



ORPHEUS

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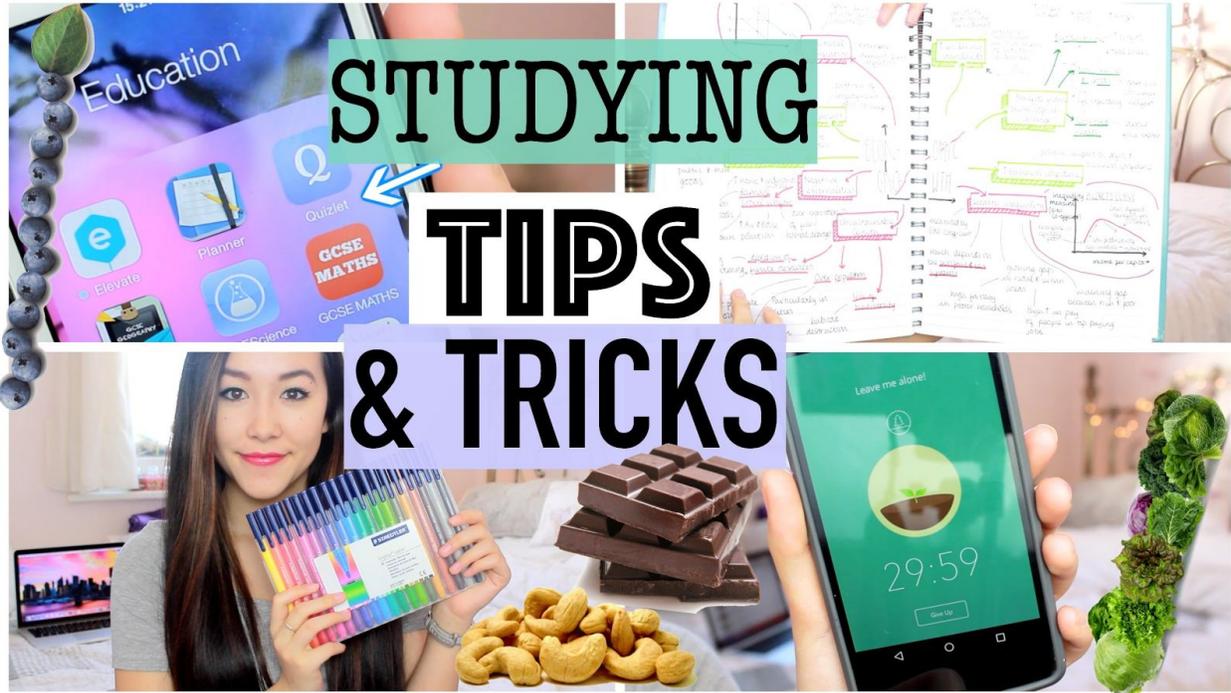
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STUDYING

TIPS

& TRICKS

Stressed about midterms or a test? Want to do your absolute best, but don't really know how? Read and follow these tips and tricks to ensure that you're the best test taker that you can be!

- Start early!
 - Don't start studying the day before midterms.
 - Start studying a few weeks ahead of time! This will ensure that you have time to study all your material without cramming it all in within a few days before the test.
 - This way, if you're still shaky on some subjects, you have extra time to study the necessities, which brings us to our next step...
- Only do what you need to!
 - If you have a lesson down pat, don't go crazy re-learning all of it.
 - While some review can't hurt, you're better off working on the things that you don't really understand.
 - Make acronyms! Remembering a few abbreviations is much more simple than having to remember the extended version of things.
- Test yourself!
 - Anyone can study, but knowing the material when it really matters can be a bit more difficult.
 - Make a list of questions that could be on the exam and cover up the answers. This will ensure that you know what's going on.
 - Using flashcards (or the Quizlet app/website) makes this much easier!
- Make it fun!
 - Get a study buddy!
 - Studying in a group or even with just one additional peer can help reduce stress.
 - You can quiz each other, remind each other to take breaks, and help each other remember things that will likely be on the exam
 - Use colors!
 - Highlighting important parts can not only help point out the main points you need to study, but it livens up your paper!
 - Use a color key, like this one!
 - Red underline= **very** important
 - Highlight= main concept
 - Blue underline= ask teacher for further explanation
 - Pink check= no need to further study
 - Listen to music!
 - This can help reduce stress, decrease your chances of getting distracted, and get you in the mood to study.. I highly recommend looking up "Study Music" on YouTube!

