Dear Diary,

The past few weeks have been rough. I don't know what made them think sending me to bum fuck nowhere would make me "better," but it isn't. It makes me feel like shit. But I heard journaling helps you be alone with your thoughts and not go crazy, so I'll try.

A few nights ago the King disappeared, so now the whole place is on lockdown. No one goes in, no one goes out, except ? us, cause we're to lame to have done it, and the Crown Narcs, cause they're investigating. We have 3 innkeepers we report to, a mage guy, a crown narc, and a random bard who wants us to get in trouble.

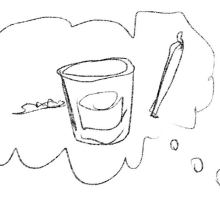


It's all political. We're getting batted around like a cat toy. I guess I'm used to it, but it sucks. It sucks to be controlled again, serving the whims of bitches I don't understand, but those bitches are still the bitches who can make or break me.

We're in a weird spot. We blocked the entrance to the tower where The King vanished while they investigated, stopping all sorts of important people, yet we're still bottom bracket babies.



I like most of the party! Except fucking Min! I can't believe that mother fucker is here, that snakey brown nosing bitch. It's kind of funny though, that he's lumped in with me. I bet he hates that. Some fancy reasercher he is, huh? But it still sucks. It makes me feel bad to have to be around him. Maybe if we'd never gotten married, I'd be on my way to Clementine's right now, high as a kite and having fun. Fuck, I miss going out SOOO BAD!

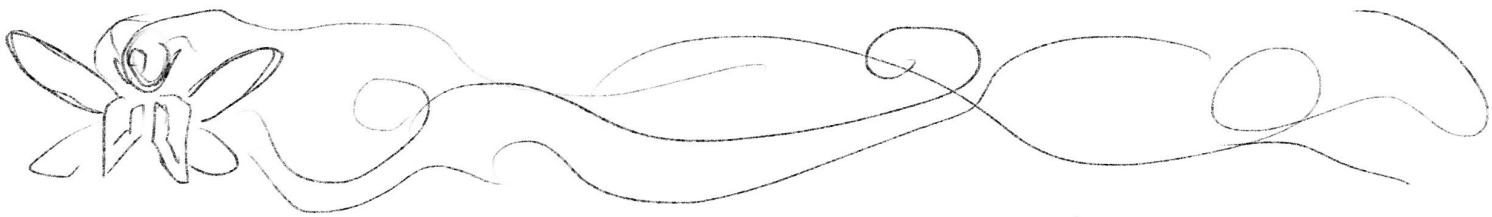


But everyone else seems cool, except one guy who said some nasty shit about Fey to me. But that's just how it is, isn't it?

I'm always gonna be too fey for the mortals and too mortal for the fey.

Speaking of fey, we went to one on our missions. God, I still don't know why I did it. I knew fey politics would stress me out and make me feel bad, but I did it anyways, and guess what? I was stresed and felt like shit. Maybe I'm just dumb, or maybe, no matter what I do, this is always gonna be my path in life. But fuck, I don't want that. I hate that.





I just want to be back in Lirion getting wasted with my friends. But no. None of that here. At least I'm away from my parents, even if I'm broke and sad and lonely and controlled and cold. Well, one innkeeper said we should make our own trouble, so maybe I'll do that. Bye bye for now, diary.