

The PEST KNIGHT is audibly sick, and wounded, but still cheerful and good company as she explains her situation.

PEST KNIGHT:

(Warm in spirit, tired and hoarse from sickness)

There was a pair of murders in Swelter, see. Man rode out before they found the bodies, heading east on the frontier road. I said I'd take the chance, hunt him down, see him hanged and threshed.

Second day on the road, I started coughing. Then the welts began to show on my neck, and I knew right away, 'cause it was the fysis took my parents and near-took me once before when I was young, and a sickness doesn't like to be made fun of, and death will not be denied.

Don't think I'll catch that killer, not like this. So I'll find the questing flies, the ones that swarm about looking for a body to fill and a mouth to speak through, and I'll offer myself up as a vessel in return for their promise to find that man and bring him back to Swelter for punishment.

The PEST KNIGHT is now occupied by a swarm of flies and speaking collectively. She may sound hoarse, or strange, inhuman or monstrous (have fun with that interpretation!).

PEST KNIGHT:

THE CORPSE WE ARE WALKING OFFERED ITSELF TO US AS HOME AND LARDER.
IN GRATITUDE FOR FLESH FREELY GIVEN, WE HONOUR ITS LAST REQUEST.