Personal Notes of Bell ScarletRot her adventuring

Sunday, 4th Week of the Fourth Moon

Our innkeeper advised us on the idea of writing chronicles to record our experience with events. In the event you, the reader, have read other chronicles of these events, this adventuring business is all new for me and most of it will be my feelings rather than noted facts. Apologies in advance as you keep my inexperience in mind.

Writing this I'm currently on a carriage from my home to the inn once again, or well our current 'temporary' home. My father often spoke of returning to Nelmor, though after a couple decades of living here I'd wonder if it would even be worth returning. I know little of elven culture beyond my family's teaching and old books that manage to pass that damn mountain pass.

Honestly the fact I'm returning to this hobby surprised myself a bit. After the raid against that mountain cult, I would have thought my father would not allow his Eldest daughter to return to the front lines of a bloody battlefield. Though, spoken in words of the commoners here, he didn't seem to give a shit. (I enjoy talking to the commoners and there speech, they feel so free with what they can say.)

So the only person to stop me is myself. I did question if this was really for me, I heard of adventuring being a fun hobby of puzzle solving, diplomacy, dungeon delving. Yes I was aware combat was an occupational hazard, but I didn't think it was this heavy. I hesitated for a while on returning, when death had claimed me twice in just one day, but I don't see anyone else leaving out of fear they all made their sacrifices to defeat common evils. So Once again, In commoner tounge, Fuck that. (Sorry, I really enjoy it.) I will build my own path, I don't need my family name here, and no one here cares about my curse, so I'm ready to push forward, and earn the respect my family will never give me.