

“Since we're all going to die tomorrow...Why don't we have some fun !”

“How are we supposed to have fun in this situation exactly lass?!”

“We can share stories, Thormond !”

“I'll pass on that...” as he pulled a hidden flask from his beard.

“Fine! I'll go first, hehe. Before joining all of you on this adventure, I lived on a dairy farm. My family and I lived a simple and quiet life, but that was never enough for me. That's why I joined the Adventures Guild! “

“That's cute, Aegwynn, but we all know that you are greener than grass.”

“Alexander, have we forgotten our manners ? Or shall I remind you. ” Aegweynn now visibly offended, branding her blade.

“Woah, woah, woah, easy now, it was all in jest ! What about you, the living mummy over there, what's your story huh? ! ”

“If you must know my friends, I shall tell you. It is not a happy one, nor do I wish for you to sympathize for me. I am content with who I am and how I got here, gods be blessed. I was born a bastard to a woman, who no one will remember. She died of an illness when I was still a child and was taken to a near by orphanage. The priest and nuns raised me with all the other orphan children. I prayed and prayed that one day I would finally leave that damned place. My prayer was answered. A cruel joke by the gods. When a group of roaming bandits found us and demanded payment for "protection". When the old priest respectfully declined, the bandits took that very personally. They returned that night and burned everything, and everyone. I woke to my skin crisped and black. It smelled of death and smoke. I laid there for hours, suffering under the moons cold light. A white cloaked man, suited in fine armor, found me amongst the dead. He offered no hand, but words, "Heed my words, Blessed you are to have survived the night, but are you strong enough to live an other day?" His words burned in my heart that day as it never had before. I rose upon my blacked feet and brittle bones, shaking like a new born calf. The man took me to his temple where I underwent many operations. Removing layers upon layers of

flesh until the crisped filth was removed. Dressing my skin in cloth, I was dressed clean and fed till full for the first time in my life. When I was strong enough I began my training as a Cleric. A warrior of the Gods and a protector of the realms of men. "For we burn brightest in the night. We are the Light, in the Dark. We are The hands of the Burning Blade", and I...I am known as Ja'Hora "The Blackened".

"Wow....that was...uh...alot. I didnt know you could kill the mood and bring it any lower before we get sacrificed tomorrow, but you really did it. Say..Could you "light the way" out of this mess?"

"ALEXANDER, must you always be so negative? "