

Tavern Keeper
The Inquisitor
Vaross Sindicar

Q: What's a holy man doing in my bar?

A: It is not on the same business most of your patrons come here for, of that I can assure you. No... I am here on the church's orders to do God's work. To rout out all that is vile and base within this world. These are the reasons I open my eyes each day and greet the glory of God's light in all its splendor! Oh, to be exalted above all who serve Them for performing the grand duty of releasing evil souls from the wanton physical cages that surround them. How can their souls be absolved without this release?! They cannot be, and such is the role I have been appointed from above to serve, o' barkeep!!

Q: I don't suppose you want a drink, do you?

A: Nothing that will interfere with my connection to the holy spirit, o' barkeep. For that simply will not do. I must at all times maintain that most sacred of connections, lest I lose my way in this abominable world. *Evil* threatens to engulf us upon all sides, you see. No... you cannot see, not one of your ilk. I mean no insult, mind you! But as you must imagine, one such as myself who has given themselves in body and spirit to the church has not allowed the taint of sin upon my everlasting soul. No... I have not. You may one day be absolved, it is true - but only if you are willing to *burn* the misdeeds from your spirit like a hot brand to your divine shell!

Q: What is it that you do, exactly?

A: I simply do that which *must* be done. That which others will not - no - cannot do, for I alone have been bequeathed by my Lord the ability to know upon whom judgment *must* be cast, you see. Do you yet understand the import of my duties, o' barkeep? No... perhaps you do not, but you are not the first, and nor shall you be the last of those with whom I speak in my days which does not grasp the utter gravity of the work that I and my soul bear. It is simply another of my holy burdens that so few can fathom the breadth and reach of my endeavors.

Q: Tell me something about yourself, stranger.

A: What is there that I could possibly tell someone such as you, o' barkeep? Would you understand the sacrifices I make for the church? Would you possibly be able to fathom the depths of my devotion and belief? No... I think not. However, I can tell you of my devotion. In my youth my parents were but frivolous addicts, layabout wretches, whose existence lied solely in eking out just enough sustenance for the next day when they could once again get their fix. And what of their children? Why, we were left to scrounge for ourselves. It took courage, but I finally told my beloved Church of their misdeeds. I cannot tell you the relish that filled my heart when their impious heads were cut from their wanton bodies. It was like being reborn. I was finally free. And with that, I gave myself in every way to the Church.