

Chapter 1

In the ancient kingdom of Eryndor, where rivers shimmered like molten silver beneath the twin moons, there was a whisper passed from villager to villager: Beware the forest that speaks.

The Whispering Forest had stood for a thousand years, vast and unyielding, its roots said to touch the heart of the world. Legends told of a blade hidden deep within, forged from starlight itself, capable of ending wars—or beginning them.

Kaelen, a blacksmith's son, never believed the tales. He lived simply, hammering iron by day and dreaming of distant horizons by night. But when the tyrant King Maelor's soldiers stormed his village, burning fields and dragging away his sister, he had no choice but to believe. An old seer pressed a wooden token into his hand, carved with the runes of the forest, and whispered: "Seek the Starblade. The forest will call you."

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At last, he reached the heart of the forest, where a clearing opened to the sky. Floating above a stone pedestal was the Starblade, its edge glowing with silver fire. But Maelor's soldiers had followed.

Steel clashed, screams echoed. In desperation, Kaelen grasped the hilt. Pain seared through him, but the blade accepted his heart. With one swing, light burst forth, blinding the soldiers and scattering them like shadows at dawn.

The forest grew silent. The whispering ceased.

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