

The Finding of Aji-Tona Rhuusq

It was eight years ago during the deep winter on the night of Coldark that Brother Siparis took an introspective walk from the monastery at Turas Fane, up the high trail all the way to the peak of Mount Turas. Even with his well-honed skills and spiritually fueled endurance, it took him nearly two hours to make the ascent. The brisk winds grew stronger as he continued, gusting intensely as he crested the peak.

At the summit lay the remains of an ancient temple worn to ruins by millenia of exposure to the mountaintop snow, rain, and winds. Brother Siparis rested briefly where a small overhang of stone from the original temple structure provided a bit of refuge from the howling winds.

That's when he saw the body.

A drawn and emaciated barely adolescent half-orc boy lay draped over the remains of the temple altar. He was lightly clothed, yet seemed uninjured despite the bitter cold. Rather than having endured a long, painful climb—apparently without shoes or boots—it was as if the boy had simply appeared here.

He could not be left here. He would not survive. Luckily (or perhaps fatefully), Brother Siparis was a burly man. He scooped the half-orc lad up in his arms with barely a grunt and carried him back down the trail to Turas Fane.

It was weeks before the boy was strong enough to rise out of bed, and in that time many of the Brotherhood came to bring him food, water, clothes, blankets, and even shoes. Although his initial mutterings were in Orcish, he soon began speaking Common, yet had no knowledge of how he had come to this place.

“I must help,” he would say. “There is good justice to be done.”

His speech and mindset were so harmonious with the benevolent teachings of the Brotherhood that he

was invited to stay for a time. He learned their values, approving of them perhaps as much as they approved of him.

He embraced the studies and daily work without protest or complaint. And upon completing a task or exercise, the monks would say, “Well done and good, young Aji.”

And he would respond with his own mantra: “Good justice be done.”

In the 8 years that followed, this was Aji's life. He rose, worked, trained, meditated, and followed the rules and leadership of the Brotherhood.

Eventually, though, he felt a calling deep in his heart. As much as Turas Fane had provided him a home, he knew it was not **his** home. The tide within him was rising to do more beyond the walls of the monastery, and his soul would not find true peace here.

When he had grown fully into adulthood, he met with Brother Siparis, who was now Master Siparis and one of the most senior monks in the monastery, and Brother Garan, who often traveled outside the walls of the monastery. Aji told them of his need to go forth and follow his calling to the rest of the world.

Master Siparis placed his hand on the half-orc's shoulder. “Aji, I have sensed your conflict for some time now. Know this among all the infinities that a life can face: If you keep your heart and mind open, your skills will continue to grow as you find your way in the world, and you will be able to help more people. Help others and you will always be welcome here.”

Aji met his gaze with compassion and respectful focus, then nodded slowly. “There is good justice to be done.”

Master Siparis smiled and gestured. “Brother Garan will take you to the nearby town of Magevale. It is a fine place to begin the next part of your journey. . .”