

Turgon never knew his family. His first memories are drilling in the yard with the other orphans at the monastery where he was raised. This was an ancient temple in the North Blue which housed many a revered monk throughout the ages. The monastery was situated on a cliff overlooking the sea. Every morning the monks could watch the sunrise over the ocean bring light into a new day. Every morning as the sun rose, the monks would have been training their wards for hours in the ways of the staff. While the monastery was a place of tranquility and peace, the monks found long ago that in order to find true balance one must train in both in peace and aggression. Turgon was did not take to his training quickly and despite his height and strength Turgon found himself going to sleep bruised and battered more nights than not. Turgon could not understand why a group of monks who revered peace above all else would subject themselves to this kind of training. One day, the head of the monastery displayed his prowess with Light, a legendary naginata that had been passed down from generation to generation as far back any of their records. Even some of the elder monks were awestruck. The head of the order told the monks that if anyone who proved themselves worthy would be presented with Light. All of the sudden in clicked, Turgon gained clarity that the physical, spiritual and intellectual training was to allow for true balance. This drove Turgon train harder and harder. He soon found himself training whenever time allowed. All Turgon could think about during his morning drills was him wielding Light. This vision gave Turgon focus and which allowed him to fully take advantage of his natural gifts. He quickly climbed the ranks within the monastery even venturing so far to defeat some of the elder brothers in sparring sessions. By the time he was 16, the only man at the monastery who could he could spar with was the elder monk. Under his tutelage Turgon flourished. With his mastery of the naginata Turgon found peace where there had only been chaos before. Only then did he realize that monks were the family that he never had.

The monks at the monastery emphasized the training of both the mind and the body. Turgon found at a young age that he enjoyed the meticulous nature of his life at the monastery. This was manifested in his talents in the sciences, particularly Chemistry and Astronomy. Turgon flourished in the order found with Chemistry. He also found great delight as a youngster creating fiery concoctions. More than once his experiments had gone awry setting the robes of some monk alight. As he grew up, Turgon found that there was much more to Chemistry than just would draw cheers from a crowd. During his studies, he found that in Chemistry you could see the building blocks for life. Through Chemistry Turgon saw a bright future where anything was possible. Despite all joy Turgon found in the study in Chemistry his true love was Astronomy. When he was a boy, Turgon would sit at the cliff and gaze out at the celestial body with wonder. With such majesty, out in the world Turgon new that he must leave the monastery some day and join the wide world. As his studies advanced Turgon knew that he would have more to offer the world as a scientist than he ever could as a warrior. He would need to find a balance between these two worlds to find balance within himself.

When Turgon turned 18 he left the monastery vowing that someday he would return to their order. Turgon went to work at a Marine research facility. Using his vast knowledge of chemistry, he was able to take the lead on several projects by the time he 20. Over the following years

Turgon was tasked with projects that encroached on his morality. What bothered him the most was that he was never told the full scope of the projects he worked. The head scientists at his facility were constantly telling Turgon to focus on his project. His directors saw that Turgon was troubled by the he was running. They changed his focus to a different aspect of the project, one that without the proper context would be construed as a noble pursuit. Turgon thought that he and his team were working on a miraculous drug that would bolster the immune system making any and all diseases treatable. Only Turgon did not know that when his research was adapted to other portions of the project the drug would destroy the immune system. If left unchecked this new bio weapon would make even the common cold fatal. After 5 years of grueling work Turgon and his team had done it, or so they thought. The results that Turgon and his team were seeing had been tampered with. The marines had planted an agent on Turgon's research team in order to keep the rest ignorant of the truth. During the team's celebration Turgon found a suspicious file left on his desk. This file contained more details on the full-scale project that Turgon was a part of. What he saw devastated him. This file contained details of a horrible toxin that if unleashed would cause unparalleled devastation. Turgon promptly resigned his position with facility at 25 and went to return the tranquility of the monastery by the sea. Sadly, fate had decreed that this would not be so. After reviewing the Den-Den Mushi security feeds, Marine Officials saw that Turgon had seen the files on the bio weapon and decreed that this knowledge was too dangerous to be left unchecked. Some less scrupulous officials were able to implant the idea with Marine HQ that the bio weapon was near completion and all that remained was a field test. The target would be a monastery by the sea said to be harboring radical revolutionaries. The field test went off without a hitch, the bio weapon worked perfectly. All that was required was a small vial to be spilled into the monastery's only well. Within a week, the entirety of the monastery was either dead or dying.

When Turgon returned to his home island he was greeted by a horrible odor. It took him several minutes' process what it was. A wave of fear washed over Turgon as came to grasp what it was. What he smelled was death and decay. When he finally reached the monastery Turgon found it desolate. Bodies littered the grounds uncovered, left to be food for the carrion. Immediately it was apparent to Turgon that the Marines had tested their weapon on his home. The Marine's ships were much faster than any vessel that Turgon could hope get passage on. As Turgon passed through the bodies he found the elder monk cradling a small boy's lifeless body. With his last breaths, the elder monk beseeched Turgon not to seek vengeance upon the Marines and that death was a necessary part of life. With the last strength in his body the monk reach out to Turgon with Light. "Take this blade as a reminder to always tread in the light." This was the man who had raised Turgon, he was more a father to him than anyone who shared his blood. Turgon screamed and wept for what felt like days. When no more tears would fall, Turgon steeled himself for the grisly task that would follow. It took Turgon five days and nights to bury all his brothers. Despite the elder brother's final words Turgon could not find it in himself to forgive the Marines. Turgon entered the monastery one final time to retrieve Light. He swore to bring justice down on those who had sworn to uphold it and to drag the corruption of the world into the Light. Where better to start than with the very facility he had worked. With that Turgon left his home never to return.

