

The Delaigo Chronicles
By Kytaari Seafare Bounder

Chapter 1

Time is inconsistent for me wherever I travel, so I cannot mark these Chronicles with dates. My companions and I have traveled the world, traveled the Planes, and have now finally breached the wall of Time itself. Only by recording our deeds can I preserve our memory in the events of the Cosmic Dawn.

I am twenty five at the date of this composition. I sit idly atop familiar belfry. I am a Dark Knight. I carry with me the blade Harbringer. Although I began my career as an extraordinary thief, Fate has called me for the position of a god.

Accessing the antipodal planes of reality is a matter of deciphering a plurality of moral interpretations. It is a Subjective exercise, not a scientific one.

Magic is rooted in language and willpower, and geography is rooted in the transcript of belief. I am not a linguist, and as such have never dabbled in the toxics of professional wizardry, outside of simple cantrip inceptions such as charms, scrolls, and basic talismans, all of which are more useful for practical pursuits rather than the lofty and impractical pursuits that more noble and ambitious men aspire-- and subsequently sell their souls. I have never been honorable enough to steadily serve anyone before myself.

Forests pervaded me along my every step, the brown causeway of the woodlands meandering along the trunks of large trees and lowland shrubbery. The vegetated tableland extended along a small craggy range, which curved to larger mountains of the colder climate of the north.

My greatsword Harbringer slung against my back as I walked the forested road. Recently attained, the Sword of Destiny, albeit heavy, guaranteed me many compatible advantages.

Time and Space sway for me because I can puncture the Continuum. With the greatsword Harbringer, the only confines are my own; and with my Ancestral Guide, the Tiger Demon, Kaiser Redphang, I am guided through the darkness in spaces unseeable to the uninitiated, by voice.

This was one of those phases in life in which I travelled. My heart is joyous on the road and sombre in the shelter of a rooftop. However, the dew of the trees and the dreariness of the air, compounded by physical stress, led me to seek succor in an opening of these woods.

The alcove I camped in was about the size of a small meadow. A brown canvased tent stood upright alongside the perching of bright green leaves, reaching out in the shape of hands to scrape openings in the sky.

Twenty two years old at the time of this writing, the brashness of my Journeyman years were subsiding. Still a practicing thief, and owning a small guild chapter, I was very much in shape; I rested out of convenience. But my mind lingered at the notions of settling in my excursions some more. While my thoughts drifted, memories poured and superseded onto my physical vision. I breathed in deeply, the fresh air of the woodlands invigorated me. Branches swayed in light

winds, and the shuffling of leaves filled my perked ears as my muscles laxed.

i had been a Freelance Thief for five years after graduating from my apprenticeship term age of fifteen, and until recently the thought of doing Guild work had not appealed to me. It was fame that made having my own Chapter possible. And notoriety.

I picked myself off the ground, dusting off my breeches. The ground felt soft and the grass stretched short. I performed a few very basic stretches while wearing my flexible scalemail. My long gray tail swagged as my feline reflexes resurged throughout my body. Sharper in my sense of physical movement than humans because of my different ancestry, complex maneuvers and more controlled anatomical extensions came to me with ease.

Feeling satisfied, the ache of my muscles settled as the electricity in my body released itself within my happily. I don't much enjoy the sensation of feeling physically cramped, and the sedentary lifestyle of civilized races has always repugned me. I much prefer the old nomadic ways of the caravan, and so this preference has always been throughout my life, growing up in an itinerant family and performing and receiving lessons as a gymnast in a circus.

Since then I had attained many riches, and much in acres of land. However, my life was still frequently lawless. My relationship with the nobility was hazardous, and my claim on property was fickle. I still travelled vacuously and had volatile relationships with various earldoms.

I reached into my knapsack and withdrew a scroll, continued reading where I last left off.

Among the Scrolls of Abaraxas, I read an issue of half-demons and their process of Transmigration.

Language is the basic element of witch-craft. Bibliomancy is a complex and yet linear process in which a Hybrid acts as a sort of Witch's familiar. The idea of a sapient creature as property fetches things and obeys commands without question is the crux of the art.

I stretched, just after tucking the scroll away. and then resumed to lay back down on my back. My tail flicked off to the side in a curve, and I opened the reach of my legs into a lax stretch, all in the meanwhile gazing up at the canopy of the trees and the clouds.