

In the days of yore, when a man were worth less than the blade they wielded, there lived Blauhaus the Wanderer. He was no prince, nor lord of land, but in the hovels and taverns where the fires crackled and the wine flowed freely, his name was revered with laughter and murmurs of respect.

Blauhaus was a man of colossal size, with shoulders as broad as an oak trunk and arms that seemed forged for war. But he was also an inveterate drinker, finding solace and strength in the rich warmth of ale. With a raucous laugh and a heart as vast as his thirst, he never turned down a bet or a fight, whether for honor or amusement.

Yet amidst the drunkenness and the tavern songs, there was a spirit within him that could not be broken: a silent oath of loyalty to those who called him brother. When his land was overrun by raiders from overseas, Blauhaus was where he had always been—sitting on a barrel, a dirty cup in his hands, his boots covered in mud. But as he watched the flames consume the houses, the women and children being swept away, his mind cleared as if the liquor had evaporated from his veins. Armed only with his old blade and the fury of a man who never abandoned his own, he advanced against the invaders. It is said that he cut down dozens before he was wounded, his blows more like those of a beast than a man. But not even the steel embedded in his body was enough to stop him. With his blood leaking like rivers onto the ground, he grabbed the burning stake of a fallen hut and, in a last act, charged the enemy barricade, opening a path for his people to escape. The next morning, when the smell of death still hung in the air, the survivors found his body lying in the rubble, surrounded by the corpses of his enemies. Raised as a hero, Blauhaus was buried in a sacred tomb, sealed with protective runes, so that his soul would never wander lost.

Travelers say that on stormy nights, when thunder shakes the earth and the wind howls like a wounded wolf, echoes of a deep laugh resound among the cold stones. And if a lost man is about to succumb to despair, there are those who swear they will see a colossal shadow of a warrior with burning eyes, drinking one last drink before guiding him out of the darkness.