

# Αναρχηψ.

## A Eulogy For Fallen Friends.

And so it goes. Two comrades fall in the space of a few weeks.

Rogan (admittedly a bit flaky in recent months) burnt to a crisp by a sun spirit after a moment of over excitement (dude, why'd you have to start the game there and then; we were going to a secure location first. \*sigh\*). I always said I'd back you up, and it'd be easy to just say that being staked by Don Cruetz is a good hint not to join in a fight, but it doesn't change the fact that I fucked up. You were my comrade in arms, regardless of politics.

Sorry Rogan, I failed you.

Gabes, m'man, I'm sorry. Dragged away through a portal in space/time by a fire wielding maniac, but I still could've backed you up. As much as it pained me to turn away, to go after you would've meant that the Crimson King would've got away. I'd like to think that you might still be out there, but it didn't look good from where I was standing.

Sorry Gabriel, I failed you.

Rogan, my comrade, my friend, my ally. You're sword arm will truly be missed, though not as much as your friendship. He was always true to his friends, and did his best to never let them down. He was one of the best in battle, and one I was happy to fight alongside.

Rogan, you shall be sorely missed, but never forgotten.

Gabes, my comrade, my friend, my brother. Your absence is tangible around the hang-outs. No more will the halls ring to the sound of our training. When next I enter battle, who will I trust to back me up as I trusted you? When the tides of time roll around me, who's laughter will I hear to remind me why we're here?

Gabriel, in the words you'd want:

"move on, be brave, don't weep by my Grave, just 'cos I'm no longer here, just please don't let your memory of me disappear"

Gabriel, you shall truly be missed, and never forgotten.

To you, and all my fallen comrades, I salute you. May the final death treat you with what you desire.

## Cassidy