

# STRANSATIA

AN ANCIENT ITALIAN  
TALE OF A VERY  
BRAVE PEASANT A  
VERY GREEDY KING  
AND A VERY POWERFUL GOD



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# PART I



In a very small Italian village with the name of Euroberche, there lived a poor but brave man named Stransatia, Stran for short. Stran and lots of other peasants worked for an evil, powerful king named Porsanstia. Stran disliked Porsantia, but he couldn't make money for his family any other way.

Porsantia had a secret weapon. He had a very powerful gold spear that could unleash an evil god from the underworld, with the name of Hereberes. Hereberes' powers had the strength to wipe out an entire village with a terrible storm. Porsantia's spear could only unleash

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Hereberes once, and Porsantia thought the time had come to do so.

Porsantia despised the villagers, who were always complaining that he was a terrible king. Porsantia wanted to give them a piece of his mind so they wouldn't dare to mess with him for the rest of his evil reign. When he found the gold spear, he knew just how to do so.

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One day, Stran was sweeping the foyer of the royal palace when he heard a few voices in the king's room. He recognized one immediately. It was Porsantia's gruff, harsh tone. The other one seemed to be the operator of the gold spear. He peeked in the room. Porsantia sat in his large, jewel encrusted throne, and the operator sat on a stool beside him. On the operator's lap sat the

golden spear in its giant velvety case. Sunlight streamed through the stained glass windows, casting colorful beams of sunlight on the golden spear. Stran overheard them talking. He made sure to step away from the door so nobody would see him eavesdropping.

“The time has come!” bellowed Porsantia. “I have had it with these filthy peasants! The only way to make them respect their holy king is to unleash Hereberes! They shall feel the wrath of Hereberes tomorrow at half past twelve!”

Stran stepped away from the king’s room and shuddered. Porsantia was going to destroy his beloved village!

# PART II



Stran knew he had to stop Porsantia from taking over the village. But there was no way Stran, a poor powerless peasant, could defeat Porsantia, a wealthy powerful king. But Stran knew he was going to save his village, no matter what it took. Stran knew two things. For one, they stored the spear in the king's secret drawer. Legend has it that if anyone besides the king opens it, they would be cursed for as long as they live. With this in mind, stealing the spear was plan B. Secondly, Porsantia would be operating the spear at 12:30 tomorrow. Heglanced at the village

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clock. It read 2:30. He had ten hours to save his village. Would he succeed? Or will his village meet its doom?

# PART III



It's 10:00 am, the next morning. Stran had stayed up all night, devising a plan to stop Porsantia's gold spear from unleashing a reign of terror across the village.

He had two and a half hours to break into the maximum security palace, stop Italy's most feared king from using a giant golden spear to demolish the village and everything in it, and escape again. No pressure.

It was time to start phase one of his plan. He put some of old lady Nella's sleeping pills into

the security guards' breakfast at eight thirty this morning. They should be fast asleep by now. Stran dashed over to the palace entrance. The security guards were draped over the stairs, snoring as loud as the elephants in Kenya. He ran up the stairs, dodging sleeping guards. Then he got to the double doors. He grabbed a snoring guard and ripped off his uniform. Before long, Stran was in a red and yellow uniform, and there was a security guard in his underpants, sleeping on the stairs. He pulled open the palace doors, and walked inside. It was time to begin phase two.

Stran strolled down the long hallways, all the way to the king's room. He opened the door and walked in. There sat Porsantia on his throne, swarmed by his servants. "General Stratton!" he boomed. "Is that you?" "I-uh..Yes, sir!" Stran piped. "What are you doing off duty?" Porsantia

said, agitated. “I-um... came to warn you! Those filthy peasants have found out about the gold spear! They may be plotting something!” Stran mused, trying to sound like the security guards. “WHAT?” boomed Porsantia. “Tell the guards to take those peasants as prisoners!” Stran realized that he had taken this too far. He was putting the villagers’ lives in danger, when he was supposed to be doing the opposite. Then, without even thinking, he grabbed the sword in his belt and cut off Porsantia’s head.

All of the sudden, the room was disappearing. So was the sword in his hand, and the king, the servants, the throne, his uniform, everything that belonged to the king. Soon the whole palace was gone. Stran feared the whole village would soon disappear as well, but it didn’t. Why? Because the village didn’t belong to the king. The village belonged to the villagers, because if something

is used by everyone, it belongs to everyone. That's when Stran realized if there is no evil ruler, there are no evil rules. That's why Stran and the villagers lived in harmony & peace to this day.

**THE END**