

Curse of the Monk

Eorzea, home to many races, cities, and tribe. May they be Hyur, Lalafell, beast, or primal. There's no end to the adventure or mystery, but sometimes there are events and scenarios that fall outside of reality and logic. No, not even the magic of Scholars or the handiwork of the Machinists can solve this problem. Not even the loudest calls to Hydaelyn will lift this burden. Oh, you ask why? Now that is a hard question to answer, unless you have seen this for yourself, but worry not, I shall tell you this tale of misery, danger, and regret.

It was another day in the life of me, **Shor'va Storum of Tonberry**, the Monk that ever loves to punch things. Some days I even ask myself if I can become a "muscle wizard", and introduce the magic of punching to the Arrzaneth Ossuary, they never did respond to my mail, I still don't know why. Ah, yes, the story. So it was like any other day, I defeated Ravana, accidentally tripped Thancred, looked at the markets for a set of **Chocobo Noble Barding**, and sent hate mail to Titan, but then I heard a buzzing in my ear. It was my Linkpearl, I quickly responded, hoping it was Tataru. Yet my eyes open wide, "yes, of course, I'll be there."

I instantly teleported to the location, hoping I was not too late. This was an occasion I could not simply turn down, the fate of the realm may rest upon it, that and I always like lending a hand... or that's what I thought. In any case, I sprinted, leapt over many obstacles, beating a harmless monster or two along the way. That was when I met my target. It was a large beast, and its aura was dangerous enough to stop me in my tracks. I bit my lip, yet urging myself to hurry; I shook my doubts away and engaged the enemy.

Delivering a strong Bootshine to the middle, I quickly strike once more with a True Strike. Activating Featherfoot I dart to the right, its opening was obvious and I intend to make use of it. Smirking, I give a Snap Punch before jumping back. Its health is high, but I had faith in my skills, and the heat raised around me as Fists of Fire gave me strength, leaping back in, I give another Bootshine, and immediately dig my Twin Snakes into him. Yet all my stamina was suddenly gone, lost to this fiend that knew no loss. I slump to my knees, waiting...

It rose above me; smiling like the beast it is and gave me a thumbs up.

"Marvellous message as always," Godbert said.

It was then; I regretted walking the path of the Monk, for not even these supple fists can keep up with this monster.