

From the personal diary of Artemis Kistelanthia...

A most interesting few days, and while I have finished paying my father's debt via the now belated dear Katalin, I have found at last my freedom from my father, his wishes and my mother's own death bed curse. I did run into some of the slavers men, and one may have recognized me, but he saw the sacred sigils I wore, and thought it best to avoid my wraith, still it could be interesting if he speaks against me. Would his men be foolish enough to move against the church? Will word of this get back to that warlord father I have?

Neither matter, I have my father's sword true, but a small price to pay for the boons I gave him, after all, I consider it my inheritance, and with it I will finally cut my own life away from their sordid pathetic pasts. Calistra doesn't lie to me, and I know with her I have greater purpose in this life yet to fulfil.

The question is of course with all debts paid, what to do now? The high temple is an entertaining place in its way, and the high mistress is not without her charms and wisdom, but there is little challenge here, preaching to the converted and those attracted by simple perversion. No, there is more for me than just this temple; I know it, but what?

---

The high mistress summoned me to her chambers today, and offered me perhaps the first step on my new path. We spoke at length about Calistra's visions for me, and what perhaps they might lead to. I also got assigned my first real challenge here since arriving.

It seems that something untoward is happening down in the crypts. The crypt keeper, a loathsome misshapen human who's name I keep forgetting is sure there is something twisted going on down there. I have been asked to accompany him and find out what. I have no trouble doing this, after all, how bad can it be, as long as the foul creature stays downwind...

---

Well, that was an entertaining diversion. I have a new apprentice, Xandrine. A fine young girl, blushing into her womanhood, and while scarred by life, still young and dangerous enough to force life to give her more, training her should be entertaining, and perhaps give me the direction I currently lack.

I found her as a result of my delve into the Crypt under the temple of Calistra. It seemed that she had been behind the disturbances. I found one of her creations early on, but my mastery of Su-lzui allowed me to avoid its attacks, while my father's blade proved to be more than a simple token of his rule. The fear of this creature however caused my companion to turn his yellow tail and leave me to my explorations alone, for which I was grateful. Honestly the air down there was close enough without his foul stench.

Journeying deeper into the caverns (which are quite expansive), I finally came across a long forgotten crypt, recently broken into. Here I found Xandrine, and her newly animated, (though not quite controlled) Flesh Golem. It seems she is a young prodigy necromancer, a crime that would alone ensure her execution in my grandfathers 'perfect' realm.

After dispatching her creation (a troublesome task, and one I admit I perhaps would not have ventured to well at without her help), I discovered her reasoning behind the assaults on the temples property. It seemed that the loathsome groundkeeper also worked the city as a tax collector. When

Xandrine's mother couldn't pay the bills, he took her weeping blush as payment. So soiled, she then watched as he then still took the prescribed punishment on her fellows, leaving her forsaken and alone in this world.

Now some mistake Calistra's teachings. Lust has little to do with rape, oh it might be the drive, but the impetus is always with the attacker, and it is more about power than desire. Calistra had shown me again someone spoiled by this dark side of lust, and a chance for truthful vengeance and reparation was due, however proof was needed.

After talking to the young girl I convinced her to return to me to the temple where I would ensure that her hearings would be given fairly, and that vengeance if deserved would be hers to wield. We returned to the surface and tracked down my craven guide. When he saw the girl he immediately leapt to the assault, but no gravedigger will ever be my match. Disarmed I struck him with the stinging assault of my goddess, leaving him more pliable to our questioning. Unable to lie while under the goddesses touch, he confessed his crime, and several more like it.

Finding this weak craven creature unworthy of any redemption I left his fate to Xandrine under condition of future reparations to the church. Giving her my dagger, (an heirloom of my mother's ironically, her favourite stiletto blade, shaped like a lily leaf, jagged and deadly) to seal the deal, I left the shack as she performed her vengeance. By his cries he did not die too quickly, (though perhaps too quickly for her).

Xandrine had her vengeance, but had still taken from the church. After talking with the high mistress we came to a simple agreement. She would be taken in by the church, to act as an apprentice to myself for her basic training. She would also be put in charge of the duties of the man she had killed, looking after the crypts for at least a year. After this, her life would be her own again, though it was hoped that she would accept Calistra as Calistra had accepted her...

She sleeps now, her dreams seem pleasant enough, the blood still on the edges of her nails from today's bloody work. What will tomorrow bring us? Is my path with her here, or as I still feel, somewhere far from this temple? Either way tomorrow I begin her training.