Dearest Forest

I write with update. On learning, on mission, on life.

I find life here a great pain. It seems I must "work a Job" and conform to their ways of life to learn. I do not see why any plant would like it here. The grass is dumb, it screams when stepped on, The plants are like eggs, they have no will to apply themselves. For better or worse, I have been learning. To write this useless speech, only to be used to warn those to leave. To tend plants and move through woods (books are help it seem). What it is like to die.

In nine moon I went out to do thing for city: First, I hear of folk travel to border, they talk of spring fey and winter fey. I do not know why. Grep, other kin of forest gave name to fey. Think grep need demon back to protect. More moral ask, and ask of what i do in my duty here. Grep was charm by fey, as any non imp would know happen. If there is way to write sigh i knew, i would wright sigh. Head hurt. Season fey were argue and play game. Next I hear of child out there who do thing for gang. I do not know why gang fight for land bad, land is good, maybe not here though. Land seem evil, make plant dumb, make folk think they need job to live, make folk forget of land and poop in pipe. Poop can be good for dirt. Poop in dirt.

Then I go on mission to fight sewer beast. On the way we find kitten who want be in trash. All folk say so cute, no have in trash. Why? Kitten want food, you throw food in trash. Kitten go to trash, as same with bird and dog and wasp and rat and mouse and horse and bear and squirrel. They say kitten get sick this way. If that the case, why throw food in trash? The kitten are thing you do not hunt here so do you not know how to live with the kittens? Folk here create they own problems then complain when the problem is problem. Head foggy now, tired, like world become gray mush of dumb. Then, In this state, we in park. Grass yell, scream at me, Grass say ow when step on. Forest grass doesn't yell for that. Forest grass know what forest grass life is and no get step on. Talk of it so dark but no ow. I try to step with care for sake of dumb grass but many little "ows" yell at me when i step. The land here kill all reason. Then we go to sewer, which if i know is poop pipe. When at the sewer was bas smell and feel, have never felt thing like this. So many thing in air, hard to breathe, no real light. Like cave. There were the many thing in poop water that try to eat you. This make sense, there were many folk here who fight. They have not done it with other it seem. Care so much of group that they lose their duty of fight. Seem like many here have this. Are no hero for they have job and

sense of self but hero for they have luck and save something. I have never felt so much swirl in head, like top of it ringing bell and vibrate and i still live. In this time i get eat by frog. But in this place I do well, save the mage who do a thing which they say is good. Frog scary, have lot of make fear.

After, I went to help tree of life folk as the person in inn with jacket with tree on it seem to be not as dumb as much other. I came to be puzzle in this time. Much walk with much task to do. All time we fight gang, seem as if many group do thing that land want in other manner. For us we Plant seed, give bread to folk who have no bread (This is due to not have big job so no food? which maybe make some sense?) we do other task and always beat up gang. Lady who speak big word to me on first day with fake pack that know not of real wolf was there. She talk to folk with blade and let go. I do not know why but also do not care. The way folk treat others here is only make more problems no matter who. Before this though one priest had the nari folk "hit a sploinker" which have dead, dried, plants used to make smoke that one breathe. This seem like it can be evil act but do not know how they harvest the plant. Maybe it die and this is way of help it through death. Plants do have uses. Guy have me breathe the "sploinker" which is same smell they have at work. First cough. Then mind start to trail, speak how the folk here do is hard now, I know words but they lost in the swirl of my head. I feel like i fade, just stand and feel wind. Feel good, later have crave to stand in sun, sun felt great. This is strange feel. Not the big feel spoken to me that make folk scream. Other feel, one at the cost of burning plant. Must see how they make this and if they slaughter plant. On task: we hit gang a lot with sword or rod and do what they tell us.

I have so many ask:
My ask is of why it seem there have been much smart folk who come through here, but now there are very few. All I find are moral ask, it is so strange how they treat plant like it is just a tool. Folk kill folk which make sense. Gold is food and folk want food but folk just want gold. Gold to buy plant, gold to buy cloth, gold to buy buy buy.

Job. I no trust the folk i work for, first they hire me to help plant but now they say they dont know which plant is which and want me to make deal. They gave me P I P. Which mean something they try to coerce me into accept the deal. I change words and we agree to thing that help both of us. Need colors to see if the plant is the plant they want. How do one run plant shop and not know how to know what plant is what. It seem they use sploinkers also but in pipe form. This sploinker seem like the culture here.

Sploinker: to eat plant is part of the cycle. But smoke plant for feel is new. What is the way sploinker help or hurt ground. Seem like big gold place. How do sploinker truly affect the health of the plant? Is it stopping plant cycle? What is here? Why is there no cycle here?

Then there Grep. seem to like it here but if grep was part of the forest it is my job to take care of grep. If the lady who grep work for need grep it is my job to get grep back then but i do not know. Do i care for grep as grep and part of forest or do i care for grep on the forest thought. So many question. I hope to be able to talk to woods again soon and get more know of where i go. I thought it would be much more simple. For now i must protect, make sure is safe and wait.

In the end I must rise for my forest and deal with idiot all day. Be more good at show and live by duty. Here make it so hard. Once again I miss creeks and water, creatures browsing on my bark and be with plants who know what life is. I must do better here.