











And then there was chaos. The giants had ruled for so long from their castle at the top of the mountain that, even though they had not come down for quite some time, their very existence dominated the lives of their subjects. Any aspiration to greatness was limited by their invisible presence. Every human knew they were only potential pawns under their domination. Their sudden disappearance shocked the population. The seemingly immutable order collapsed all at once. Madness swept through the village. At the foot of the castle, which burned endlessly, the city buckled, falling prey to looters, predators, and gangs of cannibals who, having eaten the flesh of the gods, had taken a liking to that of their fellow man. The population fled to the countryside. But instability spread as quickly as did the news. "The Ogre Gods are dead!" And the entire kingdom sank into anarchy.

The chamberlain led his army and retook the capital, settling in the ruins of the former gods' castle. He tried to restore a semblance of order by instituting a regime of terror, but in the absence of a ruler from the Founder's bloodline, the chamberlain had no more legitimate claim than anyone else to rule the kingdom. After all, he was just a simple human. The revolt continued to rumble, bursting intermittently into brief flames of anger. In time, they came to regret the passing of the giants.





THE OGRE GODS

THE GREAT MAN

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