

The Story of Sir Clyde

In the old days, when the world was flat and the oceans were not yet mapped, and terrors roamed the seas, the Fish Lord Ferdinand Bartholomew Hubert III of the Pacific realm knighted Clyde, a swordfish, for the rescue of his royal person from the jaws of a large serpent. Long before his knighthood, Clyde was an adventurous sort, and from a young age had ventured forth into the blue yonder in search of honor and glory. He believed that by slaying the creatures of the deep that plagued the seas would ensure him a place in legend, and then many young fish would grow up listening to stories about Clyde the Monster Slayer, as he had grown up with stories of his heroes.

Clyde became quite adept at both dueling and hunting, and many gargantuan fish fell to his sword. He routinely sharpened his bill on rocks and corals, which over time hurt less and less. In his first year of adventuring, Clyde had bested Scylla, Charybdis, and several sirens, trounced Tiamat and the Hydra, and had won a heated argument with Jörmungandr. The common fish of the realm were beginning to take notice of his deeds, and Clyde would occasionally meet fish who were elated to see him, asking for him to relate the tales of his journeys first hand. This attention, an experience that Clyde was unused to, caused him to become quite the show off whenever a crowd gathered.

On a bright day, Clyde was swimming along when he came across a large procession of noble fish, all of whom were in a panic. A large sea serpent was encircling them, and it appeared that one of the fish was caught in its maw. Immediately, Clyde swam into action, moving in a burst of speed to the hide of the serpent. He swept his bill through the water, slashing at the beast's flesh. Blood darkened the water, and Clyde swam up the length of the serpent, a trail of blood and scales in his wake. At the head, Clyde darted around, trying to catch the monster, then finally slashed at the eyes of the snake. In its pain, the serpent dropped the fish in its mouth, then quickly swam down into the depths.

Clyde checked on the victim, a large lionfish. The rest of the fish from the procession hurried over, and many checked the lionfish over for injury. "Majesty, are you quite alright?" the fish said worriedly. "Majesty?" questioned Clyde. The fish seemed shocked, and responded "This is his Lordship Hubert III of the Pacific! Who are you to question him?" The lionfish gathered himself, evidently shaken but still retaining dignity.

"Come now, this fish has just saved my life. We must show him every courtesy, as well as our gratitude. Tell me, hero, what is your name?"

"I'm Clyde. Pleasure to meet you."

"Tis' mutual. Why throw yourself into danger for the sake of a fish you know nothing of? Do you seek a reward?"

"Actually, I just want to fight the sea monsters that roam the land. I fight for honor and glory."

"How noble! Please, come back with us to my castle, where we will celebrate your victory with a feast."

Clyde, the Fish Lord, and the whole procession swam to the Keep of the Pacific, a Coral Reef with high outer sections that had housed the court of fish for centuries. A fine feast was had, and tales of Clyde's exploits filled the water. In the midst of these festivities, Ferdinand the Fish Lord, in thanks for his rescue, knighted Clyde among the partying cortiers. The party went on for days, sun and moonlight streaming through the waves to illuminate the fish. Word spread quickly of the celebration of Sir Clyde's knighthood, and all fish within swimming distance came to attend.

As the party raged on, a frightened looking fish swam in and told of a massive monster that was swimming nearby. All eyes turned to Sir Clyde, and he immediately announced that he would fight this new devilry. As he swam out, he saw the silhouette of a fish in the distance grow larger. The congregated fish cheered him on, and Clyde buried his reservations in arrogance. With the admiring crowd behind him, Clyde swam towards the large fish. The fish had large serrated teeth and huge black eyes, opened wide with what appeared to be abject horror.

In a burst of unexpected speed, the monstrous fish swam past Clyde and the court fish, heading past the castle. Clyde watched the fleeing fish with confusion; the court fish watched behind Clyde, beginning to feel the fear of the monster fish. Sir Clyde turned around, and saw, emerging from the distant blue, a fish so big he could not see the entire silhouette at once. The eyes were bigger than any single thing Clyde had seen in his entire life. Jagged teeth larger than the Fish King's Keep stuck out of a mouth that could have been in a different time zone as the tail. Monsters, miniscule compared to the leviathan, swam past the castle, swimming for their lives. Behind them, it seemed as though the ocean had grown a face, and it was hungry.

"Sir Clyde, save us!" cried a fish from the castle, shaking Clyde out of his fear. "... I got this, don't... don't move!" Clyde swam into the approaching monsters, heading for the face. He hypes himself up, telling himself how much of a chump this fish must be compared to the legends he has fought already. This does little good when the leviathan opens its mouth. An all encompassing void stretches out into the peripherals of Clyde's vision. The last thing the brave Sir Clyde ever sees is the teeth of the whale, closing around him. He passes out.

When Clyde awakes, all is dark. There is a sharp, aching pain from his face. After a time, he realizes that his eyes are gone. Sir Clyde is blind, in the belly of an unknowable beast, and completely alone. Soon, a light will come into view, and Clyde will sense it. He will make a friend and attempt an escape. But for now, Clyde swims slowly through the dark, attempting to find a way out, waiting to die.