My dearest Belora, do you never tire of this story?
 Very well, then I shall regale you once more with the tale of my voyage from the old world!

 You see, there was a most uproarious riot in my homeland of Utopia. Long had the lower class been violent and ill-mannered, though they typically paid those of my standing no mind. That all changed on the day that word filtered through the populous that the white-clad gods who gave us succor had grown enraged by our sins, and would be putting our civilization to an end. The boorish rabble sought to attack us in their misguided anger, believing –us- to be the cause of the gods’ wrath!

 In their fervor, they put my manor, and those nearby, to the torch, forcing me into the streets! The unwashed, gibbering, masses attacked me relentlessly, but I slew them effortlessly with a brilliant blade from my estate. I planned to escape from Utopia as the violence reached a fever-pitch, but I was stunned by the scream of a debutante in a nearby alley, sending my whiskers standing on-end!

 With nary a concern for my own well-being, I swooped in as she was fending off a pair of thugs with a piece of rubbish. I slaughtered my outmatched prey in the blink of an eye, and whisked the damsel away to safety! We climbed higher and higher through the acropolis, away from the fire and the screams, and found our way to a rumored exit from Utopia.

 Before the last coming days, there had been no reason to use this exit, for our every need was met by the white-clad gods. But, I was able to use my wits to spirit my damsel away through this crack in the walls around our once-great homeland, and to avoid the watch of the vengeful gods that lived just outside our walls.

 In my brilliance, I was able to navigate the immense, twisting, corridors of cold stone around Utopia, and escape to the world of the gods themselves! From there, I was able to sneak us aboard a titanic vessel of the gods capable of crossing the infinite expanse of water between worlds. While aboard the vessel, I healed the debutante’s wounds, and I kept her spirits lifted with song and poetry to distract her from those unfortunate thoughts of our old world burning to ash. For she was so charitable, and shed her tears for the peasantry, and a gentleman like myself could never stand to let my poor damsel despair.

 …Unfortunately, the rest of the voyage aboard the god-vessel is a haze to me. Clearly it is the nature of traveling via a vessel of the gods. No doubt, the mind of a lesser rodent would have been obliterated by the experience! Where my memory returns to me, I and my newfound court were already well-established in Murida, and I had acquired my god-weapon.

 Ah but, my most precious sycophant, you are the only one to whom I can confide that the only blemish upon my honor is that I remember my damsel’s name or face…Oh, but do not cry for her, Belora. I have no doubt in my mind that, having been inspired by my heroism, she would become an extraordinary woman after we parted ways. Mayhap I shall meet her again one day, and I can introduce you to her. What I would give for the last remnant of Utopia to join my court…