Ten years. Ten years of mindless back-breaking labour, ten years of constant under-appreciation, ten years of verbal abuse, ten years of manipulation and deceit. Ten years endured, and for what? Demotion and an official reprimand for “unprofessional” conduct. These were the thoughts that raged through my mind as I approached *Reinbreaker*, the towering presence that loomed over the entire valley, its impregnability famed across the land. Considered the sole reason why the west had remained relatively unmarred after the many years of war, the fortress stood proudly along the river, shining as a beacon of imperial might. Tonight, this will change, its illusion of power destroyed, the mighty empire brought to its feet, and I shall be the cause. My name once revered as the next imperator will now be spit upon alongside the dregs and scum, but vengeance must have its due.

I approach the first of the fortress’ triple walls. I am greeted by a closed gate as I am commanded to reveal what I carry. A standard issue iron sword, a lantern, a loaf of bread, a bottle of mead and the clothes on my back. Assent is given as the bridge is lowered and the gate is raised. Fools.