My sister once asked a great man “Are you afraid of Miles Goldeneye”, his response was quick “What sensible man would not be afraid of a farmer who made himself a king?”.

I always believed death a far better fate than life. For you will be reunited with lost loved ones. We will never meet again my friends for I have a feeling that your gods might object to me visiting you in the afterlife. What am I to do now? You must hate me for leaving you, and I ache from the loss of never seeing you again. So has my legend become one which the world will repeat? My soul rekindled again in the next era, born again? I called this fall, I rang the bell… Will that be my legacy?

For what if your gods do not exist? What if my god does not exist? In that case nothing would have meaning… or rather does everything have meaning? Why do we need our gods? As then anyone could do anything and nothing would matter, nothing would be real and nothing would have meaning or value. So even if gods don't exist it’s necessary to have them. Ethics are the base of our society, both supporting feudalism and chivalry - defining good and evil. Gods enforce this.

But could mortals not take the place of gods? Some of us seem to ascend above the maelstrom that is Falnorian. Could those emissaries not guide the world in place of gods? While yes they could not shape reality through boons and blessings. But, their words and actions send waves, no, storms across the land. They are just as much gods as the stars, but are not blinded by eternal yet ephemeral plans as the stars are. We are the heart far below the stars, separated by a vast canopy. We can feel the world at our feet, we shape it with your hands, tilling it to birth a new tomorrow.

My words may seem distant and heretical to any of those who find this. As I have grown into my middle years. I may still be considered by many the most chivalrous in all of Oldmin, but Oldmin as we knew it is gone. I wear the queen's cowl, I hold the Blue Rose, I wield the Knight’s blades of Belmin and Oldmin, and I bear the Champion’s burden, I am the Champion of Hope and the White Queen… Yet at heart I am a simple farmer with a pitchfork and trowel. I have done my duty to all of Falnorian. I have done my best to preserve the orders of Knights and keep Oldmin alive in spirit as the fall came.

Now my life is coming to an end, my story is concluding so you may take our torch. I will keep Stormhorn away as long as possible, don’t let my sacrifice be in vain