

It had been a long, hard day. On top of the gruelling work the monks had him doing, he was expected to commit the Chants of Astrology to memory for the next day's Presentation of Faith. It was true that he was blind, born without eyes and all that, but really, did he have to be treated in this vile manner? Brother Aldred consoled him often, explaining that he was lucky not to have been sacrificed to the gods after his birth. He was not a productive member of society, and so he spent his days talking to everyone, having young boys and girls teach him things they had found, and archaic academics advise him on the particularly effective cure for melancholy (leaves of the Capricus, put in a pot of boiling water, and then brewed - the Brothers called it Tee). He spent his life listening to other people's stories, with none of his own to trade.

He just wanted to get out of this life, and do something interesting. Journey the world, slay monsters, and get all the girls. What a life that would be. But, alas, he was doomed to this miserable life.

Seridan was headed to Paddock when a great thing occurred - he gained a story to trade. He walked along, feeling the familiar bumps and grooves of the road, when he started to feel wetness beneath his bare feet. Sniffing, he could detect a faint scent of metallic blood.

A great roar erupted from the ground just in front of his feet. The earth trembled, and a great rupture split the path. The roar grew in volume, and a scaled tendril whipped him across the face. The blind monk fell, and then heard the clink of armour.

He scabbled away, fearing the armour was the chitin armour of the monster. Alas, it was classically forged by the armourers of Alderaan. If he could see, Seridan would see a gleaming knight clad in bronze armour. The knight drew a short sword from the sheath at his belt, before raising it up on his shoulder. The sword was far too small, and the distance between them too great, for an overhead swing to possibly work. But, with a whish as it flew through the air, the sword whipped from the knight's fingers as he threw it with precision. There was a wet squelch as the blade penetrated the beast's gargantuan eye. The roar turned into a foul scream, as the beast writhed, before coming to a dutiful end.

After the silence that followed, the clink of metal boots thumping against the ground was the only noise. The knight walked toward the beast, retrieving his sword.

"I have heard tales," Seridan started saying, "of a heroic knight called Mar the Crusader. Is it possible that I am graced with his presence?"

The knight's clinking stopped. "I am not the Crusader," a gruff, strong voice said. "Silly name that it is. Just because we have the same taste in Alderaanian finery and armour, doesn't mean we are the same. I am a professional, not a hero. I am paid for this. The Duke of Paddock send out a contract on the Sarin infestation, and so here I am."

"You still saved me. And I live such a poor life here. Can I venture with you? I won't take any of your earnings, only the food I need."

"Damn fool. Feel free to come along, but a blind monk will hardly be worth my troubles. Do you have any skills at all?"

"Not as such."

"Well, at least that's something. Something'll kill you quicker."

"So you'll let me come, sir Knight?"

"Call me Turr, you imbecile."