The story of Blaze starts at the doors of the Monastery of the Order of the Sun Soul. Where he was found in a cold morning, crying inside a small basket with nothing more than a warm blanket around his little body, and a note saying his name, Blazing Feather, and begging to the Monastery to take care of the baby because his parents, sadly, couldn't.

Since that day, Blaze was raised in the monk lifestyle, and since an early age taught it with its fighting style. And although he knew there were far worst and difficult lives to be had, it wasn't one that he was particularly fond of. The rules were too strict and the days too alike.

He enjoyed all the training routines and the physical challenges it imposed on his body, but since he could remember, Blaze felt that he didn't fit in. There was always this burning curiosity, the need to see and discover the outside world that the monastery couldn't satisfy.

The monks and masters of the Monastery quickly realize that the easiest way to keep Blaze out of trouble was to give him access to the small library of the monastery. So over the years, Blaze spent countless hours of his free time (which wasn't much) here, reading everything that he could get his hands on, from beautiful and distant lands, mysterious and powerful artifacts, strange creatures, and dark demons to stories of great heroes and their adventures. Because if he couldn't explore the world himself, at least he could read about it.

But he always wished to be the one that lived the stories he read about. The one that studied and wrote about all the creatures of a certain region. The one there to witness the big events that occur all around the world. The one who was writing the books.

He grew and so did his fighting skills, but his insatiable curiosity never subsided. Over the years, Blaze thought many times about trading his life at the Monastery for one on the road in search of the unknown, getting the information he needed to write his own books. But he didn't know how to live the life of an adventurer, or if even if he had what it takes to do it. The life in the monastery was all he knew, and although none of his masters were particularly kind to him, they were the ones who raised him and cared for him all these years, so he respected them and didn't want to dishonor them.

But if his dreams were ever to come true, Blaze needed to be prepared to know as much as possible of the world outside so he could better adapt to it. So he started taking notes, notes from the books in the library, of the things he found most interesting and most important. And over the time the notes turned into personal journals that Blaze took joy in making and was proud of owning.