After 5 years with no music in the city,
the Emperor fell very ill. One night as he slept,
Death paid him a visit. The Emperor was very scared
as Death spoke with him about the good and bad deeds he
had done throughout his life. A tear rolled down his cheek as Death
reminded him of how poorly he had treated the beauitful nightingale,
who had once been a dear friend. Death told him that it was time to
leave. But just when the Emperor could feel his last breaths leaving him,
he heard the sound of sweet singing coming through the window...
It was the nightingale!