

Juve Dobbson was eighteen and ready for life. He had spent eight long years training both his body and his mind to become respected amongst his peers and superiors. He was now ready to carry out his childhood dream: to uphold chivalry, decry maleficence, and, above all, *keep the peace*. He was ready to be a knight.

He had always had the desire to live a life of public duty. Following the rules was something Juve excelled at if such a thing was possible. Indeed, it was possible but very few people noticed. People tend to give their attention to their problems, to which Juve never had the misfortune of being. Juve's childhood, in this case, was tidily summed up as out of mind, out of sight.

That is until the day Juve lent a hand to a local knight. In return, the peacekeeper offered not only recognition but gratitude. Juve couldn't remember what it was he had done for the knight. All he remembered was the feeling it gave him. He had helped a man whose job was to protect and serve people by making sure everyone followed the rules and he had liked that. In that moment, Juve found there was more to life than being good. You could make a career out of ensuring others did as well.

Juve's parents, to their credit, appreciated his innate sense of duty, even if they didn't always show it to him. Their gratitude came in the countless silent prayers they made thanking the Goddess that Juve hadn't turned out to be like his older brother, Cuddy. Between the ages of three and nine, whenever Cuddy talked about what he wanted to be when he grew up it was usually such infamous occupations as a donkey or the sign above a shop (switching between apothecary and smithy, depending on the weather). When eight-year-old Juve stated he wanted to be a knight, his parents let out a sigh of relief and nodded their heads in agreement. They would have done that for any occupation Juve said provided it was something people actually did for a living. It was only a bonus that—upon further introspection—they found they truly did agree with Juve's choice.

With a new sense of everything will turn out just right, thank you very much, Juve's parents set about putting their sons' lives on track with haste. Within a few days, they hired a tutor to teach Juve the arts of reading and writing and apprenticed Cuddy to a painter who was a close family friend. If nothing else, the older boy would have an outlet for his *creativity* and Juve would have a solid foundation for a multitude of careers. Worst case for Juve, they heard being a lawyer was a pretty easy line of work if you were well-spoken and could draw up fancy parchment.