

45: Demons and Death

Nature started to adjust to the surroundings fitting for an abiding fiend infested tower. The place looked desolate, rugged stones and sorry remnants of trees scattered the place. Place provided ample opportunities for an ambush, so Kendalan and I decided it was best to scout ahead. It didn't take us long to discover an huge demon on our path. Some of us identified this beast as a Marilith and apparently were quite surprised that the demon didn't unleash all it's considerable infernal powers on us.

After a while it seemed like the demon wasn't able to move out of its place and I approached it, perhaps it was in for a chat. With more confidence that I should have I approached the beast and in my politest manners I greeted it. Now the floppy hat really proved it's worth, the hat perfectly fits the deep, slightly mocking bow Blade always used to make when greeting some important person. Off course it was always the question if it was really an important guy, or just a mockery to his perceived importance.

Well, the meeting was a deception, I wasn't able to gather any useful info from the demon, besides the fact that it was summoned here in this circle and was bound in this place. The demon was too full of hatred and rage to have a proper conversation with. Frankly speaking, this was the first encounter with a powerful specimen of my own heritage and I must admit that I wasn't too thrilled with what I encountered. The creature didn't seem to have any goal besides spitting foul languages and chewing on it's own desire to harm people. In retrospect I expected more of a meeting with my own heritage. Maybe Reed is right in her disapproval of my infernal powers. Somehow I definitely don't want to loose myself in the rage of my ancestors. I must keep control of my own self, I should make my own choices in life and will not allow myself to be consumed by rage and infernal urges!

The party wanted to attack the demon, but lacked to power to do so. We just left and this demon is still waiting for someone else to stumble upon it with the strength to meet it in combat.

The next encounter proved less interesting then it started out. We were attacked by wraiths. Foul undead souls, incorporeal creatures trying to suck life itself from the unfortunates on their paths. Somehow I was looking forward to a good fight. I was sure that it would be considered a good thing to rid the world of the creatures and my experience in dealing with ghost like creatures is very limited.

But it never came to a showdown. Cuura charged the creatures burial mound, Grimwald used his holy powers to keep the wraith at bay and after sealing the graves of the undead and a rather short ritual in honour of a dwarven god called Dumathoin the wraiths were put to rest again.

No chance to hone my skills against these creatures, but I'm sure the future has plenty of opportunities left.