Dear Diary
What happened today was... well, strange. From Gelf's seeing, he told us that the mountains were basically bleeding into the White Lake. So we are going on a very dangerous mission, one that has probably never been done before: canoe across the White Lake. But normal canoes will not be able to suffer that much mana all at once. They will burn up and take us with them. So that's a big no-no. So who do we turn to for help? The fairies! These wonderful, mischievous creatures are small, but they respect the forest with all of their might. Getting one of their redwood-like trees would be really difficult, but luckily, fairies like and appreciate gifts. So Bob brings some of his wonderful pie, and somebody else brought Hot Cocoa. (Whoops, forgot his name!) I harvested some of the nearby berry bushes to give berries to the fairies. Once all of the gifts had been delivered, I asked one of the fairies to lead us to a tree that wasn't their favorite. So we found one and, chopping it down, we thanked the fairies and lugged the tree back to town. Charles Sprig, our Innkeeper, thanked us and we prepared for the next battle. However, some of my party and I were all adventured out, so we stayed behind to rest. When our friends came back, they told us all about the mission! It was so exciting when they told us about the Hags that they encountered. Apparently, the Hags were saying things like "NO!", "YES!", "PIE!", and "FAIRY!" They came to the conclusion that there were fairies nearby, and perhaps they had attacked the Hags. As my party moved on, soon they found what the hags had been talking about: Fairies. My friends saw the little flying creatures taking the Belast Soldiers' supplies and throwing them everywhere! Luckily, my party managed to bribe the fairies away, giving them pie and hot cocoa. As the Belast soldiers gathered their supplies, my friends led the fairies away and let the soldiers escape safely, completing yet another mission. Which leads up to right about now, with me writing in my diary. I'm ready for another day, and hopefully I'll see the next blank page full of writing. See you soon, Diary.
-Lynx Pebble, 30th of Eleventhmoon, Year 277.1.3