

Krozn'ik

Amolith

2020-02-09T01:03:03-05:00

Today was, quite honestly, average for this band. Before I get into what happened, however, I had better introduce myself. I am Krozn'ik, a half-orc. I know not where I was born save that the entirety of my village was slaughtered and I was raised by one of the knights party to the massacre. I was incredibly young at the time so he is the only father I have ever really known. We never had much but it was enough: a modest house near the centre of a small town, clothes without holes, enough food that we didn't starve, and so on. Though Father tried to teach me the ways of the sword, shield, and spear, it wasn't until I picked up a greataxe that he felt I had "found it". Within a couple short years, I was wielding the weapon as an extension of my body, able to make it sing as it sliced through the air, turned on a dime, and darted through the wooden poles we set up for practice.

Once I grew to be 17 or so, father started sending me to deal with minor issues in the neighbouring villages in his stead, fending off small groups of bandits, protecting towns from parties of goblins, things like that. Eventually, our lord sent me a few hundred kilometres West to care for another village. While there, a large band of orcs raided my father's city and slew him along with every one else. I left my people in the care of another knight and began a quest for vengeance. That is a story for another time, however.

This tale follows Angus, a dwarvish giant, a human ranger, Ryu, a barbarian called Tyler2, Valthos the Fighter, and, of course, me. It's an odd story, taking place in the caverns of Purgatorus, but one well worth reading. I didn't think to record our journey until the third encounter so I will do my best to recap it in the following entries. For now, this brief and inadequate introduction will have to suffice; we have just made camp and are resting for our journey back to Byron in the Cathedral of Thyatira.