

*Renauld of Blackburg,*

*By Royal Decree, you are hereby stripped of your knightly title. You are in contempt of the Royal Court and have been declared an enemy of the King. Surrender immediately.*

*Present yourself unarmed at King Ferrand's Keep within 3 days. Do not attempt to flee or seek asylum. If you fail to appear, your home will be raided. You will be captured and brought to Justice.*

*As per the King's will.*

Renauld crumpled the royal parchment and launched it into his fireplace. The paper rose slightly into the air as it disintegrated. The long-haired man squatted awkwardly on a stool, slowly boiling over in anger as he watched his indictment catch fire. Suddenly, Renauld stood and hurled his seat at the cobblestone wall of his dwelling. As the seat exploded and dismantled itself on the wall, Renauld screamed profanities and curses into the fire.

After some time spent stewing in frustration, Renauld made his choice. His only choice. He collected his equipment, strapping whatever pieces of his armor he could carry to his bag of supplies. He strapped his steel blade on his hip and took one last look around his home. He slammed the door on his way out.

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*BY ORDER OF THE KING,*

*WANTED FOR IMMEDIATE ARREST: RENAULD OF BLACKBURG*

*500 GOLD PIECES FOR INFORMATION*

*1000 GOLD PIECES FOR DELIVERY*

In the middle of the poster was a crude illustration of Renauld. He looked dirty and deranged. An equally dirty Renauld tore the paper from the wall of the church. *I look nothing like this*, he thought.

“Oy! You mad? Demolishing royal postings?”

Renauld spun around to face a smelly man who was missing a few teeth.

“What’re you playing at, mate?” the man asked.

Renauld considered the man for a moment, his hand itching to grasp the hilt of his blade. But then he relaxed. This was not his enemy, it wasn't worth it.

"Sorry," he said unconvincingly. "Had too much to drink."

"It's not even noon... What the hell is the world coming to?" the man said, shaking his head as he turned to leave. Renauld took his leave as well. He had no business left in Blackburg. He left the poster in the mud and gave it a hearty step for good measure.