

Dad taught me how to work with leather

he also taught me how to make paper

then he helped me make this notebook

said maybe i should start writing in it

so i guess i have a journal now

what do i write in it?

just anything?

whatever i guess ill find something

I got better at folding metal,  
its hard like so hard.

I don't know how he does it.

Everyday, day after day.

But he is so good at it.

I want to be as amazing as him.

One day, one day i will be.

I got called purple skin again.

I didn't tell dad this time,  
he would just get mad at them.

It's not like they will stop.

Last time i told dad he said  
that i am his little fuam  
and nothing will change that.

That is nice and all but what?

I know dwarvish.

I know it means giant.

how can one be a little giant?

Whatever, mom and dad love me.

I know that.

That is all that matters.

This time i was called filth blood.

They said even my own parents  
don't love me.

They said that's why only

"The little dwarves would like  
something as shitty as you".

This time i punched them.

I couldn't let them speak this way  
about my parents.

I know I'm adopted I'm not an idiot.

But i can't let such dickheads say  
such things. they are amazing people.

Mom was mad.

She didn't like that I hit them.

Dad seemed proud though.

But that only made mom angrier.

Those guys that kept calling  
me names seem to have stopped.

Is it because I retaliated?

I don't know. Whatever.

As long as they don't say those  
things about mom and dad its fine.

On another note I made my first  
sword! Dad said i should keep it.

Problem is that even i can tell  
how shitty it really is.

Whatever, I'll keep it in my room.

Dad seemed proud, that makes me  
happy. Mom was also happy, but  
she seemed more happy I succeeded  
then proud of my smithing as dad  
seems to be. Weird, mom is also  
a smith or at least a craftsman.

Or should I say craftswoman? ('v')

But does she not want me to be one?

Today mom helped me craft a bow.  
It came out better then the sword  
but it as well was rather shit.  
Dad said it was fine that we all  
suck at first, and then he showed  
me his first axe. It was dented,  
some from use some simply because  
it is somewhat shoddy as it was  
his first. He said we get better  
the more we work but his was still  
better. His first and mine are not  
worth comparing, it was obvious.  
Mom had those eyes again.  
Like she was pitying me, I know she  
cares for me but it feels like I  
wasn't meant to be a craftsman.  
Is it because I'm not a dwarf?  
My damn blood being a problem again.  
I hate it. I hate being whatever it  
is that I am. Filth blood?  
Were they right?

Mom found me crying in my room.  
She asked why i was crying and  
I didn't know what to say.  
I was silent at first just trying  
not to cry anymore.  
I just didn't know what to do.  
She thought it was those guys again.  
It wasn't. It was the fact that I  
may never come close to these  
amazing people. That I will forever  
live in their shadow, all because I  
wasn't a dwarf. All because I was  
some filth blood. I won't be an  
amazing craftsman like my parents.  
Mom didn't know why i was crying  
and just tried to comfort me.  
Dad then came in the room with an  
angry face looking at me and somehow  
like always just knew. I don't know  
how he does it but he always knows.  
I can never hide a thing from him.  
He just looked at me and said  
"Get up and come with me".  
Mom tried stopping him saying  
that i need to relax first but  
dad disagreed adding  
"When a craftsman feels inadequate  
he must craft, for only then will  
he understand he is a fool."

I thought it was weird, but dad  
is always right so I followed him.  
We ended up just making a bunch of  
random little things like some tools  
and hinges and whatnot. Then we went  
to dad's friends and gave it to them.  
Dad looked at them with such eyes  
you'd think they'd turn to stone.  
But I was looking away as I wasn't  
proud of my work. They then thanked  
us but before we left dad asked them  
what they thought of our work.  
They said it was very good and high  
quality as always, which is odd as  
is wasn't. I made them. Even the ones  
dad made, he made sure to not do as  
well. I saw how he made sure that they  
were the same quality as mine.  
So I asked why they lied. They said  
simply that they didn't. They didn't  
look like they were lying. But they  
were wrong. It can't be the same as  
always as they claimed. So why?  
Dad explained saying "none craftsman  
don't know shit about our work,  
you can show them some scrap and  
they'd say it was art. We are the  
ones so hard on our selves because  
we know we can do better, so just  
do better." So simple. That's all  
it was. As always dad is amazing.



Dad then asked that i won't tell  
mom that he cursed as he won't hear  
the end of it. I won't, but if mom  
asked I won't be able to lie to her.  
I told him as much and he agreed.  
Saying i don't need to lie just  
not tell. Mom and dad are the best.

