

*Hello again!*

*Found your way back, did you? I've got an exciting find for you today. This one is best listened to near something old: Ruins, churches, old walls, perhaps a tree. Somewhere you can feel the history of life, you know? Touch old foundations. When you go there, treat it like a journey, a pilgrimage. When you arrive, listen to this with your eyes closed.*

The last knight at the end of the world is making his final journey, seeking purpose, seeking peace.

He looks like this: His hair is short, unevenly chopped with whichever tools he could find (one suspects his unwieldy, rusty sword), his beard is long, his surcoat and mantle dirty white.

He walks through the wasted land, dry and rotten, cracked pavement and crumbling concrete. He walks through grey forests in united canopies, their roots trying to hold on to dead earth. He walks past crumbled mountains and dried up lakes. He walks along the shoreline, creeping ever closer inland.

He finds the river's mouth and follows it.

At night, he sits by the fire and waits for the stars to come out. He imagines the constellations he would see. He invents stories for them. The world is what you make of it, he says to no one in particular. *[A dog howls in the distance.]*

On his journey, his mantle takes on the colours of the land, patches of green and brown. It suits him. He has been in this world for a long time, atoning for the past, finding a new purpose. There was a mission, once, the mission of his ancestors, but he is searching for a new task, a better task. He will know it when he finds it.

The knight reaches the river's end on land. Ahead of him, the awning mouth of a tunnel from which the river flows. He smiles. It seems the end of his journey draws near.

He builds a boat, a one-man ark. He kneels at the mouth of the tunnel, waistdeep in the clear water, takes his sword and cuts his hair. The strands of hair float down the river towards the sea. The knight will not follow. He drags his boat into the water and turns upstream into the darkness.

*[the next section would have water sounds, echo-like quality of the tunnels]*

He finds that there is unexpected beauty in the maze of tunnels.

Spiderwebs like memories on the walls, frozen moments of their lives. He marvels at their work and remembers a time when he would spot their ancestors' webs in the woods early in the morning, heavy with dew like pearls, catching the first rays of light like gold.

The rats of the tunnels are curious. They have not seen a human in a long time and watch him with curious eyes.

Days pass, maybe weeks, perhaps merely hours. Finally, a light ahead breaking through. His eyes adjust as he approaches the exit and emerges from the water through the once-hidden gates.

Atop the hill is a ruin: Crumbling grey brick, a ghost of the marvelous gates, the crooked ever-watchful tower. He kneels by the rotted wooden doors and asks for nothing. The ground underneath is surprisingly soft. He touches the walls. The stone is a cold presence under his calloused hands.

This is the place. He says: I have found my purpose.

He enters.

*[calm soundscape]*

There is history here, ancient, holy history.

Above him, the sky.

And within, a lush greenery.

Renewed hope.

The walls are green with moss and ivy. Long grasses and wildflowers turn the ground into a burst of colour: Yellow primrose, green fern, white daisy, purple knapweed. Blue juniper and pink heather, old oak and young birch.

He lowers his shield and puts away the sword. There is no need for them here.

He kneels and takes off the mantle. He is no longer a part of the order of his ancestors.

He gets to work.

First, he digs, gently as to not damage the roots. Then he whispers to the leaves gentle reassurances. He says: Don't worry, I am helping. I am the last knight and I will help you renew this world.

He takes them outside, one by one: Leafy plants, bright young trees, moss and flowers and fungi and mold and bugs and worms and rot and decay and life. He lifts life, gently, into the world.

Finally, a break in the blanket of clouds. A single ray of sun.

*[perhaps a birdsound at the end]*