The guard led him into the courthouse. It was a big room, the middle were two tables with a few sheets of paper, reed brushes to write with and a small bottle of ink, on each table.

In the room benches rose from all his sides and on them were thirty man who were divided into groups of ten, one group to his right, one to his left and one in front of him. Every group wore long black tonics but each group had a different symbol sewn onto it.

Above the group of men who were in front of Faros sat a fierce looking man, on the table next to him were eight big books with a thick red cover, he couldn't read their title from that distance.

From another door to his right came two men dressed in white, and a woman dressed in black dress. They looked eerily comfortable in the room, they sat at their table right away.

Faros, who had no idea what to do, looked at the guard next to him for help.

The guard rolled his eyes, "Just sit at that table, and for the grand judge to tell you what to do."

"The grand judge?" Faros said awkwardly, embarrassed by his ignorance.

"argh, the angry looking guy in the middle" he said reluctantly.

"Oh ok, thank you"

Faros walked to his table and sat at the chair next to it. Everybody looked at him, all the men above him, the woman to his right even the guards. He felt so small and vulnerable.