

Every man has a tale to tell

Come my child, and stay a while. Keep an old fool who clings to the past some company for a while now. I promise I won't kill you, unless you get bored with stories.

My name? My you're a polite one. That's a quality I haven't seen in decades with everyone trying their best to stay alive these days. Most people around here call me "Father", but you can call me Jackson. No other name is needed, unless you travel with a Jackson? No? Alright then. We won't bother with a surname. I'm the leader of this small alcove you see before, Jacksons Salvation they call it. A small town, filled with nothing but dead dreams and empty hopes. But, it's what I give back to the world, from my past life.

Oh, so you noticed the book, did you? It's a gift from an old friend of mine, may he lay buried. When he passed he left me this, saying I was the only one he knew worthy of carrying it with him. I dropped The Guns that day. But you probably don't want to hear that story.

You do? Well, it's a long tale, and it doesn't end with me. You've got time? Planning on staying, then? No matter your answer. You sit right there, I'll be back in no time with food and drink. No one should ever sit near a fire without refreshment.