31st of Thirdmoon, Year 194.1.3

The constellations at night are not the same as the ones I see in my dreams. Of course they're all stars, the night sky has always been stars, but sometimes I dream of different skies being seen from different eyes. I've always wondered what they are, what I'd see if I could get closer to them. I bet I could track them down.

Sometimes I stare in mirrors trying to see how close to the stars I can get. But if I got so close how big would they be? Would I be able to hold them in my hand, would I see the whole night sky if one of those brilliant lights were so close? I've always struggled with that question. It's probably a matter of perspective. I'm not good at admitting I was wrong but that's because I'm usually right. It's probably a matter of perspective.

But recently I realize how wrong I've been. We've dealt with two moon tears, those related to the Court of Darkness members embodying extreme dislike and selfishness in wealth. I thought I helped with both. But I never really liked Haviknari, and I only went to deal with the lich because it took Two Twitch. How selfish can I get?

I think I'm walking a good path. I feel like I'm on the only path I have but... if you look at it from the right angle a pitchfork has one point. Am I really doing the right thing? Am I really born under the stars or am I just a fanatic with illusions of grandeur armed with a silver tongue and a quick blade? I guess it's a matter of which end of the blade you're on. Or which end I point it at.

The day I was born I was given a path that I could walk. Just the one path and I never saw any more. I never looked for any more because I thought there weren't any. I did take my little victories here and there. I banished my family name, they never loved me for much more beside it. But at the end of the day I walked the path that they said the gods chose for me. How foolish were they to think they knew more than the gods. How foolish were those gods to choose me. How foolish am I for thinking I'm chosen.

This hurts so much to say but... maybe those stars are just light, maybe these half-truths are just lies, maybe my blade is just blood, maybe these tears run from my own eyes. But I must ask these questions, I'll break my heart and build it again.