- Take breaks!
 - Overwhelming yourself with a boatload of information all at once is much less effective than slowly absorbing bits and pieces of information over time.
- Use your resources!
 - If you still don't understand something, ask a teacher or peer for an explanation!
 - There are plenty of apps and websites available to help you study, such as these ones!
 - Quizlet
This app and website has flashcards, a quiz creator, memory games, score tracking, and more!
 - Dragon Dictation
If you're too tired to type, but you still need to study, you can speak into this app and it will convert everything you say into note-form. Plus, speaking out loud can help remembering things more effectively!
 - Brainscape
Similarly to Quizlet, you can use this app to create flashcards. However, instead of answering a question, you rate how well you know the answer (which is already provided) on a scale of 1-5. The app will prioritize which topics you need to study more, saving you time!
- Have the right mentality!
 - Telling yourself that you're capable of doing well on an exam can reduce your stress, and even make you do better. Don't psych yourself out!
 - Don't get anxious- everyone in the room has to take this exam, too. If it's any consolation, the odds of getting the worst grade in your school are low.
- Don't sweat the small (or big) stuff!
 - If you're taking a test and realize that you don't know the answer to a few questions, don't sweat it! Stay calm and try to think.
 - If you still don't know the answer, just make your best educated guess.
 - Keep in mind that getting a bad grade on an exam isn't the end of the world! As long as you've tried your hardest, there's nothing more that could have been done.



Star Wars: Rogue One

A Review

Rotten Tomatoes: 85% Fresh

Who doesn't love Star Wars? When the first preview came out for *Rogue One*, the sounds of the Imperial warning sirens filled the theater. Audience members were immediately drawn in. Although knowing that this would end as a heroic tragedy, this did not stop viewers from flocking to theaters to catch the latest film in the franchise. Overall the movie is entertaining. It is not as epic as *The Force Awakens*, but it keeps viewers satisfied throughout. The additions of new characters such as Jyn Erso (Felicity Jones) and Captain Cassian Andor (Diego Luna) don't quite flush out characteristically, but you also don't hate them. Blind monk Chirrut Imwe (Donnie Yen) and his traveling companion and protector Baze Malbus (Jiang Wen), however, did seem to get audience members drawn into their storylines. Although it's not the strongest of the *Star Wars* films, fans will not be disappointed.



"Away from the Grave"

By: Anonymous

Months later she had yet to return to the grave.

In fact she avoided the cemetery like it was a plague.

Yet she saw his ghost everywhere she went,

Every time she caught a glimpse, she was filled with anger,

She took to the streets, running the the images of him,

She no longer wanted to remember he had existed,

Yet he still haunted her throughout her days.

She kept running,

She did everything she could to get the ghost to leave her,

Yet their paths crossed often,

She found a new myth to believe in

That a pair of angels wings have the strength to pull tortured souls from hell

So she began to pray,

Pray for an angel to be sent to pull her up, to get her on her feet again at least so she could keep running.

She had fallen,

Exhausted as she may be she kept praying for the strength of an angel's wings.

And she was granted it

So she ran,

She ran full throttle, unwavering, uncaring.

She ran as it it was her last wish.

But not the angel's wings were closing in on her,

The soft feathers brushing her arms as they pumped,

And now she didn't know whether the be comforted by them or scared.

"I am not ideal"

By: Grace George

Those who are pained,
Those who feel like there is no hope,
Those who feel like there nothing left,
That there is no future,
That there's no life for them,
They are the ones who

I'm not even halfway through my life and i feel like a failure

I am not the ideal person,

I'm not the ideal daughter

Or friend,

Or sister,

Or girlfriend,

Or student,

Or anything.

But I want to feel ideal in your eyes,

In the eyes of those who love me.

And by love I don't mean how you love your family ,

No,

I mean how you fall in love with your best friend,

How you fall in love with their smile and their laugh and their heart, and soul

And how you want to hold them close, and the world just keeps spinning and spinning but you could be frozen in time
with them and it wouldn't matter,

Nothing would matter as long as you had them,

And it hurts so much because I know I'll find all those people to help make it right, and we can feel Like that towards

one another but right now, at this desk, in this school,

My heart aches.

