



## Book of The Trickster

After centuries without a king, the knights grew oblivious to the world around them. While they continued in their deeds, they neglected to train new knights or practice anything outside their martial skills. Eventually the knights even forgot who, why, and what the true purpose of a knight was.

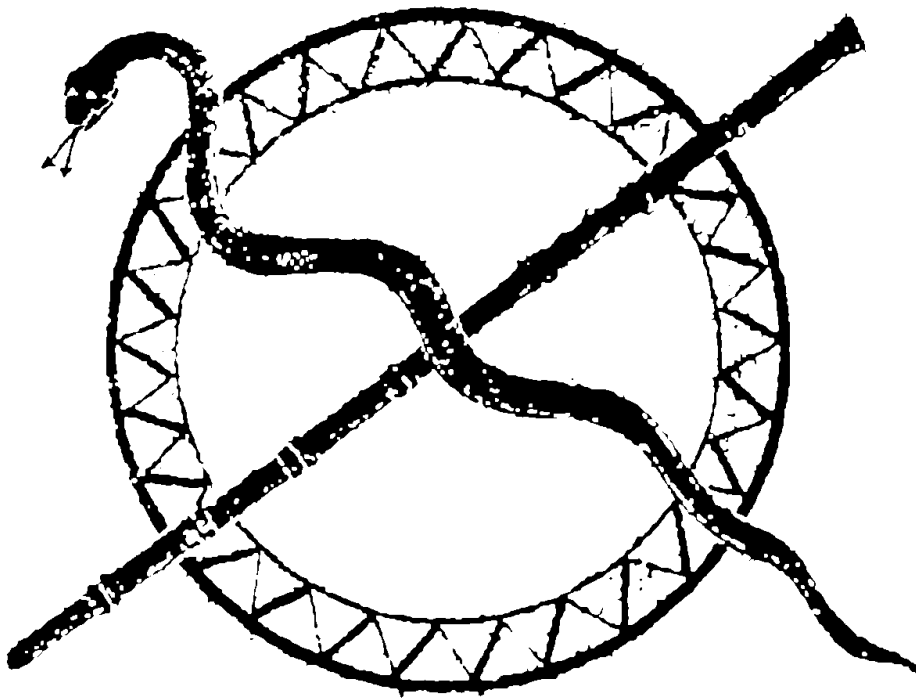
From tubes beyond the seen, a darkness crept through the lands. The people were oblivious to the darkness. The Others were oblivious to the darkness. Even the knights, in their monotony, were oblivious to the darkness. As people disappeared, questions were raised. The knights responded to the questions, but they knew not the answers. Many were taken, and the questions became fear, and the fear became anger. In the anger, the people squabbled, blamed, and turned against one another.

The knights, from centuries long stupor, knew not what to do. How could they fight an unseen opponent, or villagers who did nothing wrong but fear for their safety. To this, they turned to the Gatekeeper. She was the last knight entrusted to protect the codex.



Inside the codex lay sacred knowledge of the links beyond the seen. Yet, a problem remained; the knights knew not where the Gatekeeper was. Furthermore, the Gatekeeper knew not that she was a knight!

Such is the case in dangerous times, the knights selected their bravest to seek out the Gatekeeper. Again, not realizing that in their negligence, wit not brawn was required of this task. However, as the hermit would say, bravery is the tool of the gambler. For it was the persistence of bravery that allowed the knight to find the Gatekeeper.





While questing, the brave knight chanced upon a humble farm woman, tilling her field. From the field slithered a lindwurm of frightful length. From its forked tongue came gilded words of riches. The knight believed the words, but the farmer was not led into temptation. Addressing the lindwurm, she described the richness of her soil being the strength of her hands, the food in her belly, and the heat in her hearth. Gravely offended, the lindwurm snapped at the farmer. While the bravest knight stood dazed, the woman took up her knife and slayed the lindwurm with talent befitting a fellow of the order. This, the bravest knight saw and knew was the deed of a fellow knight. When confronted the woman remembered the words of the codex, remembered her lineage, and remembered her sworn duty as the Gatekeeper.

The villagers heard the words of the Gatekeeper. Atop a chest she spoke to great length of merits they did not comprehend, for fear would make even the wisest shudder with time. Being wise herself, the Gatekeeper saw that fear had broken the peoples' spirits. She then decided, despite being uncouth of a knight, it would be fear that would then revive them. She described to the people the Trickster. Things unseen can take form recognizable;



these things are the Trickster, and the Trickster was at play right in this very village. The people shuddered. The Gatekeeper took them to the bush, and there she said see here this bush, and the bush moved and spoke like a person. The people then knew the Trickster was real, the beyond was real.

Together, the people, the knights, and the Gatekeeper went forth and sought out the Trickster who took their fellows. Over the hills lay the unseen, and in the unseen the Trickster. Facing the Trickster, they knew not what to do. In a state of fear, the Trickster reached out and snatched people from the emboldened party. For, being cunning, the people were fooled. It was not the Trickster they faced, but one of his many disciples clad in brilliant robes of many forms. To this the Gatekeeper remembered and said to the emboldened people that they must first seek-out the Silver Soul to see past the Trickster's illusions.

Accepting the quest, the knights set out to find the Silver Soul, yet they never did. The Trickster found the knights first by surprise. Among them was the Gatekeeper, and the Trickster snatched her silver heart and all.



## Code of The Knights

In the warmth of a shared fire, a hapless man asked of a knight what it meant to him. Pondering the question all night, the knight replied the following morning.

When the king calls, the knights help. When evil arrives, the knights foil it. When knights prevail, we are no longer needed. When people call, they become knights.

The hapless man asked then, of the knight, if he too could join their ranks. Again the knight pondered as the man slept next to the fire.

The following morning, the Knight replied; Has the king asked of your service? Is there evil in the lands? Have you forgotten your way? Are you willing to find your inner way?

To this the hapless man replied; I am but a poor man, of course I am forgotten, lost, and in need of tutoring. This is the evil in the land, as the king always calls when debt is owed; but you sir



knight know none of these trials.

The knight was not taken aback by the harshness, and he said but one thing to the hapless man; How then would you help yourself if you were a knight?

Without hesitation, the hapless man responded; By helping others.

Surely then, said the knight, you are already one of us. Let us sleep by this fire together, and travel together, and be kin.