Mom and dad left on some business  
leaving me alone at the shop.  
I was scared at first as it was  
my first time on my own at the shop.  
Some costumers came today but it was  
rather easy. One was a hunter that  
just wanted some arrows and a new  
bow as his broke in his last hunt.  
Two were swordsmen that wanted new  
swords, but thankfully we had some  
prepared and they were fine with it.  
The rest were just some regulars  
but their things were prepared  
beforehand by dad, so I didn't  
even need to do anything.

Mom and dad came back.  
First thing they did was take  
a bath. Good thing as they were  
fil{scribbled out} covered in  
dirt. After all they came out the

mines. Speaking of which dad tried to pull me into the forge with the new ore before mom stopped him and dragged him to the bath. But after that we started working, it was my first time working with magical ore. It's harder than iron but it was amazing nonetheless.

Staying here started being boring. Same thing day after day. I'm happy working with mom and dad but i need more. Maybe I should explore the world out there. I heard from some adventurers in the tavern about this place called Edelreve. It's said to be accepting of hybrids, in fact even their king is a half-elf. Why are they called half-elves? are they considered only half an elf? I'm a half-elf too but they don't call me half-elf. They only call me Kaliris. That is of course if they are not calling me names.

I met some weird guy today.

He called me kin, which is odd  
as we are not of the same kind.  
But in the same time, neither  
are my parents so I don't know.  
He said there is a group that  
accepts hybrids and helps them,  
or should I say us? Whatever  
it is, should i join them?  
Would my parents allow me to?  
He says they will help me,  
give me a reason for tomorrow.  
What does that even mean?  
What does he know about me?  
Does he know everything?  
Should I do it?

Another boring day.  
I'm better at smithing now,  
but I'm still not as good as  
dad. I'll never be.  
Could THEY help? Could THEY  
make me better at smithing?  
Or Carpentry? What about  
leather work? Anything?

I met that guy again.  
I was just drinking at the  
tavern as always and he just  
sat down at my table asking

if I made up my mind.  
I didn't. Didn't stop him  
from trying to convince me.  
I don't know. what should I  
do? Maybe I should tell mom  
and dad? I'll try asking dad  
before I ask mom, she might  
flip out. I don't know.

So I asked dad.  
He agreed that telling  
mom was a bad idea.  
Not that telling him was  
a good one, or so he says.  
But in reality dad is too  
good for me and isn't  
actually as angry as he  
wants me to believe.  
He said they aren't as  
innocent as they may seem.  
But he wasn't entirely  
against the idea it seems.  
seem seem funny word that.  
Can be looks like, can be  
a seem in clothes or hide.  
And it's fun to say, seem.  
Anyway, he says I'm now an  
adult so I can make my own  
decisions. He even said he  
won't tell mom, but he

won't lie.

So all's as always.

I met the strange man again.

As always I was sitting at  
the tavern and there he was.

Again he asked if I changed  
my mind or not, this time I  
did. So after I finished my  
drink I followed him out.

We entered this little  
area where the guards don't  
patrol, and there is found  
a little secret hideout.

He showed me around and then  
introduced me to their  
leader, who gave me my first  
mission. I was to craft 10  
daggers for them, and if it  
was of sufficient quality  
I would be welcome.

So I did.

It was rather easy given my  
occupation, and who my  
parents are. Seems nice.

They gave me some gold for  
my work and told me to come  
back for more missions.

I came back to the  
"Secret Hybrid Society"  
today. That is their name  
apparently. To outsiders we  
are "The Black Hand".  
Why? I don't know.  
This time my mission was to  
help some hybrids in need,  
they were running from  
something or someone I don't  
know what or who but I helped.

I helped out at the SHS  
today, they are nice people.  
I got a new friend today,  
he is a beastkin of the wolf  
kind, his name is  
Wulfrik Ulfsson. Wulfrik is  
a weird man but a good friend.  
Somehow even in the SHS  
I am rare. I have yet to find  
a Kaliris. Am I destined to  
forever be alone? Are all my  
kin dead?

Wulfrik keeps calling  
everyone his kin. Why?  
They aren't all wolfkin.  
Or even the general beaskin.

Wulfrik says "We are all kin  
for we are all the same."

What? What does that mean?

Seeing my confusion he  
explained "We all went  
through the same experiences,  
we all live the same lives.

How would you say we are  
different?"

I was dumb founded.

We are all the same?

Is that true?

If so does that make us all  
equal?