

Short Story “Lady Laryn”

In the planet of Artemara, there lived a queen name Deywat and her sister, a noblewoman named Lady Laryn. Deywat was married to King Oreon, and Laryn’s late husband was Lord Clevold. Deywat, the older sister, was in her eighth year as queen. Despite this, she was just as naïve and easily influenced by her subjects as she was in the first year of her husband’s reign. On the other hand, Laryn, even though she was younger, was more intelligent and independent.

During one of King Oreon’s long out-of-planets treks, some of the nobility, who when the king would take his frequent leave would act as puppet rulers to the innocent queen, decided that it was high time to take this opportunity to dispose of Deyvat.

“What if our plot fails?” asked one of the evil conspirators.

“Then, we will blame it all on the Lady Laryn,” the leader answered, stressing Laryn’s name with a sickening tone.

“Why Lady Laryn?”

“Because,” responded the leader with the same disgusting tone. “there’s enough evidence we can make up that will convince our naïve queen.”

The scheme *did* fail to work, so the traitorous nobility resorted to their backup plan. At first, the queen could not believe their lies.

“Impossible!” the queen exclaimed, “My sister would never even think of doing such a thing!”

Nevertheless, the conspirators were soon able to convince Deyvat of her sister’s guilt. Laryn was given an unfair trail and her punishment was equally unjust. She was deprived of all her valuable possessions, her estate, and her rank.

The citizens of Artemara was infuriated with the queen's treatment of Laryn not only because she was the queen's own sister, but also because Laryn was expecting at the time. Laryn, homeless and depressed, sought refuge in an old town hidden in the mountains.

Laryn was a very kindhearted, unselfish woman, and despite the fact that her sister has bestowed such cruelties upon her, it was not long before she had tossed away her resentful feeling towards Deyvat. After some time, when Laryn thought her sister's anger might have lessened a little, she decided to return to the Glass Castle of Artemara, Deyvat's home. There, Laryn would entreat her sister for forgiveness of all the ill notions that had formed during her absence.

Before Laryn left, she entrusted her midwife to care for Galace, Laryn's newborn daughter.

"Please, take good care of her," Laryn said anxiously as she was leaving, "If something goes wrong, I may never see her again."

The midwife promised Laryn of Galace's safety, and Laryn departed. With the help of a borrowed speeder, Laryn swiftly arrived at the castle and secretly entered its interior. Fortunately, no one spotted her during her escape to the throne room, and fortunately, no one except the queen was present in the throne room at that time.

"How dare you enter my presence!" cried Deyvat as she saw Laryn, "Is this another one of your attempts to kill me?"

"I am innocent, Deyvat," Laryn proclaimed firmly, "but I have not come to plead for mercy. No, sister, I have come to beg forgiveness for thinking ill of you during my...absence."

Deyvat was taken aback.

“How can she ask a pardon from *me*?” the queen thought, “I was the one who...”

Deyvat stopped.

“No,” she thought, “this is just another one of her tricks. She is trying to fool me with her charm and kindness as she has been doing for years.”

Deyvat arose from her throne and proudly lifted her head.

“I can see straight through your trickery,” she said not thinking her sister worthy enough to be called “sister” or “Laryn,” “Now, you had better leave. If you try to come back, I will have you put into prison, and when my husband returns he will decide what death will be suitable for the likes of you.”

Then, Deyvat quickly turned and left the room. Laryn sank to the floor and shed many tears over her sister. Later, as Laryn stealthily made her way out of the palace, she overheard some of the nobility discussing her sister.

“Our scapegoat is nowhere to be found, so we had better not fail this time.” One man said.

“We won’t,” another man said. “by tomorrow, the queen will be gone, and the planet of Artemara will be in our hands.”

“So, these are the murderers,” Laryn thought, “Oh, they must be stopped!”

Laryn listened intently to the rest of what the assassin said. They foolishly stated their entire plan step by step, and Laryn quickly formulated her own scheme to counteract theirs. When nightfall came, both plans were put into action, but Laryn’s was the one that worked. During all this excitement, however, Laryn was mortally short, and finally,

Deyvat realized her wrongs. She immediately had the true conspirators put into prison, ready for her husband to deal with them.

Laryn was fading fast, so the sisters had little time to reconciled.

“Dearest sister!” Deyvat cried tearfully, “I do not know how you can forgive me for all the horrid things I have done to you, but, please, do.”

With a weak voice, Laryn replied, “My queen, I have already forgiven you, but can you forgive me?”

“How can you ask? Of course, I will.” Deyvat said.

Laryn thanked her sister profusely, but had one more request to make before she succumbed to death.

“Deyvat, my daughter--.”

“Don’t worry. I will take very good care of her.”

Laryn was content and she died. In the end, the true criminals behind the attempted assassination were justly punished when the king returned. Laryn’s daughter, Galace, was given her mother’s title of “Lady.” Like her mother, she had a compassionate attitude, which brought her great admiration among the citizens of the planet. As for Deyvat she became wiser and more respected in the kingdom. Moreover, she never forgot the lesson of forgiveness that she had painfully learned.

The End

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