

Fragment Of A Recently Unearthed Saga
From the Proto-Indo-European Period
Narrating the Battle Between A Human
Clan And What Was Apparently A Herd Of
Malevolent, Psionic Woolly Mammoths Bent
On Wiping Humanity Out.

Now comes to the campfire
Not caring of dire wounds
The King-Mammoth, blood-wet
Thought-death-tusks all gleaming;
Forty heroes he used
For war-paint and warning.
His mind and tusks sang death
Havoc he loosed that day,

But still stood great Wiros,
Best of hunters, fearless
His body not broken;
His mind a pool of night-black.
Wiros met King-Mammoth
With laughter and spear-talk.
Though death danced before him
There Wiros still fought true.

That was a good battle!
They found in each other
All that they sought: both life
And death; they fell as one.
How cruel for King-Mammoth;
His death had no keenings.
With him died his people;
Wiros won life for us.

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