I want to have my hands held as I walk through the halls,

I want to go on dates, and be treated like i'm sublime, and i'm cherished, and I want to feel the love and touch of another person

And I don't want to feel so alone.

And as i bleed my heart out onto this page,

I know there is no one who will understand exactly what I'm feeling,

Because I have opened myself up to a few people already, and they wont stay,

They don't want to stay,

They move on,

They ignore me,

And it hurts,

And I look into myself instead of for someone else,

And I make the same mistakes again and again.

Why do I feel so broken from other people's actions?

Why does a single smile in passing make my heart swell,

But being ignored for days leaves me empty before hand?

I know there are people who will listen to me,

But reaching out is like climbing a mountain,

And being reached out to feels as if I am being watched by all

CONNECTICUT POETRY SOCIETY
2017 Lynn DeCaro Poetry Competition
Accepting Submissions

- **Submission Period: January 1, 2017 to March 15, 2017**

- **Open to Connecticut Student Poets in Grades 9-12**

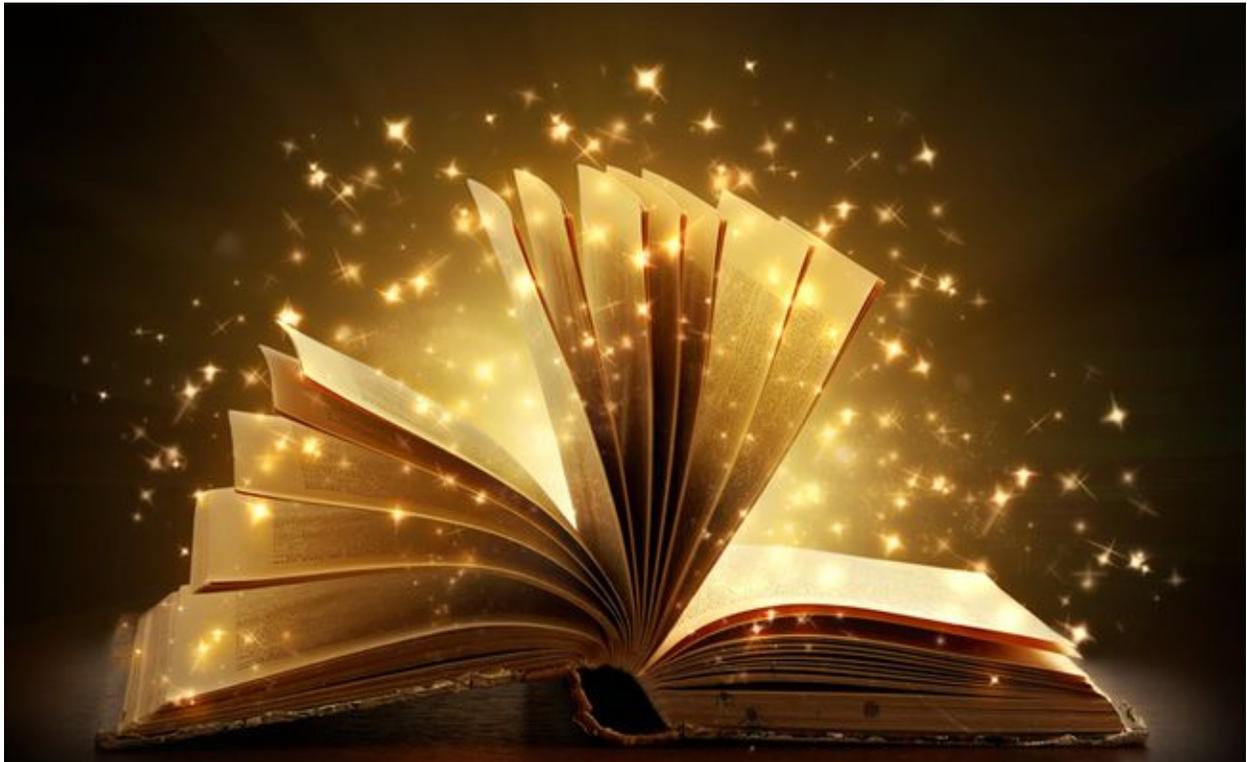
- **Prizes: 1st \$75, 2nd \$50, 3rd \$25**

- **Winning poems will be posted on the Connecticut Poetry Society website: <http://www.ctpoetry.net>**

- **Guidelines:**

Send up to three unpublished poems, any form, no more than 40 lines. Limited to electronic submissions via Submittable at: <https://connecticutriverreview.submittable.com>

Send in one document, no more than one poem per page. No contact info on poems. (Contact information will be requested separately via Submittable.)



