

CAPT O THE GUARD

The Captain of the Guard stands alone at the gate after assigning his men, speaking softly to himself or perhaps to a new recruit by his side.

You hear the quiet? That's not just silence... that's a whole village breathing in trust.

Every mother, every child, every old man dreaming of the days before the rivers ran dry—they're all counting on us now. Not to be heroes. Not to be brave. Just... to stand where they cannot.

Slumber isn't just sleep here. It's survival. It's memory. It's hope packed into a single drop. And while they float through that fragile place between forgetting and waking, we stay rooted.

I walk these streets not because I was told to... but because I remember the day this village pulled me from a flood and called me their own. I owe them more than my sword. I owe them this watch.

So tonight, while they dream, we guard that dream. Not with shouting or shows of power... but with stillness. With presence. With promise.

And may the stars forgive us if we fail.