

The Wade Journals

Entry 1

Location: **Unknown**

Date: **Unknown**

The air was cold and frost had settled on the land. Winter was creeping in but even the cold weather couldn't force the violence of criminals into hibernation. Within the limits of a small town on the northern countryside we find two men fighting and arguing with a third in the ancient Solathian language. The two men portraying the assault were dressed similar like soldiers. The man on the receiving end of the assault was dressed in rags but that could have been as a result of the assault.

"Tell us where they are and we'll think about letting you go." One of the men said to the third.

"No I won't, this is the only way to protect them." The third man said to the two.

They continued arguing until a man named Simon came across and interrupted them. Simon was less than 6ft tall; he had white skin, and short red hair. He clothes were simple. He had wool pants and shirt covered by buffalo skin to keep warm. His footwear was unlike anything had seen at that time but they were an old brown leather with a solid bottom.

"Leave that man alone," Simon said to them.

"This doesn't concern you peasant walk away before you regret stopping here."

The man's partner said reiterated the warning and even then man that was being beaten warned him to leave. However Simon didn't take to kindly to threats and told the two men that he wasn't leaving without the man that was being assaulted.

"You've been warned, now you are going to find out why you should have left when you had a chance."

He walked over to Simon and with left hand grabbed him by the opening of the neck of his wintery garb. Simon looked down at the assailant's hand. At the same time the man's body shifted and his right hand began to swing toward Simon's face.

Part II

Simon ducked down, pulling himself out of his buffalo skin coat and struck the man as hard as he could in the gentles and then stood straight up. The assailant let out a loud scream. This all happened in a matter of seconds, surprising not only the man that he hit but also his partner and the third man.

The second man charged at Simon but again he was too skilled and too fast. When he charged at him, Simon went down on one knee and extended the other leg, grabbed the foot of the man charging and flipped him on his back and then once again stood up.

As Simon began walking over to the injured man he was called to by the two assailants. This time the surprise came from Simon as the two men were now upright; their eyes were now blood red, their teeth were now fangs, their hands now showed what look like claws instead of nails, they were salivating and growling and their voices had changed.

“You have made the biggest mistake of your life and your last.” One of them said in a demonic voice.

“Run,” the injured man told Simon.

“What,” he turned and asked him.

“You have to run or they will kill you.”

He looked at the two men that had seemingly turned into beasts in front of his eyes and then at the injured man on the ground.

“I’m not going anywhere!” He said to the man on the ground. He turned back at the two beasts facing him and took a defensive stance directly in front of the injured man.

The first monster charged at him. Simon stepped quickly to the left out of his path and then just as quickly grabbed him by the back of his collar and

pulling him and slamming him hard onto the ground. He reached back around himself and grasped at something. After dropping the first of the two he could feel his feet leave the earth and at this point he knew that it was the other beast that was responsible.

Part III

He pulled his hand from behind his back and tossed a rope around the second creature's neck while he was quickly being thrown into the air. He held on to the rope tightly and when he was thrust into the air the force of his body and the grip on the rope snapped the neck of the beast. This action dropped the creature and Simon back to the ground.

When Simon looked back at the creature that he had just killed it no longer possessed the same appearance. The man lying dead on the ground was now nothing more than a normal empty shell of a person. The other creature stood up and looked at what was his partner and realized that he was gone.

"I am going to make you suffer slowly for what you have done human."

Once again he ran at Simon but this time instead of just waiting for the creature to reach him, Simon charged at him as well. They weren't too far away from one another but the short distance was enough for them to pick up good speed. They ran hard and fast. They were about to collide when Simon jumped into the air, used the creature's shoulders as a stepping stone while at the same time pushing the creature face down on to the ground.

Simon was very good at observing his surroundings and he had a strategy when he took off charging at the other creature. When the creature fell he landed face first onto a couple of medium size rock that normally wouldn't pose a danger however Simon had made sure that they would become lethal weapons. When the creature fell, his face; precisely his nose hit the rocks hard with the force from Simon's push on his shoulders; that the rocks forced the bone in his nose to break and puncture his brain killing him instantly. Once again the creature no longer looked like a creature but again the empty shell of a man.

Part IV

Simon turned to the injured man once again and this time was able to tend to him without the worry of an attack.

“You are not like the others” the injured man said to Simon.

“What are you talking about?”

“You are unlike any man that I have ever known. Do you realize what you’ve done?”

“Yes I killed two criminals from robbing and killing you” Simon told him.

“No you just sent two of Lucifer’s demons back to hell.” Simon had no idea what he meant by that statement.