“Starting a story is like starting a spark that turns into a fire”

-Kelly Fortin, English 4

Kinith

By: Thomas MacMillan

Kinith was born a bastard son to a certain hero. Quickly moved away by his mother for fear of his father's wrath, his birth remained a secret from his sire and not even he knows any more than his foster parents. Rangers of the North were given the baby by cloaked travelers and he grew in one of the only Ranger camps till he was old enough to survive alone when he set off as a Ranger himself. His reason for leaving was more than merely growing up, but rather that he could not fit in with the brood of sulking men. His love for the bow and hunt took him for many years of travel in the Lone Lands, hunting both game and orc alike. Eventually the lines blurred and he still sees orcs as but bulls standing on two legs.

After decades of life as a Ranger, (very little time by the traditional Ranger's standards) he found a small settlement of men and women and decided to set up a more permanent residence. There he squatted for a year and half building a shack and then small home with modest cobble floors and wooden walls. A simple house for a simple man of simple pleasure, he used it to store his bounty and game, to cook such meats and tan the hides, to rest his head, and later to farm small crop and fruits for eatings. He took on missions from local villagers to slay Gunblade orcs and gather meats and berries, gathering small coin over his stay. Eventually though, he learned of why these villages were so scarce. Forgetting after a time to hide his tracks and preserve his presence, Hillsmen tracked him to the village and ambushed him in the farms. Out of nowhere he felt a massive jolt in his back as a spear was thrust forward into him, driving him down to the floor. The barbarians looted him and his home for all they could and left him to die in the field. Local children found him lying there and the village healer nursed him back to health, but now he had a paranoia about ambush. Soon after this the village was attacked and the men slaughtered by a single traveler, Kinith hid paralyzed by fear as his neighbors stood to be killed by a man he had met in the woods only hours before and traded with a smile.

Now afraid to live in a small village and also being ostracized from the Rangers for settling down, he turned to his one friend for help. Gale, Man of Dale and soon-to-be-prince gave him shelter in the land of Dale, a place to hunt and a place to call home. Going to Dale felt almost nostalgic, perhaps it was the trees and smell of fresh game but something was homely about the land. He found a hill off the road and built upon the top where trees covered and orcs rarely tread. Having taken nothing but sword, pick, axe, and small foods he set to work chopping trees for his homestead. A single massive oak made up the eight key pillars and smaller trees around used for the walls. Large branches and sticks were twined together to form windows to allow light in, and the roof was a long standing project that slanted towards the attic with window facing the morning sun. The basement was for storage, fermenting, tanning, and meat cooking, always with the smell of burning animal he had come to love. Supplied with wood and stone from local lords, his homestead took only a month and half to build before he could move his belongings from his previous shack. He leaves his old home erect, with food in chests and supplies for weary travellers to make use of as he had done.

Being a Ranger, Kinith learned of the hunt, but when he came to Dale he learned that his was a different kind of hunt. Men of Dale would take powerful dwarven hammers and embroidered swords and suits of gilded armor on the hunt. Still wanting to stay true to his old life, he still hunts in Ranger's gear with hood drawn, but now uses swords, spears, and all manner of weapons scavenged from the bodies of enemies. Warglaives of Mordor, Orcish spears, and iron daggers make up his arsenal alongside Dalish weaponry. His Ranger's Bow still finds much use but as arrows have been harder to come by only when the hunt is truly monstrous.

After amassing hundreds of flank and pork, chicken and deer, he grew somewhat bored of the stale hunting the Shire and Trollshaw gave. So upon rumor of rare game he headed as far south as Harad, where he met with a woman who guided him in ways of their hunt. Rhinos fiercer than Wargs, Lions with meat rarer than Stag, Vicious crocodiles with gaping jaws large enough to swallow bulls whole. He spent months away hunting this new game, in an ecstasy of brilliant new game time passed without his knowledge. It was in this land that he met with a peculiar fellow that opened his eyes to another world in our own.

