

It *Could* Have Been You, Sure

The witch prophesied at my birth that a left-handed, red-haired swordsman would someday kill me. Classic geas, that: my parents were pleased. The witch earned her coin by scrying that much detail.

You'd think my parents would kill off all the people like that, right? Or suppress the prophecy, or do something else stupid. Instead, they tried no tricks, refusing to cheat destiny. Which you naturally took advantage of, with your sinister sword-arm, and crimson hair. As crimson as your blood, I see.

Because while you *do* meet the prophecy's conditions, nobody ever said it absolutely had to be **you**.

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