

Once there lived an aging scholar who lived a lonely life after the death of his wife and children decades before. After years of solitude, he decided it was time to leave his abode, for he had learned all he could and wished to keep this knowledge alive well after he passed. He ventured, for the first time since his family's death, into the sun.

The scholar patrolled the streets looking for a suitable pupil, but he simply could not. None, he believed, were worthy. Then he felt a tugging on his robes. He looked down to find a filthy child, hands gripped tightly around a crude shiv, trying to cut open the scholar's coin pouch. The child continued to pull and cut and pull and cut and only stopped once he realized the scholar's eyes lied on him. The child started to run, but the scholar laid a firm but kind grip on the child's shoulder. "You will do," the scholar said.

The scholar took the child into his home and taught the boy everything he knew. He made the boy swear to never leave the house without his permission. He tidied up the child and made him study each day. He tested the child on what he learned and his manners. At first, the child was reluctant and quite unintelligent, but as time went on, his cleverness and willing to learn improved. However, the scholar noticed how the child always seemed fatigued and could never wake himself before midday. The scholar acquitted this to the boy's education, and prided himself on the child's exhaustion.

Years passed, and the scholar became frail and ill, while the child, now a young man, became handsome, strong, and intelligent.

One day as the scholar sat at his darkened desk pondering, the young man came in and thanked the scholar for everything he had done for him. "You need not thank me," the scholar said. "And you owe me nothing in turn." The young man nodded. "Yes, and you may rest easy knowing that your legacy and knowledge will live long after you." The scholar smiled and closed his eyes. The young man smiled wryly in response as he brandished a crude shiv and stabbed the scholar through the heart.

The young man buried the shiv in the scholar's backyard and told the village his mentor was murdered by bandits in his sleep. He then sold all the scholar's writings, belongings, and his home. The next day, the young man vanished from the village, never to be seen again.

For millennia there lived a demon prince who spent his deathless eons preparing himself for war against Heaven, for he despised the white-winged creatures and wished nothing more than their utter destruction by his hand.

When judgment day arrived, the prince appeared on the battlefield with a massive, serrated axe. The prince butchered each angel he fought, and when they were near death did he take his axe and cleave off their immaculate wings. He did not do this act in one stroke, for the angels' death throes were music to his ears.

The demons massacred the angels on the killing fields and tore down the white gates of Heaven within decades. The prince now lorded over his own province of Heaven, which he perverted into his own twisted utopia. The prince had achieved all he wanted.

However, the prince soon found himself drained of all emotion and drive. The angels were now dead, his sole goal achieved. After centuries of idleness, the prince finally had the motivation for one final act. Without hesitation, he separated the head of his axe from its body, attached it to a chain, and rose it high above his bare neck. He dropped and rose the severed head again and again until he shared the same fate as his beloved axe.

My wife is dead and I am cursed. My daughter knows the former but not the latter. I know that if I stay, we will be ostracized, or worse, she will die while I cannot. I do not know what to do.

I have considered leaving my daughter behind in the care of a dear friend. I will depart under the assumption that I have left in search of my wife's murderer. I'll start with that. Give me something to do and take my mind off of my daughter. It seems to me like the best course of action. Her safety will be assured.

No luck in finding the killer. I've practically given up at this point. Trail's eleven years old now. I've spent my time travelling from realm to realm under different identities doing any and everything. I've checked in with my friend. My daughter's doing fine, though a bit bitter. Sounds like the usual teenage years.

Just got word from Geralde. Apparently more demons have started appearing back home, and Amy just has to go fight them. Something to do with proving herself better than me, Geralde says.... I messed up. I messed up bad. I never should have left her alone like that. Not after losing her mother so soon.