

The First King
A Peers Of Beinan Short Story

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SMASHWORDS EDITION

This story of the elevation of Lord Malvyn to king is one of the oldest stories remembered by Beinarian history. Malvyn's bow became known as "the Bow of Balister," a legendary weapon whose fate remains unknown.

"Your Excellency, it is time." alerted Lord Wyne, picking up Lord Malvyn's ornately carved recurve bow, its pale, tawny wood shining from many yen-ars of reverential care. This was a heritage bow, carefully preserved by each successive generation and used only when necessary to preserve its integrity. Bowing as Lord Malvyn knelt; Lord Wyne gently guided the black bow string around Lord Malvyn's right shoulder.

Lord Malvyn raised his grey eyes to Lord Wyne's pale blue eyes, "Are you sure the Great Council asked for my presence? Ours is not the oldest house, after all. Would not someone from House Gurun or even House Xing-li be better? Their traditions are far older than ours."

"My lord, I cannot claim to know the Council's mind...only obey their summons."

Lord Malvyn nodded, "Very well then...shall we enter chambers?" Lord Wyne bowed respectfully, and then opened the massive carved doors that opened into the Assembly Hall.

Not surprising to Lord Malvyn, the head seat of the council was occupied by Lady Kendra of House Gurun, her pale blue gossamer gown clinging to her petite frame. Kendra's nearly black hair was neatly braided down her back, a practical style.

As Lord Malvyn and his aid, Lord Wyne entered, Lady Kendra addressed the Great Council, "Delegates of our people, houses great and small, we have come here to confront the needs of our people in light of the danger presented to us by the impending death of our blue-white sun. The findings of our best scientists from Houses Xing-li and Slabi are conclusive: we have but a few yen-ars before our sun goes nova. In those yen-ars we must evacuate. Our council is well suited to the normal governance of our people. Yet what lies ahead is greater than our traditional democracy can handle. We need executive leadership to guide our people into the stars and to a new homeland, a new world where our civilization may yet thrive. Lord Malvyn we have summoned you here as chieftain of House Balister."

Lord Malvyn bowed, "How may I be of service to our people, Honorable Lady Kendra?"

"Over the past twenty eight beinors we have debated. We have chosen to create an executive for our people, a king elected by this Council who may, with the permission of this august body, transfer power to his best qualified offspring should he rule well until death. You, Lord Malvyn, are childless, but your wife, our high priestess, is strong and wise, a credit to House Miyoo. We therefore confer upon you the title of King and ask you serve as our chosen executive to guide us into the stars and into the great migration that is so key to our survival."

"Wise counselors, I am humbled by your choice. As this is your will, I shall most conscientiously obey," bowed king-elect Malvyn.

“So mote it be.” smiled Lady Kendra, pleased at their choice.