

THE LEGACY OF THE SEEKERS

Long ago, in the vast Middle Lands, there lived a curious sort,
Unique not just in their way of life, but also their way of sport:
Known simply as “the Seekers,” they found their greatest pleasure
In traveling their forest home to search for hidden treasure.

They lived amid the lakes and valleys, tending them with love;
They called their home “the Heartland” in acknowledgement thereof.
For years they held tradition, sowing seeds and reaping fruits,
And scattering gems across the land in honor of their roots.

But over time, on winds of change, the Others interfered,
And, as they cleared the wood, the Seekers slowly disappeared:
The wheels of progress ground their way across the Middle Lands;
The forests fell to satisfy insatiable demands.

Some say their spirit lives in the soil, some say they’re in the trees;
Listen closely, you might hear their whisper on the breeze;
Search with care and share the love, and on the trail you’ll find
The legacy of kindness that the Seekers left behind.

Alas, of all their many treasures, only three remain,
Lost to time on nameless lands and spread across the plain;
But there is hope! We speak of them in hushed and reverent tones:
Legend tells of a “Chosen Few” to seek the sacred stones.

The path is long and arduous, but Seekers don’t back down;
They search until the game is won, until the sought is found.
The hunt is afoot, so listen well, and hear me, one and all:
It’s time to seek out your adventure! Will you heed the call?