

The Errant Knights

“Say, George, you *do* know where we’re going?” asked Sir Cameron.

George himself, gave an embarrassed gaze to his senior knight, the esteemed King’s Champion. Sir Cameron was the physical embodiment of what every knight hoped to be. Tall. Lean. Muscular. And most importantly, Handsome.

His hair was the lightest shade of blonde there was, giving it a seemingly pure quality. His eyes were the typical light blue of Carran citizens, but his held a wealth of knowledge and experience no man could miss. From his forehead, to the line of his jaw, to his chin, George always remarked to himself how perfect Sir Cameron was.

The only downside however, was that Sir Cameron seemed to take a shocking interest in George’s training. George could not, for the life of him, understand what this Legendary Knight saw in him that warranted such special attention.

Today would be a prime example of that. Sir Cameron had offered to take him – a mere knight in training – along on a mission to root out some brigands that have been hounding merchants and tax collectors on the King’s Highway.

But that alone was not all that blew George's mind. It was the fact that he and Sir Cameron were not alone. They were moving with the Kingdom's most elite military unit.

The Errant Knights.

The group was made of only 5 men, without squires. Sir Cameron as the leader, Sir Vice, Sir Pent, Sir Tain and Sir Geant. These five men alone were fabled to do what every knight dreamed of. Slaying Dragons, Rescuing Damsels and winning impossible battles.

Before today, George had seen Sir Cameron many a time at the Academy, so even though the Knight's was of a different class, he was still... familiar. Today was his first time seeing the other men who comprised this noble group. What shocked George the most was how...ordinary... they were.

Sir Vice was an average bodied fellow with a perpetual smirk of mischief on his face. It was as if he spent every waking minute creating mean plots and basked in the ingenuity of them. His brown hair was left long, reaching his waist, although tied in a ponytail. Like every Carran male, he had eyes the color of the ocean.

Sir Pent, was a thin and almost frail looking man with a shaved head and dangerously yellow eyes. He was not of Carran descent, rather hailing from the Morsh Desert, of the Skulker bloodkin. While many may find his visage unnerving, George couldn't help but feel at ease with the man.

Sir Tain was a square and blockish knight. It looked like his body have been shaved by the sculptor to be as even of each side as possible. This weird symmetry gave him a curious countenance, but his even expression told of his serious nature. He, like George was not of Carran Descent, but Amoran, meaning both his hair and eyes were pitch black. The main difference is that while George was smallish and had a messy mop of hair, Sir Tain had hair shape so even, that the corners were rumored to be sharper than his blade.

Unsurprisingly, George was not interested in finding out whether this was true or not.

Finally, there was Sir Geant. His face was fixed into a perpetual scowl that emphasized his hard features. Sir Geant looked exactly like what you'd expect a Military Officer to look. Short cropped hair, a strong chin and a protruding nose. He was thankfully of Carran descent, meaning he was of a single color, Blue.

"Ha! The lad has probably been leading us in circles for his own amusement!" Sir Geant boomed, slapping George on the back.

Unlike the full Knights, George did not have steel armor, but had to settle for light leather armor which was good for mobility, but wouldn't save him from arrows or particularly accurate swipes from a blade.

Naturally, with Sir Geant's strength and George's small stature, that wallop almost sent him flying over his horse. Luckily, he had a tight grip on the reins to prevent him from doing so.

“Careful with the boy, Geant. He’s not as hardy as you are,” Sir Tain cautioned.

“Ha! You’re all turning into Cameron! Going soft for the lad! I say he needs more meat on his bones!” Sir Geant guffawed, while flexing his arms.

“He’ll get there Geant, just give him time. Maybe try not to break his back too.” Sir Cameron said with amusement.

“I’d like to see that happen. It’d be a good shot less boring than hanging around you fellows,” Sir Vice stated while spitting out a straw he had been chewing leisurely.

“Not all of us are into your auspicious hobbies, Vice. Some might even called them... unbecoming of a knight,” Sir Pent added, rubbing a hand over his scalp.

George noticed that this Knight had the weird habit of dragging the ‘s’ when speaking. He tore his eyes of the bantering group and focused on the map once again, trying to decipher their position.

George was certain they were lost, but feared speaking out his failure to these knights. These were the men who he had idolized his whole life. He couldn’t allow them to think he was a hapless trainee.

At the same time, he couldn’t allow them to fail this mission on behalf of his childish pride. He had to come clean and leave the job to the veterans.

“Erm, Sirs, I think I am actually lost and incapable of directing us to our destination any longer.”

The mood become pensive and George felt all five eyes on him. While his mind screamed to turn away and hide his face in shame, he found himself staring back at the knights as evenly as possible.

They gave him critical looks before breaking into smiles in turn, nodding to George. His breath came out in a whoosh and they veterans laughed at their anxious young comrade.

“We were aware you had lost your direction a few hundred steps back, so we’ll guide you to the right path,” Sir Cameron said to him.

“I don’t understand. You knew I was lost?” George asked with surprise.

“Why yes George, this is the King’s road, which each of us have traversed and mapped out extensively. We’d know if we were slightly of course,” Sir Tain responded.

The look of incredulity on his face spoke volumes. His next question was quite obvious, as Sir Pent gave him the answer before he could speak it.

“Humility. This is one of the key virtues of a knight. It doesn’t just mean reacting gifts or being meek. It means having the courage to put aside your pride for someone or something.”

Ah... so it was a test. At least, George thought, he passed it. Barely.

“You have made me proud this day, George. You’re the first trainee in a long time to admit his failing so soon,” Sir Cameron added thoughtfully.

“Bah! Humility’s all fine and good, but nothing beats a naughty barmaid who wants to taste some “Errant” love, heh heh,” Sir Vice said with a wide grin.

The red color that erupted over George’s face sent them all into rounds of laughter, from Sir Geant’s loud guffaws to Sir Cameron’s soft notes. George tried to laugh awkwardly along, hoping to mitigate his embarrassment, but that only made them laugh harder.

“Don’t worry son, you’re going to be the butt end of our jokes until we find another to take your place,” Sir Geant said, patting his shoulder lightly.

“I’d also you didn’t corrupt the boy’s mind, Vice,” Sir Cameron warned.

“Yeah, yeah, I hear ya,” Sir Vice replied.

“We should get back on the trail. Night is about to fall and we don’t want to lose the advantage of daylight,” Sir Tain advised.

“Mmm, why don’t we take a short pause to gather our bearings?” Sir Pent added.

The group came to a halt beside a large Oak tree and came together to find out where they would go next. George, being a slight distance away took in the faces and expressions of his mentors as the mingled with each other.

The way they did spoke of a natural camaraderie that George found heartwarming. No one needed to tell him that no matter what happened today, he would never forget this feeling.