

Regulus

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A Word From The Author

The love a writer holds for his work is something that can never be tarnished nor broken by any living force. It's much like borrowing a piece of yourself from the furthest reaches of your creativity, lightly dipping it in black ink, and carefully placing it on paper to allow the words of a marvelous story to emerge. Writers compare this feeling to many things such as uncovering a brilliant truth, becoming a parent to a newborn child, or even falling for your significant other. Under my circumstances, this miraculous notion can be attributed to my soulmate in both life and death, Edna. Without you, this book would not have been possible nor would most of my career. For love is not just an emotion, but a gift that can be received by anyone willing to open their heart to the world and take what they desire. And, babe. I'm never letting go.

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**Burrowed away in a small, small hole
Rested beneath a low, weeping wall
Sat a fat, old rat named Regulus
Who ate all food that happened to fall**



**King of all the mice
that scurried and squeaked**

**Giving them not one
piece of cheese to eat**





**Hoarded was this haul
of savory, yellow gold**

**Treasured so closely
by the lord of tails told**



**Growing bigger and bigger
with each gaping bite**

**Too heavy to hold this great
throne to show his might**

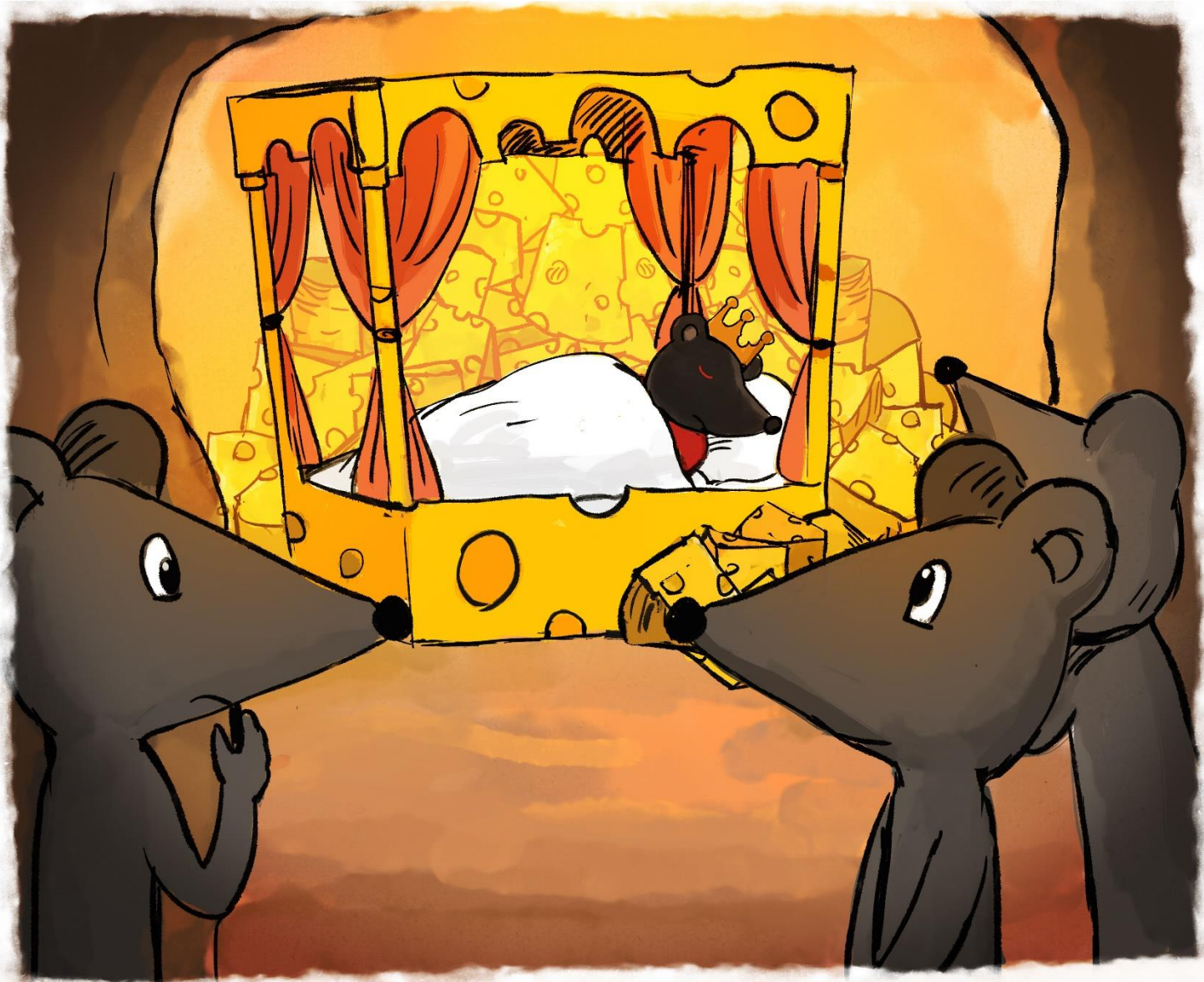
**Cruel was he that held
his nibbling teeth too high**

