

Once upon a time, a time not awfully different from today, in a land not very far away, there lived a good king—a perfectly good king.

From his tower high above the land the king looked down to survey his dominion.



First, he focused on his capital city. His eyes swept over the dusty cityscape. He saw the place his father used to live. He saw a man who worked in his father's house.

This place and this man made him sad. Not for the first time, nor the last. And this is what he saw.