

# Chronicles of the Slayer

## 27th of ninth moon

Today was a day to remember. Demons, sky beasts, and raiders fell before my axe. The day started as usual at the {insert inn name} with chatter and drinks aplenty. But it soon would change, and dissolve into a day that bards would sing about for years to come, with many trophies collected, and scars earned. The captain's children had once again been kidnapped, and we promptly decided to aid them.

While tracking them, we ran into feral sky beasts, and then was the first of much blood drawn, and the first head on the {inn name}'s wall mounted, as I quickly felled two of the beasts, but not before me and my companions had been overrun by the creatures. We all fell that day, but none forever, thank the fates.

After being resurrected we continued onwards to the aid of the children, who were being assaulted by a group of raiders. They fell to my axe as well. And with much glory, and four grateful children, I returned to the inn with a happy soul.

While we were out on this journey, the other folk of the inn had decided to take a more cowardly approach to adventuring, and decided to go look at some old rocks in a shrine. While I usually do not approve of the scholarly type, I will say that this party saved many a life that day, as they secured the blessing of some deity and our weapons were bolstered with divine energy for a bit.

Not wanting to waste the potential of the divine weapons, we undertook the task of clearing the iron mine from those pesky imps. The imps were not alone. We soon realized that we had vastly underestimated the monsters that roamed its depths, as a demon came rushing out at us.

wielding a wicked looking spear, which it used adeptly. I knew fear that day, as with one thrust of its mighty weapon, it skewered many of my comrades as if they were fruit, and it called upon horrible magics to usher forth waves of flame from its body. I howled in anguish as I saw it fell my soul mate Mork, and with a shout, I rushed it. Swing after swing of my axe rained down on that beast, but it would not relent, so I did something I shame myself for. I fled. I ran to where Morks body lay on the ground and healed him to my best ability, and was prepared to leave when I looked around. We were the only ones left. So we fought, and with one final slash, I brought the beast to its knees, and on my shoulders I carried it back to the inn. And that friends, is the story of how this inn got its demon head.

**Tork Goodfellow**
**Soon to be knight of the demonwell**