised him. He had forgotten he could be something other than vengeful.