

Timody Taldon was a name that echoed through the halls and among the whispers of the people. A warrior without equal, Grand Master of the Red Order, feared on the battlefield and beloved by his people. With his black sword, Dark Aria, he felled tyrants and crushed enemies. But the blade that had taken so many lives began to weigh on his soul.

One day, without warning, Timody hung his sword on the wall and never raised it again. He retreated to his fortress, where he delved into the arcane mysteries, seeking wisdom beyond war. He became the protector of his land not with iron, but with spells that warded off plagues, raised crops, and healed the sick. His people revered him as a saint, but in the solitude of his tower, he faced his own demons.

For every man carries shadows, and Timody's was deep. Some whispered that his magic went beyond light, that he studied forbidden scrolls beneath the red moon. There were nights when screams echoed from his tower and no one dared ask why. They say that one day an old enemy knocked on his door—and was never seen again.

But death, treacherous and indifferent to power, found him in a ridiculous way. Not in battle with arcane horrors, nor in a duel with enemies. Timody Taldon, the great hero, slipped on a wet staircase and broke his neck.

The elders said it was fate laughing at his greatness. His disciples buried him in a spell-sealed tomb on the Plain of Dawn, and his black sword and staff rest beside their master.