It took the ship that Turgon boarded two weeks to reach the research facility. He did not mind, this gave Turgon time to meditate on all that had occurred. He believed that his fellow researchers would have been kept as ignorant as himself. "They are blameless," he thought "my true quarrel is with those ran the facility and those backed." As Turgon disembarked from the vessel he could hear the elder monk's final words. He began to doubt his cause. "Where will this path take me?" Turgon was not given a chance to answer that question. On the breeze he heard the shrill voice of the chief Marine Officials bragging over a Den-Den Mushi of the success of the bio weapon test. "You would not believe how effective the weapon was," the official exclaimed "Those foolish revolutionaries never stood a chance. They died in droves. Wahahaha!! And better yet the world will never think that this was weapon that we deployed. To those fools it will look like a freak act of nature. Better yet we can spin this as the gods punishing the monks for defying the World Government." The disembodied voice that Turgon heard respond was totally unremarkable. That was what scared him the most. This could be anyone. "Your work must be commended Mr. Sato," the voice of the Den-Den Mushi said. "Begin deployment of the weapon throughout the world. Ensure that it is never deployed in significant quantities. We cannot have to many civilians dying." Turgon could bear no more. He unslung Light and leveled it against Mr. Sato neck. "Sato-san, no Sato," Turgon growled. "These will be your last words. Choose them carefully." The fear in Sato's voice was apparent. "Turgon. Heh. I guess it was too much to hope that you do us the favor of dying with your precious monastery. You never truly understood what we were trying to accomplish here. The signs were everywhere. Even one as naïve as you must of have figured out what was going on. We are putting a world in chaos back in order. We are using this power to prevent future conflict." Sweat trickled down Turgon's brow. He had never killed a man before. This was contradictory to all of the teachings at the monastery. He adjusted his grip. I will give him one last chance to redeem himself. "What is the price the Marines are willing pay for this order you speak of?" Turgon demanded. "You fool. Do you know what kind of master we serve?" Sato responded. "We work at the pleasure of the Celestial Dragons. Your insignificant lives are but our playthings. What price you ask? Wahahaha. There is no price that we not pay. No death toll too devastating." Sato made to stand. "I know what kind of man you are Turgon. You are a young fool whose head is filled fantasies. And better yet you're a god damn fucking monk. Not matter how you threaten you will not kill me. Now I am going to return to the facility and get the guards stationed here. You have heard too much." This pushed Turgon over the edge. "I am sorry elders that I could not be stronger," he thought. With one fluid stroke Turgon separated Mr. Sato's head from his shoulders. It surprised Turgon at how easy it was to take a life and it scared him of how little he felt. All the while the Den-Den mushi watched silently. "I will raze this facility to the ground," Turgon told the disembodied voice. "I cannot leave something of this power with those with such twisted morality."

Turgon did not bother to wait for a response. He proceeded to the main entrance in what felt like a trance. There were only a half dozen guards stationed throughout the facility. Nothing Turgon couldn't handle. "You there halt!" the guard at the front desk shouted "This is a restricted area. If you do leave immediately you will be detained." Turgon chuckled and swung Light in a vicious arc which cut deep into the guard's torso. As he died the guard triggered the alarm. "This is for

the best,” Turgon thought. With an evacuation sounded he would only have to face the guards. He would not have to come face to face with any of his former colleagues. Turgon headed to the main computer banks. “This abomination must be destroyed before it is ever unleashed.” Before Turgon got anywhere near the computers he was stopped by three of the remaining guards. Two were unarmed, but the third held a blood red katana. Turgon knew that he could make short work of the guards if he could keep them at a distance. Between his reach and Light Turgon knew he had an advantage. Seeing just what Turgon saw the two unarmed guards made to close the gap. Turgon lunged with Light catching the slower of the two men in gut. The quicker of the two spun out of the way and was on Turgon in an instant showering him with blows driving Turgon to his knees. Turgon lashed out with Light’s staff hoping to knock the legs out from underneath the guard. The guard leapt away but he could not escape Turgon’s reach. Turgon wrapped a massive fist around guard’s throat and crushed the life out from him. All the while the third guard studied him. He was the captain of the guard Turgon knew. “If I can defeat him the rest will surely flee,” he thought. The captain charged. This time Turgon assumed a defensive began to deflect the captain’s blows with blade and staff alike. They did not come in fast but there was monstrous power behind them. With each stroke Turgon gave ground biding his time. “All I need is but one opening and I can end this” Turgon reflected. As if reading Turgon’s mind the captain relented. As he made to retreat the captain slipped on the blood of his comrades pooling at his feet. The captain went to one knee and Turgon drove Light into his back. Just then the last two guards rounded the corner. The sight that greeted them was a grisly one. The horror on their faces was plain. Just Turgon had anticipated, the sight of their fallen captain was enough cause the remaining guards to flee. Turgon let out a sigh of relief. Turgon proceeded to the computers rooms without encountering another soul. As he sat at the terminal deleting years of research Turgon reflected on what waste this was. So much good could have come from their work here. After purging the last data, Turgon returned to his lab where he created a compound that he not since his youth. When exposed to the air this compound would violently combust. As Turgon exited the main gate he heard the fruit of labor. With a ‘whoosh’ the facility burst into flames. As Turgon made for the port he heard the disembodied voice once more, “You have only delayed the inevitable Turgon. This is but one avenue for the World Government to exert control over the populace. You will be hunted from now until your death.” ‘gatcha’ And with that the voice was gone. Turgon then resolved to a life of piracy for those that came before him were the embodiment of freedom.