The Warrior's Charge

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An old poem of the Redguards

The star sung far-flung tales
Wreathed in the silver of Yokuda fair,
Of a Warrior who, arrayed in hue sails
His charges through the serpent's snare

And the Lord of runes, so bored so soon,
Leaves the ship for an evening's dare,
Perchance to wake, the coiled snake,
To take its shirt of scales to wear

And the Lady East, who e'ery beast,
Asleep or a'prowl can rouse a scare,
Screams as her eye, alight in the sky
A worm no goodly sight can bear

And the mailed Steed, ajoins the deed
Not to be undone from his worthy share,
Rides the night, towards scale bright,
Leaving the seasoned Warrior's care

Then the serpent rose, and made stead to close,
The targets lay plain and there,
But the Warrior's blade the Snake unmade,
And the charges wander no more, they swear

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Local FormId	01AFEB
Editor ID	SkillConjuration5
Inventory image	(none)
Menu art	HighPolyConjurationBook
Value (gold)	50
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Weight	1
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Teaches	Skill: Conjuration
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Locations	9
Leveled lists	0
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