Gandalf the White Wizard, a man of legend and myth, was smoking a pipe below a giant tree upon the great plains of Harad. Seeing this man, Kinith stuck up conversation with all he knew of the land, hunting. Interested by the young man's tales of the "fiercest beasts in the lands being less than he imagined" The wizard decided to enlighten him with journey over tale. In the blink of an eye they were whisked back North to the Barrow Downs, a dead land of ancient tomb and eerie sounds. Tasked with finding a Barrow Dagger within a tomb, Kinith took this quest for he feared no beast, especially not bulls or wargs of the north. Several steps later he questioned his decision as moans and whiles echoed across the endless expanse of plains. Deciding to finish quickly, he scanned tomb after tomb to no avail. After climbing a tower for better view, he saw it. A green specter with glowing aura and black cloak. From this point he took out his Bow and fired as many arrows as he could into it, but the beast did not fall. Climbing down the tower, fear started grabbing at his heart but continuing forward was his only way out. Charging the beast, his vision distorted and with every step closer it seemed to move farther away. Confused and grasping at reality, he threw his spear, only to see it almost immediately fly the massive distance to the beast in but a second. Now with no grasp of distance he swung wildly till he found the beast, which was now on his with its own weapon. Without being able to dodge or move around effectively, he took hit after hit exchanging blows with the monster. Till his attacks along with the arrows sprouted in the monster finished it, forcing it to flee. His vision returning to normal, his immediate thought was to finish his quest, but now he was driven by something beyond fear, excitement. The unknown should be feared, the known should be prepared for. Such an ideal is his way of life, now knowing that the beasts were best taken at a distance, and being without arrows, he thought best to finish before he encountered another. After his 7th tomb finally gave dagger, he left only to be face to face with another wraith. This one engaged him directly and within seconds they were engaged. Retreating back into the dark tomb he fought back the beast as his escape space slowly dwindled. Just as his back was to the wall, he leaped forward and pushed it back with his spear, then dashed to the right and ducked under a swing. Now with the beast cornered he battered it against the wall with his sword, himself taking hit after hit to his weakening armor till finally the monster fled away into the air,

dropping another barrow dagger. Meeting with Gandolf in the plains after with a new vigor, he handed over the dagger to Gandolf's surprise. Likely doubtful a simple hunter would actually fulfill such a dangerous task, he gave Kinith a new quest. A great monster hunter quest that required him to travel all over the lands to slay fantastic beasts and encounter the strongest and most feared creatures.

Six monsters were given to him in riddle to hunt and claim trophy. One were the Barrow Wraiths and were finished but the 5 others were mysteries Kinith did not know of. He asked academics, adventurers, traders, and barmen till he learned of each.

The first such beast on his quest was told to live in the Old Woods. Gale of Dale did lead him there, and give him a battleaxe with a warning that swords and bows did no harm. He spent the day walking through the woods but saw no beast, and few animals for game. He reached a large cliff base and turned around to return the way he came, only to immediately be charged by a hulking mass. With brown body and a green topped head it appeared as if a tree had uprooted and fell on him, but it did stay upright and it did assault him with branches and thorn. Swinging his sword to little avail, he retreated with his back to the wall and fired arrow after arrow but they simply implanted in the wood not slowing the beast. Remembering the warning from Gale he drew the axe and swung at the beast, with a mighty groan the wood splintered and shuttered backwards. With the few feet of space he dashed forward into the beast, hacking at it till the trunk fell motionless at his feet. Collecting the wood and branches as trophy, he stayed in those woods hours more hunting the creatures and learning how to tell them apart from surrounding trees, how the light shone on them differently, how their bark was ever so light, and how their leaves blew without wind. Exiting the forest with his trophies, Kinith set off to his next hunt.

The next one was different from the rest, and asked him not to slay the beast but rather "live to tell the tale." To get there first He had to cross Emyr Muil 'Amon Lhaw' mountain, a craggy soilless expanse of rocks and ore aplenty. From there he went south till crossing a ravine left him in the Dead Marshes. A putrid smell of moss and algae rose from the waters as green fog rolled in across the expanse. Knowing that whatever it was that came forth would waste no time with him, Kinith drank the Orc Draught he claimed as trophy from a previous fight and prepared to run. He threw a pebble into the waters as he had been told, only to wait everlasting moments of silence that stretched from the Mistakes to Harad. Such silence was shattered by a wail like the screams of the Barrow Downs, only far more terrifying as they were but one, and yet all the more deadly. Looking forward he did see it, pale as snow with a green glow in the swamplight. It flew feet above the ground slowly making it's way across the bog directly towards him. Suddenly he remembered his quest, to see and to live, and in that moment he dragged out every ounce of detail from the creature; It's size, shape, color, eyes. The eyes. They stood out the most and he was drawn to them continually as he spent less than a second with view of the creature. Those pale eyes, soulless and devoid and yet so purposeful, such eyes only to see death. Scrambling backwards he turned to run, only to be face to face with a Mordor Orc. What one was doing so far north he did not know, but without option he charged past it. Turning around quickly to catch a glimpse of his assailants, he instead saw the Orc charging the misty monster. They must not have known just what it was and how fearful the creature made mortal men, for it ran forward without hesitation sword drawn. Bless his soul as it may rest in torment. Using this as a chance to escape, he crossed the ravine again back to

