



The Greatest Battle of CuChulainn Flanagan

A dark cloud hung over all of the Islands that are called Lost. The whole of the Flanagan Clan was in a state of mourning as the beautiful Queen Lugh was laid to rest high atop Danni's Mountain. Queen Lugh had been struck down in the prime of her life, the youth of her reign. There was not one life left untouched and in shock as they tried to come to terms with a tragedy such as this. The queens' death came just on the heels of the death of one of her chosen knights. Sir John was the first to be felled by an unknown enemy and it shook the royals at the core much like tremors in the earth. Surely chaos would now ensue. The Islands that are called Lost lay vulnerable, open to vicious attacks from the Dragon Lands. Who would guide them and keep them safe?

With no other options, Prince CuChulainn, Princess Emer and Duchess Ryanne gathered at the palace to confer on the fate of the Clan and the Islands that are called Lost. Hours were as days and days seemed like weeks as the trio wept and talked. The likely heir, Prince CuChulainn, admitted in his grief he could not undertake such a task. Princess Emer felt that her tenderness and gentility would be deemed as weakness to the Dragon Lands and bring about unwanted attacks. Finally, Duchess Ryanne, by virtue of being Queen Lugh's closest confidant, made known her thoughts for the future of the kingdom and the Clan.

Prince CuChulainn, Princess Emer and Duchess Ryanne each possessed traits and characteristics needed to lead the Kingdom and ensure the future of the Flanagan Clan. However, they would best be served joined together. The queen's trusted messenger, Gwynn, was commissioned to spread the news throughout the Kingdom that Prince CuChulainn, Princess Emer and Duchess Ryanne would stand shoulder-to-shoulder to fortify the kingdom against all enemies, known or concealed.

Each of the three set about establishing themselves in the areas they were best suited to. CuChulainn's first order of business was to erect a memorial to Queen Lugh. He chose to fulfill a dream the queen had which was inspired by the one she loved truer than true, Lady Smallsox. The prince would build a pub on Flanagan Square where Queen Lugh's Irish Stout would always flow. A place where the clan and any others on the Islands that are called Lost could go to meet, dance and just be merry. With his hands and the assistance of those closest to him, Prince CuChulainn built Flanagan's Pub exactly as you see it today with its gaming area and sweet garden to be enjoyed by one and by all.

The Prince, Princess and Duchess worked many hours, assisted by members of the clan, to improve the kingdom and make it into the empire the Queen had envisioned before her untimely death. Shops were built to allow clansmen to sell their wares and a special gallery was built for Lady Smallsox to display her beautiful paintings Queen Lugh came to cherish. Slowly the Islands that are called Lost took shape as the trio and other members of the clan molded the land into the visions of the Queen.

The months and years went by and the three watched as the kingdom and the clan grew. Subjects of the kingdom joined the clansmen regularly for dances and festivals at the pub. Then one day



a newcomer ventured in to join in the festivities. The damsel was greeted outside the door by the prince and given direction by Duchess Ryanne to maneuver her way through the crowd. However, the damsel, being shy, was overwhelmed by the number of people in the pub and proceeded to just walk around and take in everything around her. Unbeknownst to the damsel, she had caught the eye of the prince. He watched as she toured the areas of his creation until she landed in another room. As she admired the craftsmanship in the small gathering room the damsel was joined by the creator and listened intently as the prince explained the history of Flanagan's Pub.

Prince CuChulainn offered his hand in friendship to the damsel who gracefully accepted. The pair would meet every day to share stories and seek out adventures throughout the kingdom. One day as the tender friendship began to blossom, tragedy struck again. This time the plague sought out and struck down another one closest to the prince, a second of the queens' knights, Sir Jeff. Hastily, Prince CuChulainn fled to the side of his fallen comrade leaving the damsel to watch and to worry.

This was the third time one so close to the prince had been slain. Advisors reported that a dragon had entered and was responsible for felling the queen and her two knights. The prince rent his tunic and went directly on a quest to find the dragon within. Upon his steed, Prince CuChulainn sought his quarry beginning on the road which led to the Dragon Lands. This road took him passed the home of the damsel, but in his emotion he did not see her strolling nearby. She waved and stood in fear with a tear rolling down her cheek as her dear friend rode toward a battle which could prevent his ever returning to her side.

As the prince rode on, his visualization became more intense. There wasn't one inch of the kingdom to escape his eye. In rock formations, buildings and caves he was relentless in his search. However, while CuChulainn searched for the plague bearing dragon there were eyes watching him with the same amount of intensity. From high upon his perch, Bro'n swooped down and began circling CuChulainn till the weary prince was forced to stop.

With a wingspan that far exceeded the palace wall, three heads each breathing the hottest fire and a long tail filled with poisonous barbs the dragon, Bro'n, kept CuChulainn at his mercy for days. Day after day the prince wearily knelt by his steed as Bro'n circled, taunting and tormenting him. One by one the heads of the great dragon took turns hurling insults and lies at CuChulainn.

Bro'n performed tirelessly picking up on those areas that brought CuChulainn the most pain and then throwing a continuous barrage in that direction wearing the prince down even more until CuChulainn's physical health was in peril. The mighty dragon used every weapon he had to bring CuChulainn to doubt. He doubted his own worth and actualization. He even doubted the loyalty and honor of those closest to him, those he called friend.

News was received in the kingdom of the battle Prince CuChulainn was fighting. Friends who were able hurried to the aide of the prince, but they were unable to get close enough as they were kept away by the massive and powerful tail of Bro'n. They stood by and kept vigil knowing that CuChulainn was the only one who could defeat this brutal foe. Instead, they held up encouraging thoughts and sent out well-wishes to somehow give the prince the added strength and courage he needed.



Days and weeks went by as the steadfast and true watched and waited from a distance as the prince fought his greatest nemesis. CuChulainn felt within himself the warmth and strength that comes from truly being loved and cared for. This force within gave him the ability to rise to his feet and drawl his sword from its sheath. Bro`n continued in his cruel attack of the prince making every effort to drive him into a world of despair ~ farther away from those who cared for the prince.

With strength renewing every moment, CuChulainn raised his sword and began wielding it in a manner to deflect the darts hurled by Bro`n away from himself. Every time the lethal sneers were diverted CuChulainn gained more strength and power against his foe. With every blow diverted and CuChulainn gaining strength and stamina, Bro`n diminished in strength and stature. Each minute to tick by CuChulainn could see members of the Flanagan Clan, his Clan, surrounding the battlefield and willing him to continue in the greatest battle he had ever fought.

Bro`n was not destroyed that day. Instead he fled with his life barely intact. He would return time and again as the prince knew he would. However, he would never be able to regain the power he once held over Prince CuChulainn Flanagan. CuChulainn learned that while a dragon may come from within to bring utter destruction, he held within himself the power to conquer such a foe by holding dear the love from those in the Flanagan Clan. Once again the prince rode throughout the kingdom upon his steed while peace and merriment reigned over all the Lands that are called Lost.

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*****Bro`n is Gaelic for grief**