The man introduced himself as Nicodemus and told him who he was. Nicodemus explained that he was once a demon and the rules that came with being who he was. However once he had decided to try and redeem himself for the sins he had committed he had become a target. Although he could not find a permanent escape from hell he did find a shot alternative. He had befriended a sorcerer that could extend his life on Earth for one year before the spell would wear off and he would be forced back to face Lucifer. It was then that Nicodemus made it a vow that he would find someone that could carry on his work and help protect it. He had been in search of someone he believed was worthy and who he believed genuinely wanted to protect humans from harm. It was the compassion that he had shown Nicodemus as a complete stranger that made the former demon knew that this was the one he had been looking for!

“Where did you learn how to fight like that?”

“I didn’t learn it anywhere. I can’t explain but I’ve always known how to fight.”

“You fight like we do, it’s impossible. No human has the ability to fight like an angel or demon but for whatever reason you can!” He said surprisingly.

Part V

Nicodemus told Simon that the two demons that he had killed would return and seek revenge.

“They’re dead, how are they going to come back?”

“Simon, what you killed was nothing more than a host. These demons killed the host and took over their bodies. All you did was temporarily send them back to hell. They will soon be able to leave hell again and then they will inhabit two more hosts and then they will be coming after both of us. However if they know where we are they can find us without hosts and if that happens they will be a lot more powerful than what you faced.”

“Ok so how do I kill them?” Simon asked.

“You can’t. Only one man on Earth can.”

“Who is he and why is he the only one?”

“He used to be an angel. His name is Jericho White.”

“So how do I kill one?”

“You don’t understand you can’t, no human being can. There are only two ways to kill a demon both of which cannot be done by a human. Jericho was empowered by the Death Touch and he is the only one other than the Devil to have it. The other is with one of these.”

Nicodemus showed him one of the Swords of Fate. He told Simon that that the sword could kill a demon or an angel but that only a demon or an angel to wield one. The reason for this is because the sword weighed more than 50,000 tons. In fact all metal from the swords weighed that much. The reason for that was to ensure that no one could use them to hurt anyone. He told Simon that all of the weapons were taken after the revolt.

Part VI

“I stole them from Lucifer’s vault. If we try and use the weapons without permission then we will die. So I brought them here to try and find a way to use them.”

“Can I see one of the swords?”

“There is one right over there but remember you won’t be able to lift it.”

Simon walked over to the sword, stared at it for a few seconds and then reached out for it. He gripped the handle of the sword and without thinking about he lifted it off the wall. He started to wave it around the room as if it were light as a feather.

“That’s impossible!” Nicodemus whispered.

“Nicodemus,” someone yelled as the door was broken down. His sanctuary was no longer a safe haven; they had found him. This time there were five new demons and they wanted his head and the head of the human that sent their brothers back to hell.

Without hesitation Simon turned and charged one of the demons and uppercut him with the sword. The demon fell and the body changed back to the host that it once was but the soul burned and disappeared. The other demons couldn’t believe what they had seen. It was a sword of fate and a human was wielding it. They were surprised that their brother had been killed but all of them were more surprised to see one of the swords and that a human had it.

However, as stunned as they were this fight wasn’t over. These were Lucifer’s most powerful soldiers and they believed that what had happened was nothing more than luck. “He is nothing more than a human,” one of them thought. However stupidity comes in all forms and with demons some of their stupidity can be cataclysmic.

Part VII

It was only a few second after he had killed the first demon that he attacked the others. For a human he was fast, agile, and skilled unlike anything that Nicodemus had ever seen even by an angel except for one. He charged the other demons and in no time killed another. He ran up behind one of them, put the sword to his throat and cut his head off.

With the next demon he dropped the sword on the floor with the handle resting on his right foot. When that demon looked down, Simon kicked his foot upward thrusting the sword through the demon's face. There was only one demon left and the fear in his face was astounding. He couldn't believe what he had seen.

"I will give you a choice that the others did not have. You can leave with your life or I can take it, the choice is yours." It took no time at all for the last demon to run out of Nicodemus' home and back to where he came.

"Who are you" Nicodemus asked.

"I told you who I am."

"You don't understand Simon, what you did is impossible. That sword weighs more than any human can lift. There are demons and angels that cannot lift these swords. These swords were only given to the chosen few."

Nicodemus couldn't get his head around whom or what this man was. He knew that he was special but from what he could tell he was nothing more than a normal human. Nicodemus knew that he would not be able to find a permanent way to stay on Earth and redeem him but he now knew what he needed to do.

He told Simon that he would teach him everything about the swords of fate and give him the knowledge to forge more. He would give him all of the knowledge on how to not only make swords but how to make whatever he

needed. There was a condition however. The condition is that he would use these weapons to protect people against evil.

“Not only will I use it to protect against evil I will make sure that I pass down your knowledge throughout my family from generation to generation.”