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The Storyteller / Avalon

Barbara Proenza
Paul Edwin Zimmer

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Come sit beside me child.
Closer. Don't be afraid.
Let me tell you a tale of terror...
a fable of fear...
that could halt...your heart

You're not scared are you?
You needn't be. For I will be
right here with you

Here, take my hand.
I will hold you so tightly.
I won't let go...ever.

Poor dear, your hand is cold.
And you tremble. Come near to
me. Let me warm you with my fire.

There, that's better...isn't it?
Now, sit back.
Relax...if you can.
Close your eyes...
   If you dare...
      and listen...

THE STORYTELLER
Barbara Proenza

AVALON
Paul Edwin Zimmer

Bound in the cavern of the womb
   The great King, Arthur, waits,
Until at last, the living tomb
   Shall open wide its gates
And he shall rise from his long sleep
   In the enchanted vale,
To ride at last, reborn, to keep
   The promise of the Grail.