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You recall the taste of an acrid fruit, its lingering, citrusy tang clinging to your lips and filling your nostrils as you bite into it.



You remember the way they looked at you - how angry they were, how their lips twisted and how you knew what was coming next.



The weight of his crown being placed on your head - no, not his any more. Yours.



You watch your servants toiling away on the ziggurat, and you smile, knowing that the peak will be truly perfect once it is finished.



The voice of an Ancestor speaks to you, not in your mind, but in the flesh, and the awe is overwhelming.



You remember the line of soldiers, their iron gleaming in the feeble light of winter - the faces of those about to die swirling at the edge of recollection.



Good wine, a sea breeze, and a loyal slave massaging your feet. How could life be better?



Your Earl's armour is heavy and stinks of sweat, but you clean it anyway, because it needs to be done.



You press your forehead against the steed's and enjoy a silent moment. The horse chuffs, its warm breath filling the space between you.



You don't give the overseer a chance to realise who it is that's attacking. You don't want them to suffer, just be dead.



You place your hands on the wheel of the ship and feel it pull against you as the sails fill with wind, like an eager steed that knows you will soon lead it to adventure.



The heat of the forge blasts your skin as your arm rises and falls, the same motions that you have been making for your entire life.



It turns out that the heart of a hero doesn't taste that different from the heart of a coward, and you laugh to yourself, your stinger-tipped tail flicking with amusement.



You finally wrestle that bloody pig into its pen, only for the fence to collapse as you lean on it.



Even as a prisoner, you cannot help but feel proud of the covenstone you have just crafted.



The vapours from your cauldron cause your apprentice to choke, and you sternly warn them not to contaminate the mixture.



You see how they sneer at you, how they look down their noses, and they will pay, oh yes, they will all pay.



You remember watching him walk away, tears tracing hot lines down your face.



You thrill in the feeling of your steed beneath you, and at the fear in the eyes of the Orcs who seek to stop you.



You recall the icy grip of dread squeezing at your abdomen and the taste of blood overpowering the ringing in your ears.



The smell of rot comforts you as you watch it all decay, dying to be reborn again.



The night air is freezing, but the view of the stars is unparalleled from here.



Walking on hot coals isn't anywhere near as difficult as people say, but it turns out to be a bloody good teaching tool for Courage.



The roar of the crowd is like a physical wall as you and the rest of the cast take your seventh encore.



You slip the coin purse into your belt and ostentatiously look away from the cargo being unloaded onto your dock.



You watch your daughter pick up the blade, and your pride and fear cannot be separated from one another.



You look at the collapsed remains of your mother's burial platform, and weep with joy, knowing that she will soon be returned to you.



The nausea of the drug begins to overwhelm you, souring the decaying flesh of your loved one, the twin sensations driving your bile to rise.



You stare out over the bay, wondering if any of the ships in the distance are the first signs of an invasion.



You are cold. So cold - to die so unheroically out here, like the slave the orcs made you. What you would do for one more breath...



Your body tingles and trembles with anticipation, the heavy weight in your hands and the sunlight filtering down thrilling the senses.



You surge towards the river and the crowds gasp - your stomach lurches as your mount leaps - you catch the eye of the King and grin.



Your friend sobs on your shoulder over the deaths they have caused, and you comfort them silently, for words will not help.



You remember what she said to you, and you remember the perfect thrill of realising a universal truth that had been hidden from you for so long.



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