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The silent, stoic warrior. The monk believes that there is no greater weapon then its own body. They are taught from an early age that while the sword may be sharp, it is made by man, and can be shattered, dulled. The hand, however, the hand is like iron, forged by the spirit, this can never be broken and will forever remain sharp. The monk believes that the more pure the spirit, be it pure good or pure evil, the stronger the body that spirit is bound to. So long as the spirit stays pure, there is no force in the world that can break the body of the disciplined monk. So take up any weapon you choose, be it the razor-edged sword, the skull-crushing hammer, skin-flaying whip. They are nothing compared to the living weapons residing at the end of the arms of the monk.