SCROLL OF REGRET

Why is the life I live mine? Who gave me my life? Why did they? Because I am not worthy to live... i am a good for nothing boy. So now, please let me be. It is enough. Please, kill me now. It is better to die than to live. So if you are listening. Please, kill me NOW. – GLARTHIR

(Continues)

Glarthir, son of Pythas, son of Nameless One came from IOK-1 after Accal summoned me back to write scrolls. So \mathcal{I} came and \mathcal{I} met 1) my father, 2) my brothers and then 3) spoke to the people on Stone Isle (because stone isle was flooded, Ĵ prophecied about the sea rising above the peaks). Then it came to me that my father invited me to a dinner with him but I wanted to help Orbay get his trident off him. So then I told him: "I will give you my pass." BIG mistake. Because I have been off this game for a tleast 10 months.... I forgot the rules. I want to apologise. And I know I am a good for nothing person. So please, leave me be, and let me go down into

the grave. From now on, my name will be 'Foolthir'. My funeral is cancelled. Just forget about me, and leave me to die. Truly, only Accal could convince me to live and to keep writing scrolls. Is this my last scroll? Probably. So please read my final prophecy:

All will perish. All will smoke. Bones will become like charcoal. Flesh will melt into soot. Blood will boil into the mist. Fire will consume our trees, our wildlife and will lick up the rivers, drain the sea and fill the sky with volcanic ashclouds. It is hopeless, it is doomed. The air will be thick with the smell of sulphur. Vultures will rule the peaks.Dragons will rule the depths. Lizards and serpents and every creepy creature will rule the surface of the earth. Turin himself will die. What is the point of life? What hope is there? Truly, hope is in vain. Hope is forgotten. Nameless One says in his heart: "What use is the forest?" So I say to you all: Laugh and dance while you can.... for tomorrow we will all be dead.

- FOOLTHIR'S PROPHECY

Am I speaking madness? Am I overwhelmed with grief?

