

A Man of Boundaries

As the two suns set over this strange little island, the salty sea air stings the throat of a figure standing set between the campfire and the ocean. He's been a man of boundaries his whole existence. Early on, he walked on the edge between life and death in the pits. For a while, he had toed the line between good and evil. Both of those dualities had faded. He was unkillable now. And evil.

"Rojax! 'Urry back, or all the stew'll be gone! We brought'cha inta tha crew, but 'unger'll take ya out o' it just as quickly!" Rojax turned around and sauntered back to the fire. Plopping down on a log next to The Kraken, Rojax grabbed a bowl off the small table next to the fire and began slurping the stew down. As he devoured the stew, Rojax sat and thought. This was a long and arduous process.

Rojax hadn't really known the others that had been with him, Jill, Hesta, Sly, and Eleanor, all that long, but did they really deserve death? Rojax had just wanted to make some money. He didn't really realize that they would be left out on the ocean like that. He just assumed Ulric would have taken them as prisoners. He had kind of liked them despite their annoying habit of doing good things. At least, these were how an outsider might think those thoughts. To Rojax, it was more like internal screaming, followed by small imaginary woodland creatures calming the screaming. The rough translation however, is enough that the point is made.

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Later that night, Rojax moved as quietly as possible from his tent near the middle of the island to the treasure room. Inside, he saw all manner of things confiscated from his old friends. Quickly, he found a few things that he knew they used often and put them inside of a chest just small enough to hold them and slipped a note inside.

Moving with the intention he felt during battle, Rojax raced to the shore, near the ramshackle docks, and tossed the chest into the sea. Though he'd betrayed them, and really shouldn't have cared whether they'd lived or died, there was a small

part of him that wanted those strange, good people to live on, and fight for good. As Rojax watched the chest sink into the sea, he heard a dark, ominous voice from behind him.

"It's time."