**Traveler of a Thousand Faces**

A traveler of no renown. A wretched man plagued by thoughts vile. Set out to find an undeserved fortune. To the kingdom he went, wearing the face of a general of the northern kingdom. By night he arrived at lone castle, stretching far up into the sky. The guards, not aware of the wolf in sheep’s clothing allowed him through the gates. Through the West wing he slithered, donning the face of a maiden fair. Claiming to be the princess, guards allowed the traveler within the chamber where the king lie in slumber. And once the doors shut and the traveler knew no prying eyes were watching, from below, he grasped a knife and raised it above the unsuspecting man. Down the blade flew, piercing the flesh. Again and again, it went. Rending, tearing, seething unyielding pain. Until all that remains was a husk of what once was.