Diary of Calabran

Entry 1-

To whom it may concern,

I'm not good at writing, but my friend Brynn suggested I try it, so here it is:

I'm not sure why I am writing this, I have no family, and I'll never have children, but I do have friends, those I know now, and those I'm sure I'll meet. Even if you never meet me, take my folly as a lesson, and prove to be a better adventurer than me.

This is a story of two demons, a story of greed, Irony, and more than a bit of bad luck. My story begins in the Weyrwoods, in one of the enclaves. It might have been stone hollow, I'm not sure, maps and I tend to disagree with each other. The day started off unusually, with several of our companions, namely two of our best fighters, were missing (the implications of which we would not realize until afterwards) sick I think, not sure though. Because of that, we decided to avoid the missions that would be combat heavy, and decided to start the day off by paying a visit to a goat herder, whose giant goats we would need for our adventure into the mountains.

The travel there was uneventful, and we safely arrived at the herder in under an hour's travel. He was a small, scrawny fellow, human, and noticeably aged. Thinking on it, it's quite impressive how he bossed those goats around, with them standing over 6 feet tall.

Formalities were exchanged, I introduced myself (as I often do, many of my party are quick to the sword and slow in the mouth) and inquired about trading for goats. The man said that he would give us the goats if we dealt with a lesser demon that had been troubling him by devouring his goats at night. With 3 clerics among us, we felt confident enough and accepted. I myself am not much of a fighter, but I adventure to offer help to my allies and ensure the dignity of my enemies.

And so it was that we set forth to hunt a demon. On our way we encountered flaming mountain beasts, tall as a man and frothing at the mouth. I feared not, for in my recent studies as a pacifist I have found myself to be protected, a sort of resistance to harm when unconscious. We made quick work of them, though something in their vile blood made them regenerate rapidly. I did no harm, but my light ray and ice ball proved to be useful.

Eventually we came upon the demon. I'll spare you the details, for if you are anything like me, even the description of a demon is enough to make your blood boil. I know, an angry pacifist sounds paradoxical, but I'm no saint, I just don't act on my impulses. He?

She? It. It was surrounded by a multitude of imps, oafish creatures that let the flame rays clutched in their dirty paws do most of the thinking for them. An easy fight I thought, our necromancer cast a death ray on the demon. I closed my eyes, that spell still makes me nauseous. After that, one of our clerics, my good friend Brynn, exorcized it on and off to prevent its regeneration. While she did that, I drew the ire of the imps and froze or stunned them as I could. I possess an ability which makes adventuring a lot easier for me. A sorcery of my own creation, a promise to the divine, and a mantra which guides my life: “I do not hurt, I resist wounds” it's not perfect, only lasting for some seconds, but during those seconds I feel godly, fresh, calm. Unfortunately, it drains my energy to use it, so I have turned to mana storing items. A lot of mana storing items.

Paradox 2: an opulent holy man. Though at first I only bought mana storing stones and such, trying to stay humble, I’ll admit that eventually I began to enjoy dressing myself up in rings, necklaces, bracelets, and an embarrassing amount of other jewelry. I also purchased a belt, woven with flowers and 8 ceremonial locks, each one emblazoned with a mantra or holy symbol. Eight promises.

Moving on, we were bested by the demon the first time, with a stray flame ray hitting me in the side while my back was turned and my spell was down. The demons quickly wounded my friends and left. Thankfully, the tree of life has gifted me with superhuman regeneration in the wilderness, and I awoke not 50 seconds after they left with all my wounds healed and the pleasant aroma of flowers in my nose. I healed my party members, and we ran after them. A new fellow who was a tracker helped us pick up their trail and we caught up to them. The second fight was glorious. The deathray was once again thrown, and Brynn once again worked her magic and stopped the demon. I stood, protecting her and resisting everything. It’s hard to describe, the “no-pain” you feel the metal on your flesh, it might even go in a little which always tickles. But when you look down, there is no blood, only the singing of angels in your ears and the rush of adrenaline.

I let myself get carried away, the power going to my head. I shouted at the imps “you cannot hurt me, I am your master, bearer of light. RUN!” And run they did, far and fast. Brynn finished exorcizing the demon and we returned to the goat herder.

I wish I could tell you the day stopped there, but it did not.

Next on the agenda (after a prayer break) was negotiations with underworld traders. Again, I spoke for us and discovered that they too needed help with demon related problems. A greater demon had taken an orb of theirs… I was hesitant to intervene, but after all, we had just killed a lesser demon… How hard could it be?
This travel was longer, and I’ll spare you the details. Our thieves got to steal some stuff, and we set forwards our packs filled with Ill gotten loot. On our way to the demon we

encountered a peculiar caravan. Something seemed off, but the caravan leader had some sort of charm about him. We had been warned that the demon was an illusionist, information I had forgotten. We spoke with him, and looking back he clearly scammed us out of our things, a sword here, a bow there. Not enough for us to get too upset. Suddenly, he snapped his fingers and before me stood a demon. A sigh escaped me, not the last one. The fight was a blur, the demon chased me down, maybe sensing my divinity, maybe seeing I had no weapons and a crappy shield. I cast my spell, and the familiar numbness of damage resistance filled my body. Then I smelled him, disgusting, and I saw him, tall. The flame powering my spell flickered, doubt. My spell is powered by will power and piety, doubt is the worst thing that could happen. One thought led to another and I imagined his cruel sword deep in my heart. My shield flickered for a second and in that second he ran me through, slaying me. I should not have died to that. In the seconds before my death, I felt empty, ashamed. Then it all went black.
I awoke, in peasants clothes. Stripped was my magic cloak, my magic scarf, and all 14 pieces of magical jewelry. I felt naked. I was told that the demon took it all. I got dressed, put on some better clothes and got a new shield. Spell stones were provided for me, and I was ready to meet my friends at the inn. There I was greeted with a sad sight. All my friends were in their secondary gear. Chainmail a little rustier, swords plainer, shields with no engravings.
We knew we had to try again, and it had worked so well the previous time… My friend George purchased some manastoring for me, though I had much less than before. We set off, and this time the demon hid itself as a tree of life caravan. A grave mistake, for I am a worshiper of the tree of life. I saw through its disguise, and the fight started anew. This time, we did better, knowing many tricks that the demon would employ. Again, it singled me out, but this time my shield stayed strong. As my friends fell I decided to lure the demon away, so that they might heal from my blessing after I left. (I have a regeneration blessing I can use once per day, it is a short prayer, chanted before I fight.) I forgot to chant my prayer. I waved my beautifully painted shield in the air, and the demon, greedy as it was, followed me believing the shield was truly a divine relic as I told it it was. I ran, tree branches hitting me in the face. All I could do was run. Blood trickled down my forehead, it was warm. I don't bleed normally and this shook me to the core.

Then suddenly, out of nowhere came another demon, disturbing but just on time. In chasing me, the greater demon had infringed on the territory of his other demon, I was saved.

I suspect that our expedition to the mountains will be delayed, given that we have lost most if not all of our magic item reserves. I did not notice immediately, but that night when I went to pray I realized they had taken my holy books and symbols as well.

And so it was that in one day I slayed a demon once, got slain by a demon once, and barely got away with my life. My story has no happy ending, but at least I learned a valuable lesson: your greed and your ego can be your downfall.

-Calabran