

It is unusual for such a one to live and die of old age, especially after seeing and doing the things my father had done. He wore down many a blade fighting the good fight for Barsaive. To his credit, never did a Theran wield one of his blades, nor did a Horror face one and live.

While it is the hope of many to die a warrior and on the battlefield, it was not so with my father. Though he would have been proud to give his life for home and country, his desire was always to raise a family and see his children's grandchildren. And it was so.

My father's memory will be honored for generations as the weapons he crafted are passed down and turned into legend. Also, here, his memory will be honored by his children, grandchildren, and so on for so long as his talent flows in our veins. Even now, his beloved granddaughter Filena - so named for him - sits by his forge and practices that which he taught.

Though he teaches no more from this mortal coil, let his life be a lesson from which all can learn.

After several moments of silence looking over those gathered at the wake, Irelori bowed her head and let her tears mingle with the rain washing over her face. In all her years, watching her father come and go from home to field, she had never expected to say these words about him at such an advanced age. Her knees ached from the weather changes and she longed to sit by a fire and relax. Though she missed her father dearly, her sorrow was not only for his loss.



## *Flavor Text*

Town: Yaille

The hometown of Filenran StarCrafter, recently deceased. When it became clear he could not continue to go out adventuring, Filenran began to build a business. This business became the center of the town and much was built around it. Upon his death, many citizens were more concerned about their potential losses than they were for his family and their suffering.



## *The End*

In the end we will remember not the words of our enemies, but the silence of our friends.

Martin Luther King Jr.



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