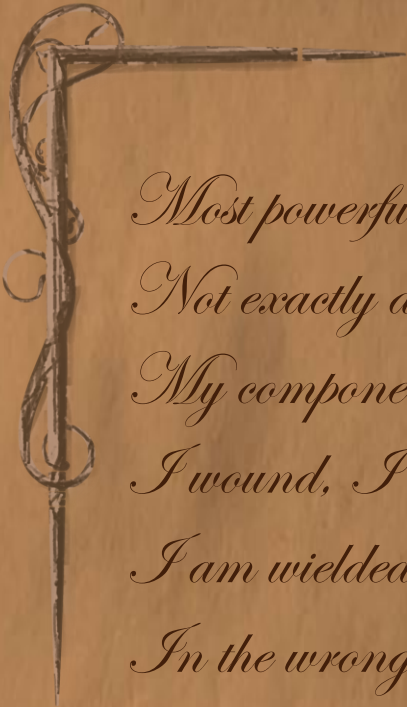


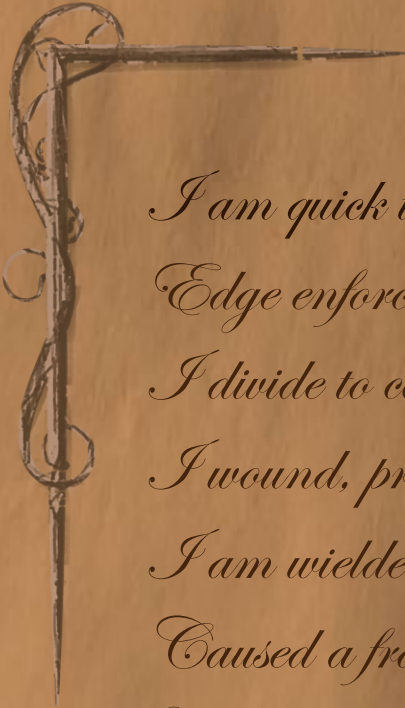
*Plainest of weapons, crushed by arms race  
Yet still plentiful on every training base  
Propelled to glory by bygone vengeful hordes  
Shaping ruins and rubble, lakes of fire, blackened boards  
Leaned on by commoner, hoarded by king  
Carried by slave and seer, a child's plaything  
I forge change or just lie down and go with the flow  
Try to destroy me and watch my forces grow  
I can fell a strong man or add substance to his game  
Or make sure that history remembers his name*





*Most powerful of weapons, but in appearance often plain  
Not exactly a weapon, yet you need me to train  
My components can be forged into a complicated trap  
I wound, I wrap wounds, yet I smother with a wrap  
I am wielded by the royal, maybe carried by the knight  
In the wrong hands just one of me can lose the fight  
The plans for me are simple, a template on one page  
Yet to build me takes machinery, plants, and an age  
There might be one of me, or many, never just a pair  
If captured and destroyed, I will go out with a flair*





*I am quick to draw blood yet I carry no stain  
Edge enforces discipline on soldiers as they train  
I divide to conquer, to divide I close the gap  
I wound, prep wraps, yet me you cannot wrap  
I am wielded with one hand, or maybe two feet  
Caused a frank king to lose their royal seat  
The strongest of men has fallen to my touch  
Found on the battlefield but not in soldier's clutch  
Never one of me, you may hold many or a pair  
A run ranks even worse in the rules that I bear.*