

The Wade Journals

My name is Nicodemus. In the year before recorded history I was shown kindness and saved from death. What this person didn't know was the reason that the two men were beating me. During the upheaval in heaven where Lucifer attempted to take over, I killed many of my brothers and sisters. With the help of a now former angel now known as Jericho White, the arch angel Michael defeated Lucifer along with the rest of us. I could not make the same choice for peace that Jericho made, and the others and I were condemned to hell for all eternity.

Lucifer wanted his own kingdom so that is what our father gave him and his subjects to rule over. We were forever trapped in eternal fire and damnation. We had the means to leave hell for short periods of time, but the burning fire of damnation still followed. While other demons wreaked havoc among the new beings of Earth, I did not. My concern was not to cause suffering but to find a way to end mine. I wanted to find a way to permanently release myself from hell and to find a way to redeem myself even if it meant an eternity on Earth like Jericho. However, I knew that what I had done could not be forgiven. Even if my father would forgive me, I knew no one else would, including Jericho.

I tried for thousands of years to find a way to escape but to no avail. Many of the demons that had focused their time on Earth on causing humans pain were hunted down by Jericho White and killed. I preferred death at his hands instead of an eternity in this life, but I needed to find a way to have peace with myself before that.

Jericho White was the only being on Earth that could kill one of us. Demons did not have the means to kill each other but they could send each other back to hell for longer periods of time before returning. The only things other than our Father, Lucifer, and Jericho that could kill a demon, or an angel were the Swords of Fate. Every angel when created was given one to help defend heaven against invaders.

Although we were no longer angels when we were sent to hell so were our strengths, powers, and our weapons. In fear that one of his subjects might attempt to use these weapons against him Lucifer ordered them collected and stockpiled away from everyone except for a small select few. We could not kill each other however battling each other was only one problem that faced us.

Even though humans couldn't kill us either they had found a way to force us back to hell as well. They were no longer willing to be victims and began fighting back. It was frustrating for the humans who had fought us because we had always found a way back. That being said, no matter how frustrated humans had become that never stopped them. Humans possessed a resolve that none of us could understand. I admire humans and I also understood why Lucifer hated them so much. Humans may not have the powers that we do but they are in so many ways superior.

I had secretly stolen thousands of swords from the stockpile without anyone knowing or so I thought. When it was discovered that was responsible Lucifer ordered that I be captured, taken to him, so that he could learn where I had hidden the stolen weapons and for me to die by his hand. I had eluded capture for so long but one small mistake had me at the mercy of two of Lucifer's soldiers.

**It was then when the prospect of death was upon me that I met the man that would both save and end my life. This would be the man that I would give my secrets regarding the Swords of Fate to. This would be the man that I would give the means to kill one of us to. I would ask this man to use the knowledge that ability wisely and when asked to end my life. This man's name would strike fear into the hearts of any demon...a man named
Wade!**