Ten years. Ten years of mindless backbreaking labour, ten years of constant underappreciation, ten years of emotional and verbal abuse, ten years of manipulation and deceit. Ten years endured, and for what? Demotion and an official reprimand for unprofessional conduct. This were the thoughts as I approached the fortress of [something], a towering presence that commanded the attention of the entire valley. Considered as the only reason why the west had remained relatively unmarred over the many years of war, the fortress stood proudly along the river, as the symbol of imperial might. Tonight however this would change, its illusion of impregnability destroyed, the mighty empire brought to its feet, and I would be the cause.