

Born to a long and honorable line of paladins, Amara Lamonte wanted nothing more than to follow in their footsteps. For birthdays she would receive wooden swords with realistic smiting action and Paladin Paul action figures. Her summers were spent at Camp Ain Against Evil. Young Amara even collected the complete Paladin Peter book series. The day she received her acceptance to PU was the happiest day of her life.

Amara poured herself into her training. She pushed herself to ever higher heights of achievement in all of her classes : Practical Religion, Ethics, Healing, Detecting Evil in a Changing World, but it was Melee Combat which won out as her favorite. Of course this favor was based less on Amara's attraction to shiny razor sharp weapons than it was on her attraction to the instructor, but it was a close call. Not that you could blame her for that, after all Trygg Einar was no ordinary Fighter, he was tall, handsome, intelligent, honorable, well respected, he pretty much had it all. Professor Einar must have seen something Amara as well since he chose early on to take her under his wing. Over the following months Trygg became more than a fine teacher to Amara, he was her trusted mentor, her valued friend, her passionate lover.

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She'd passed! She could hardly believe it. It was late afternoon on a warm day in early spring and a young woman with long, red gold hair and gleaming silver armor was running down the corridor toward the instructors' housing. She paused a moment at the steps to read the paper she held in her hand, "Congratulations! Amara Lamonte. You have successfully passed the Paladin of Pholtus certification exam! You are hereby granted (pending official graduation) the rank of Paladin First Class and Level One Smiters Licence (Smiters Licence may be picked up at the DPS office between the hours of 10 and 4)." Even seeing it scribed down didn't make it seem real, but if she could just tell Trygg and hear him call her a Paladin... then, maybe, it would be real. A grin on her face, the girl dashes up the stairs.

All thoughts of her achievement had flown from Amara's mind. Her joy had departed completely. She could not move, could not breath, could not look away, Amara could only stare with shock and disbelief at the horrible scene before her. What tawdry affair was this?! It was unimaginable. It was verboten. It was *wrong!*

The startled Trygg gaped at Amara before making a panicked search for his pants, the closest he found was his plumed helmet.

"Amara! I, er..."

"How could you?!"

"It's not what you think"

"*How* could it not be what I think?!!"

"Erm..."

"You lied to me! You led me on, told me you loved me, and I find you here with Zaiden! He's a Cleric! I should report you for even thinking about it!"

“No! Please, you mustn’t tell anyone about this.”

“No.... I....”

“Amara. Please.”

“Resign your commission.”

“What!?”

“I won’t tell, but only if you resign your commission.”

“You can’t be serious.”

“I wasn’t the first, was I? The first student you seduced. And I’m willing to bet that he is not the first Cleric that you’ve helped fall. It can’t be allowed.”

“Ha! You think that I would actually resign?”

“If you don’t then I’ll tell them everything!”

“Hahaha. I’m afraid I can’t let you do that” In one slightly awkward one-handed movement Trygg unsheathed his sword.

\*gasp!\* “You intend to *kill* me?!”

“What? No. You Paladins are so melodramatic. I’m just going to detain you until

Zaiden can get a spell ready.” Trygg twirled this sword. “Now, you can save yourself some stress and just give in now,” He swung his blade with a threatening *swish*, “or, you can be beaten spectacularly. Your choice.”

Amara looked at the hard face of the man she had loved, at the sharp gleam of the sword held in his skilled hand. Should she just surrender, was there any hope of winning? Movement caught her eye and she saw Zaiden frantically attempting to unearth his Holy Symbol from the Knot of his clothes. He was wearing ‘I Pholtus’ shorts. Amara looked back at Trygg, more specifically his bright fluffy plume. 

“I think You’ve seen the last of my giving up to you.”

With that an epic battle for justice is begun. The two swords clashed in heated conflict spanning over five minutes. At last the mighty Einar was thrown off balance, sensing the opportunity Amara lunges at her opponent. With the entire force of her blinding fury she drove the razor sharp edge of her blade toward him. Unfortunately the sheer awesomeness of this move was wasted when Amara missed completely.

Missed Trygg that is. With a quick movement Trygg had removed himself from the path of Amara’s sword thus leaving it free to continue its journey into the next object on its route. Sadly this object was not a bedpost, or a lamp, or a copy of ‘The Bigby Code’, but a rather unlucky Zaiden. Trygg wasted no time in manipulating this sad accident to serve his purposes.

Amara watched as all she had ever believed in was pulled from under her. Arrested for Clerical murder, inundated with false testimony and planted evidence, she was swiftly sentenced to death.

As a Paladin the thought of escape would never have crossed Amara’s mind. But then,

Amara *wasn't* a Paladin anymore. Everything she had wanted to fight for had turned it's back on her, so why should she die for them? With that, the last shred of Amara's honor was tossed to the wind and her daring prison break was made. Much gallant swordsmanship, prison rioting, and high speed chasing ensued.

The rest, as they say, is history.