

Crowning Suicide

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An old King orders his kingdom to conform to a very unusual rule, a law which comes back to haunt him.



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Zylorn [Zi-lorn] was anointed King of Xorsi at an old age. By then he had acquired many admirable proclivities, from painting, to writing, even sculpting. In the Kingdom of Xorsi, Kings were blessed with unfathomable luxuries and spoiled by the comfort of the majestic palace. Liking many fine things, which decorated the lavish palace he resided in, Zylorn loved most his olive throne. When he was sworn into rule, Zylorn immediately delivered a decree to the Kingdom.

“Everything, all items, all people, all structures, shall hereforth be either olive or black!” he starkly declared.

Zylorn was tall and skinny, with long black hair and a skinny nose akin to a carrot. He had long bony fingers, and always was seen with his trailing black gown.

“Sire, art thee sure?” Wyloz, Zylorn’s trusted aide timidly asked. “Of course, fool! No exceptions!”

“And if I should descry a breach in this code, what shall be the punishment, sire?”

Zylorn laughed hysterically and walked to his balcony high in the palace, overlooking the tiny strip of village in the forest, obscured by a gruesome black fog that had snuck out from the trees. Wyloz followed closely, a pen in one hand, scroll in the other—waiting patiently for an ultimatum.

“Gaa-jummm! We’ve got it! Death!” Zylorn adamantly said.

“Death, sire?”

“Let it be death, Wyloz, for death will serve an unmistakable deterrence that will undoubtedly be so terrible that none shall ponder breaking it out of fear!”

“Yes! As you wish sire.” Wyloz scurried away, hurrying off to the town with the new code in hand.

Zylorn awoke in the middle of that night. He retreated to his balcony for air and was pleased to hear the laborious music of hard work emanating from the dark, of the villagers adapting to his wishes.

“Ah, and my faithful villagers will praise me as their king by their work—it is the greatest gift.”

Tired, Zylorn fell asleep.

In the morning, Zylorn struggled to stay awake enough to walk as he entered the grand dining hall.

Wyloz appeared from a sunny hallway, dressed entirely in black, olive colored skin that had a golden-like sheen.

Zylorn approached him calmly, but Wyloz, seeing him, gasped in horror.

“Sire, your skin is white!”

“Impossible!” Zylorn shouted. “Show me a mirror at once!”

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â We havenâ t any, Sire! â ÷ You requested everything be in olive or black.â

â So be it. Fetch me a pale of water, so I may gaze at my reflection!â

â Sire, Iâ m afraid the water has been dyed black to conform to the color code.â

â But of course it has. Hence, you must seek out silver! â ÷ Silver, it as useful as a mirror.â

Wyloz eyes descended to the floor.

â There is no silver?â Zylorn shouted.

â Only Black silver, my lord.â

Palace servants had gathered in the corridor and stared condemningly at Zylornâ s pale complexion.

â Wyloz, my faithful servant, you must believe I am sick!â

â I believe you, sire. Yet, unfortunately, the villagers believe you are possessed by a demon spirit!â

â Demon spirit!â

â Yes, sire â ÷ many feel they have misplaced their trust in you.â

A Cliux suddenly stood in the doorway and the gossiping servants suddenly grew quiet. Cliuxâ s are the palace guards, an elite group of soldiers who dually uphold justice.

â My King, by order of the King, you are to be put to death,â the Cliuxâ s hands shook as he read.

â â ÷ For breaching the color code of olive and black, as established by the King.â

Zylornâ s expression was emotionless as he was cuffed and escorted away. Wyloz turned around at the sight and disappeared into another large chamber.

â How am I to be killed,â Zylorn asked tonelessly, as if he truly didnâ t expect an answer.

â Death by color, my King,â the Cliux replied.

â So it is fitting, for I have lived by color. Thus, I shall die by color.â

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