Deaglán's Home Diary, Saturday

Work wasn't too interesting. I tried to help Leevi with dinner, I think I'm getting better. I didn't burn anything at least though I don't know I was much help either. He's too patient.
Need white paint.

Deaglán's Adventuring Diary, Sunday

Today's travels presented me with such surprises and wonders I can scarcely begin to recount them. I would hardly believe it had happened had I not seen it with my own two eyes, and been surrounded by others who indeed saw the very same.

Another group of these long-awaited visitors– whose reasons in coming I am just starting to understand– arrived, and this afternoon a group of us hastened to meet them. They were of a most interesting sort– each half-humand and half some kind of creature, among them fish, snakes, and horses. The clothes they wore were lovely but sparing, as the cold of our mountains seemed to affect them not. They told us of the country from which they had come, speaking of islands and ridges and dark trenches deep in the sea, and of their gods and politics. I shall endeavor to record on some kind of map what I recall, though my shock still somewhat clouds my memory.

They had as well an odd creature with them– a bird, with the long legs and neck of a crane, but a strange beak and the most vibrant pink color one could imagine. It stood on one leg, next to the fish woman, and made the occasional squawking noise. They called it a "flame-ingo": I remembered this well, for the only thing I could think of as bright as its feathers were the flames of a fire.

This bird caused a bit of a stir when one of their group cast a spell that turned Two-Twitch back to a mouse, and its predatory instincts– again like a crane– took control. For a moment I feared conflict, but the bird was beaten back and their reasoning explained: shapeshifters, those people with golden cuttlefish eyes, are a great danger where they come from, and they wanted to ensure none of us was a shape-changer. They told us to be wary of these cuttlefish people ourselves, and observe carefully people who reappear after a long absence, to check that they are still themselves and not a doppelgänger. I was relieved that there was no hostility behind their action, though unsettled by the warning. I will keep it close to heart.

Afterwards we ascended a mountain, intending to check the wind, but found something much stranger, and several of our number followed a portal atop the mountains while some of us stayed behind. I shall endeavor to record the details later, but as of now, I grow weary and the smell of the stew and bread Leevi has made tempts me greatly.

Having studied the histories of others for so long, immersed myself in the miraculous events that happened long ago, far away, or to more interesting people, it is strange to feel at the center of such events myself. I am simply an ordinary man– I should say even more ordinary than most, indeed, boring– yet I have the privilege of bearing witness to such events as the arrival of these new visitors and, of all things, new gods. I never imagined such things could happen to me, and I was content with the life I had. But now, each month I am eager to venture out again with this marvelous group of people and have the chance to record their doings. In these few months since I began, already my curiosity has increased tenfold.

But now, I must retire, clean my sword and my armor and dine with my dear husband, for no love of adventure could eclipse my love of my dearest Leevi.

Deaglán's Home Diary, Monday

No work today– resting and recovering from yesterday and cleaning out the cupboards with Leevi. We agree they need new contact paper, but cannot agree on a design– I prefer flowers, but he has taken to one in diamonds and triangles. We shall have to find a compromise.