

When I woke this morning, I felt a strange compulsion to write as much as I could. I write from, of all things, a bed, as opulent as my father's. Next to this luxury was a simple quill and bundle of papers, which I am using now.

I do not know how I came to be here.

My last memories are of my fifth boast being basely ignored as a knife slid into my back.

I do not appear to be wounded, and am in fact the picture of health.. Is this how the prodigal quromites treat their prisoners? With luxuries and healing? If so, this will be a dishonorable four years.

There is a door to my cell, if I may presume it to be a cell. I will investigate.

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When I woke this morning, I felt a strange compulsion to write as much as I could. I write from, of all things, a Poet Lodge. One of the poet apprentices passed me a quill and papers, and told me that I had been found washed up along the shore. I am near enough that they recognized the name of Aramanoa, but something feels strange and foreign still.

Why am I housed here, despite not being a Poet, despite not Challenging the Lodge? Do they mistakenly believe I achieved glory during my raid? My last memories are of my fifth boast being basely ignored as a knife slid into my back.

My wounds have been bandaged roughly, apparently before tossing me into the Brine Twin. The salt appears to have staved off any infection, and I am told to have the wound looked at before beginning my journey back to the village of my father.

I am going to leave the Lodge for the first time, in order to procure healing and see if my wound will dare prevent me obtaining my breakfast.

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There is something wrong here. Why does it feel as if every eye is on me? Where are the animals? Where are the prodigal folk?

After fishing my breakfast, I watch men drinking plantain beer as if it is water. I sit on a bench and I watch and I don't know when it occurs to me that it is as if I am seeing a tale from the Shamans. Everything feels ritualized, the plantain beer is gulped three times and set down with a hearty gasp.

Then picked up and gulped three times and set down with a hearty gasp. Each of the men I watch do this as if drawn by the tides.

Do their tankards never empty? I am going to leave here as soon as I can.

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When I woke this morning, I felt a strange compulsion to write as much as I could. I write from a respectable Trader's Lodge, though not one I recognize from my travels. One of the apprentices passed me a quill and papers, and told me that I had been found washed up along the shore. I am near enough that they recognized the name of Aramanoa, and that of my father.

I am relieved to be near home. My last memories are of my fifth boast being basely ignored as a knife slid into my back. I was certain I was fated to spend four years, which is an eternity when I yearn for earning Zenolla's hand, as a prisoner in a prodigal land.

My wounds have been bandaged roughly, apparently before tossing me into the Brine Twin. The salt appears to have staved off any infection, and I am told to have the wound looked at before beginning my journey back to the village of my father. It is strange, my wound seems more healed than I would expect.

There is an exhaustion to me, no doubt from my near death in the lesser Twin.

I am going to leave the Lodge for the first time, in order to procure healing and see if I have the energy to procure breakfast.

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I may be further away from Aramanoa than I had thought. The air tastes different here, there is no buzz of insects and there is an unfamiliar chill. Still, it unburdens my heart to be returned to my people. The tamed beasts pull carts and help in the field, the prodigal go about their duties. I see a lack of the very young, none here are below the age of 14, I would say. Perhaps some local wiseman has given them a prophecy requiring them to safeguard their young elsewhere?

My energy remains low, so I sit on a bench and watch the people as they pass, wishing dearly I had coin to simply buy breakfast. Even the men drinking plantain beer I envy. I feel hunger like a gnawing tooth, as if I had newly recovered from a great illness that kept all but the lowest water from my lips.

Strange. There is a frogfolk here, drinking the same plantain beer and going through the same motions as the others. Where is the arrogance? Seeing the frogfolk, so out of place casts a pall on the scene, somehow. As if all the others are equally out of place, equally wearing a strange role.

I need to find a way to get home.

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When I woke this morning, I felt a strange compulsion to write as much as I could, despite the struggle I have to even hold a pen. There is an exhaustion to me, no doubt the result of my wound and near drowning.

I write from a respectable Trader's Lodge, though not one I recognize from my travels. One of the apprentices passed me a quill and papers, and told me that I had been found washed up along the shore. I am near enough that they recognized the name of Aramanoa, and that of my father.

I am too tired to be relieved to be near home. The act of walking even to one village over seems an impossible feat, in my current state. And yet even remaining here, devoid of coin as I am, brings dishonor to my father.

My last memories are of my fifth boast being basely ignored as a knife slid into my back. I am ashamed to admit I briefly wish that had been the end of things. Everything feels impossibly hard, but I cannot despair.. Such hopeless times are well suited for earning deeds.

My wounds have been bandaged roughly, apparently before tossing me into the Brine Twin. The salt appears to have staved off any infection, and I am told to have the wound looked at before beginning my journey back to the village of my father. It hurts bone deep, as if it were not one wound, but several. Did the prodigal quormites savage even my unconscious form?

I have no desire to leave the Lodge, wishing only to sleep until something, anything, improves, but the apprentices are cajoling me to leave with promises of catching breakfast for me, in exchange for future trades. I will see what it is like outside.

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The air tastes different. My ears strain but can not catch the sound of insects. No doubt from my exhausted state. The air feels chill and I worry that perhaps my wounds are not as clean as I had hoped.

The apprentices do indeed catch me breakfast, and so earn my eternal gratitude. A far fall from so recently hoping to restore my fathers honor, I am reduced to merely being content to have food and a thin blanket as I sit on a bench and watch the village go about it's day.

I am tired.

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Want to write. Hard. So hard.

Everything hurts. Like running for miles. Like tying ropes against a never ending storm. Like I haven't slept in days.

But that's not right.

Didn't I just wake up?

Why am I in a Lodge?

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When I woke this morning, I felt a strange compulsion to write as much as I could. I write from a damp cage with wooden bars, on the shore of the prodigal quoromites.

My last memories are of my fifth boast being basely ignored as a knife slid into my back.

I do not appear to be wounded, and am in fact the picture of health.. Is this how the prodigal quoromites treat their prisoners? With luxuries and healing? If so, this will be a dishonorable four years.

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A frogfolk just finished arrogantly explaining my fate to me. My fathers ship has been sighted. I do not know how these prodigal quoromites know it to be my fathers, but the frogfolk scoffed at my questions.

I am to be sold, apparently, to my own father, rather than kept for four years. Even this honor is denied me.

As if to mock me, a raven sits above my cage, cawing to itself and occasionally murmuring. I strain my ears only to hear "You feel a strange compulsion to write as much as you can."

Shame floods me as I realize I want to leave this place more than I want honor.

I want to leave this place and never come back. To forget it ever existed. To forget everything that ever happened to me here.

There is a sick feeling in my stomach, as if I already have.

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To: Eufemi'agarik, son of Oriko'agarik, junior bosun, scrubber of decks.

Subject: Thank you for your patronage!

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