those craggy rocks, but did not stop there he sprinted across boulder and through cracks and finally when his legs could take him no further he lay collapsed, looking behind only to see those bogs, no Orc, no wraith, only those cursed bogs. A tale he did have to tell, of the Marsh Wraith.

Following this terrifying experience, Kinith took some time to himself to collect and hunt and gather materials for his next journey before setting off. Half trolls were the clear target of his next hunt, however they lived far away from any others. His Haradrim friend helped him reach the eastern marshes of Harad, with profuse warning not to cross them, as no Haradrim would be mad enough to do so. The swamps were said to be home to many crocodile, and with ample water they could rapidly reach you within seconds of sight. Having faced crocodile before, these rumors caused him no concern and they were waved off with a hand, for what is a crocodile to a wraith? Within minutes he had been treed by half a dozen of the creatures snapping only feet away. He crossed mostly by jumping trees, however many times he did have to sprint across the ground over a barren expanse or worse, cross open water with crocodiles on his tail. After he made it past the first few miles, there were less crocodiles so progress was much faster, however he remained cautious. Finally he reached the southern gulf of the marsh and took one of several boats he had prepared material for, fashioning his craft he set off along the coastline of the marsh in deep waters. For days he traveled those coasts with little to eat for once he hit open water there would be no food and he had to make use of small berry bushes and sugar canes on the coastline. His crafts wrecked many times upon schools of fish and squid, constantly having to fashion new ones quickly on land before the crocodiles could reach him. Finally after reaching the tip of the peninsula, he made small camp with a fenced border around the perimeter, and fished for hours with the daylight fading. When night approached, he took some rest on top a tree one final time on land and come day, he cooked those fish and burned the fences to do so. Gathering up a host of wood and reed for the boats needed to cross the great expanse of sea, he set off across. Hours passed, morning, afternoon, there was little difference as he had but some cover in shade by wood and reed. He fished come nights for food when he could, and ate his fruits while they were ripe, but kept much of the juices as they lasted far longer and he did not want to risk sea-madness from lack thereof. Days turned to weeks as he thought of many things, his life, his choices, his regrets, and his hunt. All thoughts turned to these but all again back to the hunt. He had armor and weapons aplenty for not many had fought these beasts before. He knew that they were said to have troll blood, and so he took no precautions packing crossbows, spears, halberds, and even fire starters. Finally after what seemed like an eternity on boat, he spotted land. Thanking the stars for their guidance, he soon learned of why these lands were never traveled. Mountainous pillars of cold stone and pits of cooling lava replaces both tree and soil. Ore was barely visible in these rocks and the ground was littered in bone and death. Unafraid now however after so long of thinking, he stepped upon those shores, regained his land legs, and set forth sword in hand. The very first of them that charged him was atop warg and fully armoured, reaching for his pike, he impaled the rider atop his mount and quickly dispatched the warg with a warhammer, Claiming little trophy for his long journey, he set off slaughtering dozens of the creatures, with bow he weakened the crowd before going in himself to finish it. After a sufficient amount of bones were gathered, and after exploring for anything of value, of which there was nothing, he ended his hunt with a triumphant

cry atop the tallest peak, before using his warp stone, which he rarely used for it made the hunt too easy, to travel home.

