

Entry 3:

For the curious,

I spent a lot of time this morning thinking about why I worked alone. I didn't always. In some of my early days I had a crew, as most would call it. There were four of us. All figuring out ourselves together in our early days. It was a surprise to have them come into my mind while I was running on my stupid hamster wheel. I haven't thought about them in forever and usually I'm just counting the bounds I take and think about how much longer the machine will last as I continue to wear down the padding that keeps it bearable to use. I blame my decision to start this journal. I've never been one to dwell on the past before, but sitting in here has given me little else to do. That's the job of a prison I suppose. Reflect and in that reflection improve. That's what the government spouts about their 'corrections' programs anyways. I've never quite believed it. So, I'm left to stew in my misery and go insane in solitude or look inward to hold on to myself. I can't even try to make friends with what little swims past my cage in these depths. The glass is far too protective and even if I could I'm not sure they would be friendly. Of course, talking to something I technically can't understand might make me go insane faster. It's hard to tell.

oftentimes I find the ghosts of history all too willing to help the process along. You never remember someone as they truly were, just the parts that stuck in your brain the most. And ever realize how you always remember the worst of things? It's hard to remember the positives. The happy and the good. The ghosts like to embody all the worst parts that make you want to tear your hair out and rip at your scalp till it bleeds just to get them to go away.

All this to say, I never expected to find a calm in remembering my friends. We were an eclectic bunch. I was learning magic and myself and the others... well, I suppose telling stories about them is more entertaining than me just listing facts.

My first friend beyond my home was a dwarf named Odoc. He pulled me out of a pretty dangerous situation my first time out on Haesin. I was running from some dangerous people. I had just escaped the facility and no doubt would have been tracked down when I ran full tilt into them. Nearly gave the man a concussion, but instead of yelling or getting angry at me they grabbed my hand and ran with me to an alley where we slipped away to a

warehouse. Given the statute of limitations, I'm able to tell this story in full. Odoc had been stealing from a nearby cart when I ran into him. It was the perfect distraction and let him take even more than he'd thought was possible. Apparently them saving me was repaying me for the favor I hadn't known I'd done, so we were even. He was never going to help me again.

Turns out, never helping me again meant that they gave me a place to live, showed me the ropes of pickpocketing, and made sure I knew the city I landed in, Plona, almost as well as I knew my swamps. I never really knew why they kept me around. A Kalin like me stood out being on Haesin even before I got mutated. With my new, at the time, features I stuck out like a sore thumb. And maybe that was why. He felt bad or he was actually better than he wanted me to believe.

Whatever his reason, Odoc became like a brother to me. I helped him with his work and he didn't mind that I accidentally soaked everything in our home on the regular. It was on one of his jobs that I met my best friend. I wonder how she's doing now?

Oh, well, I suppose you'll have to wait to learn about her for a little longer. It's meal time.

Farewell for now,
The Raging Tempest