**Embracing all others as
enemies and not friends at slight**



**Soon did these troubled mice
that crept quietly at night**

**Choose to refuse the rule of this
towering tyrant of the day**





**Using the slumbering shadows to
surround their sleeping leader**

**To swiftly swipe the rows of cheesy
heights with none to stay**



**Awoken was Regulus to the grumbles
humming in his tummy**

**Only to find the tightened twines that
bound his trove to be stolen**

**Wrongfully robbed at blind of sight as
he nested his weary eyes**

**Helpless with hunger in the world
down under an ego so swollen**



**Search did he for the buckets of
cheese now freed from his grasp**

**Hidden from smell at the bases of
cobbled wells home to his foes**





**Pained by the fright of what just might
lead him to sulk and starve**

**Left desperate to fend until the end
with nothing but crumbs to show**



**Weak with worry did Regulus slowly
become absent a proper meal**

**Though inspired by the fire that fueled
his fury did he seek those dear**

**Scouting them out, mouse by mouse,
asking so politely for their help**

**But confused to uncover his love for
the others was not right nor near**



**He wobbled across the first little
mouse that once served his grace**

**Regulus pleaded, “Oh, friend! Oh,
friend! Very close are you to me.”**

**“Might you be kind, forget the past,
and share some of your cheese?”**





**Hurt by his words was this little mouse
and so denied his sneaky ways**

**“Oh, no, Mr. Rat. No cheese for you.
It’s right and just. Don’t you see?”**

**Turned away was the king as an
unwanted fiend to wander once more**



**Slimmed down did he without any
cheese at no call to his comfort**

**He moved onto the second little
mouse that once served his grace**

**Regulus pleaded, “Oh, friend! Oh,
friend! We go way back. Don’t we?”**

**“Might you be kind, set differences
aside, and share some of your cheese?”**

**Uncertain was this little mouse and so
returned his words in painful dismay**

**“Oh, no, Mr. Rat. Can’t you see? This is
what you deserve after being mean!”**

**Turned away was the king as an unwanted
fiend again to wander once more**



**No longer fat like the stomping rat that
used to roam the halls of the wall**

**He moved onto the third and last little
mouse that once served his grace**

**Regulus pleaded, “Oh, friend! Oh,
friend! You must have a heart for me?”**

**“Please, I have nowhere left to go.
Might you spare a tiny bite of cheese?”**





**Unable to be fooled by a king so cruel,
this little mouse had the heart to say**

**“Mr. Rat. When I needed food. What
did you do? Ate cheese without me!”**

**“If only you knew what you had to
do, saying sorry might have saved you.”**

**Turned away was the king, with nothing
to eat, again to wander once more**



**Greeted in defeat was this rat that once
stood as the mighty lord of the hole**

**Cried did he now being relieved of the
yellowy treats he would greedily eat**

**Knowing the truth of what his actions
grew, Regulus clearly saw his mistakes**

**Picking himself up, he went to confront
those in which he caused great grief**

**Plain he became as he gathered the mice
to apologize for his horrible ways**

**Regulus stood before the three to make
them hear his most humble decree**

**“Please forgive all I have done. There is
no excuse that can pardon my deeds.”**

**“I’ve forgotten how important family can
be. I am your brother. Not your king.”**



**Blush did they all with glowing acceptance
of their most harmonious reunion**

**Giggling together as children again as they
washed all sorrow from their minds**

**Filling their bellies of cheeses once removed
from the grip of a harrowing heart**

**Now cured by the purified root that heals
even the worst of feuds through time**