The next beast listed mentioned of arachnids, and no matter who he asked there seemed to be one solid conclusion, Mirkwood Spiders. Foul, venomous crawlers of varying size, some small and lithe as a rabbit, others large as man, and some rumored to be even beyond that. He found two men both bored and in look of adventure, and together they traveled to the home of Mirkwood monsters. The infamous rogue and profiteering pirate combined with Kinith's hunting experience combined tore through those woods like a hurricane, slaughtering spiders faster than their loot could be collected. After only a short walk in they had already collected such a sum of trophies there was no real need for further travel. Kinith himself took some time alone to hunt the spiders for learning their habits, while saying goodbye to the rogue. He made a friend in the pirate, who promised to help him with his next hunt.

Soon afterwards and with little wear on his gear from the spider incursion, he did set off with the pirate to the northern land spoken of in the riddle. On their way together, they spoke of what beast could be the prey, until they came to the conclusion of Trolls. For they lived aplenty there and were powerful beings indeed with arms to lift boulders and uproot trees. Reaching far north into their lands, the pirate did leave him with a goodbye and warning to finish before nightfall. Now alone again, Kinith wasted no time with rushing the forest and exploring for prey. He found little game but some in deer, until there were a pack of wolves and he did use bones of his fallen enemies to attract one to his side, who still lives in his home as a guard against intruders eating well off of hunted game. It was near there that he did see on the edge of the forest, a hulking troll under a tree. Sunlight brought it stoning, and so it hid, trapped in a clearing under a single tree. Not wanting to waste this golden opportunity, he did sit down his new dog before setting upon the beast. Testing it was a few arrows, he found that it still could not leave the safety of the tree. Such a hunt was too easy, but there is no shame in a job finished, and he did dispatch the beast with his sword after filling it with arrows. With his dog, he did set off home.

It was not for months after this all that he did speak to Gandalf again, the wizard seemed surprised that he had indeed fulfilled his quest, and did bestow upon him the title, "Monster Hunter of Dale." As well as a sword and armour designed by an old group of "monster hunters." Unknowingly, Kinith, a humble hunter, had walked into a life of beast slaying that went back ages in old cults and sects. A mostly unknown people they were, history forgets those who seek not it's recognition, and much as he was before as a Ranger, he was set forth to a hidden life of slaying. However not so, as he had forsaken the lonely life of a Ranger, he forsook the traditional life of a Monster Hunter, choosing to bestow his title with pride. Let it be known who he is, let his enemies quake in fear of his hunt, and let him reap the benefits of each.

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While he was hunting in Trollshaw, Kinith came upon another hunter's campsite. There were a half dozen tents set up in circle of a fire pit, and tanning racks had their day's game. Upon closer inspection, he saw that the tents were torn to shreds, bodies mutilated by deep claw marks, and the fire smoke had yet to die. Carefully he approached wary of danger, however it seemed that the assailant had left and all that remained was the tragedy. Turning to leave, unwilling to loot such a grisly scene, he heard a voice. A faint whisper almost from below

one of the collapsed tents. Rushing over to help, as he lifted the flap his heart sank. The man's leg was missing and there seemed to be more blood around him than inside. Whispering a final time, Kinith leaned down to hear his words. "White... Devil..." was all the man could muster before collapsing. Any hunter knows the legend of the White Devil, a warg many times the size of a normal one. With the rare pure white fur only found in one of a thousand of the beasts. It stalked the land in random locations, however it could always be found. Those who hunted it often turned to prey themselves, just as this party had most likely. For the beast had more to it than simply a valuable fur. Legend has it that it guarded a tomb of its master, an epic hunter whose weapon alone could feed a small village. Wanting of such a treasure, Kinith decided he would avenge those around him and hunt down the beast. Almost the moment he decided this, a distant howl seemed to challenge him.

Months passed, for this was a dangerous and wild hunt. He gathered what he could from rumors to prepare. Some from Dale said silver was potent against powerful wolves, so he tipped his crossbow and had a sword edged in it. He brought with him packs of Crams for food on the hunt, quivers of arrows and bolts, and his small arsenal of weaponry. After so many months of searching, he found a lead almost too good to be true. A farmer reported his sheep missing and having seen a giant white monster in his fields. Knowing the beast was baiting him but with no other choice, Kinith made haste to the fields only to see a freshly fallen snow littering the ground. Tracks a baby could follow lead into the hills, and he haphazardly followed them. As he walked, he listened closely with crossbow at the ready. Every step he felt a gaze on him and every movement seemed an opportunity to be struck at. Miles into his walk, he was looking over the hill only to hear a smash in the ground behind him. Not wasting time to turn he aimed his crossbow over the shoulder and fired at the source, causing a cry of startling pain in his assailant. Rolling forward down the hill, he reloaded the crossbow as he slid across the snow and down to the icy frozen lake below. Now looking behind, he saw the creature for the first time, bolt implanted in its shoulder but charging down the hill all the same. Having reloaded, he fired while sliding backwards, implanting this one in the monster's other shoulder. Barely letting out a cry it continued to chase him till they reached the bottom of the hill. With only meters between them, he drew arrow after arrow while stepping back, able to pierce the beast with three before it was upon him. Taking a spear he charged forward, shoving the beast backwards enough to launch the spear into its gut. Now with an open wound, it moved slower not to let the entrails fall, but still swung hard as a troll. Kinith wore light ranger's armor for the express purpose of evasion. As he knew taking a single hit would be devastating. Dodging under the beast, he took a dagger and ripped up the beast's chest, opening the previous wound from the spear. Now limping and soon to die, the beast ceased attacking and looked at his killer. With what might have been a nod, he turned and stumbled away. Following behind the beast, Kinith let it make its way to the hidden tomb behind a patch of rocks. Inside the cave was a tombstone with a magnificent orcish pike lodged into the soil. The Devil lay besides the grave of his master and let out one last howl before collapsing.

Kinith removed the pike and returned to his home, taking it to his worktable to examine it. Seemingly to have a violet shine throughout the entire body, the hilt was well crafted dark mallorn wood that had yet to bend or even warp despite the times. The shaft had several sharp extensions besides the primary blade, forged of an ebony orcish steel. The main spiked tip was

sharp as a dagger yet as thick as a hammer and refused to detach from the hilt despite some attempts to change the shaft. Deciding to keep the whole body, he set about testing it, however no matter what bar he presented it with, it cut them all. What's more, during his testing he found that the metals were even slightly melted after being cut. So he took a slab of meat and cut it through only to see it set ablaze in his hands. Fire starting weapons were rare and it was a powerful magic. Knowing this he decided later to take it hunting for more expansive testing, but for the moment returned to his sharpness testing. Finally he remembered a small mithril nugget he recovered from an orcish cache in Angmar. Carefully he ran the blade against the nugget of rare metal, and at the end he saw that it did in fact even slice mithril! Such a sharp blade was of spectacular quality, but could not explain its ability to cut through mithril. After the cut, the area under the blade seemed to have a different color than the rest of the metal. He ran it under water and washed it thoroughly, then sanded it and washed it again, finally smoothing it out. Now he could see that it was edged with a finer color, an azure gleam alongside the malicious metal. It had been edged with mithril! Only the forward blade was given such treatment, but the other blades had some other edging. Scratching it off and inspecting it closely, he saw the grey glow of silver in them. Cleaning these too, he now beheld such a hunter's pike that had been made for masters. For the silver along the side blades was meant for hunting the old Werewolves of Dale. The weapon was ancient, and had a kind of colored mallorn not seen in the woods now. The smith had made each blade independently with careful attention, choosing only the best to tip the pike and using the rest as ornament. However the weapon had no engraving in text, and thus was nameless. Such a powerful tool could not be without name, and so Kinith set upon making one.

Deciding it was best to name it after a hunt. He took it with him to the Trollshaws for game of elk and hunt of orc. His first kill opened his eyes to the power of the pike. Not only was it a powerful weapon, but it also set his enemies ablaze, causing animals to be roasted on the spot and freshly edible. Additionally, both game and orc seemed to have more loot to be had, more than he had gotten before on his luckiest days. He had heard rumor before of weapons enchanted with the power of luck, to loot more from enemies, however he had dismissed it as nothing more than wanting say. Presented with this hunter's godsend, there was no doubt of it's power to fuel civilization. A single master hunter armed with this could alone supply food the same would be made by a dozen simple men, and without need of furnace or fuel.

At the end of his most prosperous hunt Kinith had ever had, he set about naming the pike. Not being such a creative man, and never having a talent for the written word nor the spoken, he named it in honor of the beast that protected it. For the man who tamed it must have been a true master, the greatest of time perhaps even. The creature's pride was not crushed however by this hunter, but rather stroked to companionship. And so in honor of both the master of old and his most dangerous foe yet, he named his own hunter's pike, Devil's Pride.

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Having left his past but not abandoned it, he tries to balance the life of a Ranger with that of a Dalish man.