

Software Investments Plus



Diary of Sir Marcus Dracos
(protege of King Ecreip III)

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It was the fall of the fifth summer after the death of the Gallant King Ecreip III when the need arose to keep some form of a journal. This here is a record of some very interesting events that occurred while on our campaign. Some of which have revealed untold wealth, and have aroused dreams of returning one day to enjoy the subtle pleasures that this shared booty could bring. If you understand all that I have written before you and are still willing to venture forth into your own destiny, whatever it may hold, then go now with our abundant wishes and the knowledge that our thoughts will always be with you.

First entry:

Among the first few days of the campaign we were unable to get any further than the local town and neighboring woods. During the early mornings, the thief in our group, found it very helpful to use the stick he found to break the log apart for fire wood, just as he did with the coffin. Later on in the day we came upon a small gorge; Sezmar, the magician journeying with us, had a burning desire to get to the bottom of the gorge by the use of his levitation spell; all of which turned into a sickening plight. In due course, however, the rest of us decided to stick to the ropes. By late afternoon Greyford found it of great comfort to use the pick hammer in coaxing the two red eyes out of the small cave we found.

Second entry:

Today we seemed to have a little more luck with the locals, especially with the one they call Tnaig, who was about fifteen times larger than me. We found that he was quite a businessman and especially fond of large payments. His merchandise came in very handy when trying to avoid the river of piranhas.

Third entry:

Today the locals were starting to get out of hand, especially the one in the grey shroud. We had to eliminate him. It was a little arduous but we prevailed. Leaving no stone unturned also seemed to be quite fortunate.

Fourth entry:

Stumbled upon two cave entrances today. We were quite in the dark as to which route to take, but were enlightened by a pile of archaic tools left behind by a couple of comical cavernmen. After a trying and exhausting day, we made camp in the east cave.

Fifth entry:

We came to a small cave blocked by some small land slide. Fortunate were we that Sezmar had bought the numinous dust previously at the small town store. We found that the rock was easily removed with the use of it. The Cherub inside was resistant to our suggestions, but upon sufficient persuasion he turned his head and saw things from our point of view. It was fortunate that we attempted to disarm the angelic nuisance, for I believe it provided us with the pull necessary to unveil the correct passage. We thought it a bit odd that weed killer would be left in the church; however, it was truly a blessing when we found the small locked box.

Sixth entry:

Today we happened upon a fine selection of Orcan apparel. It was quite a stroke of luck as I don't believe we would have been able to relieve the guard of his keys without the disguise. Of course, the animals were a bit wiser; for a moment I didn't think we would be able to slip past them on our way back to the prison cell.

Seventh entry:

Today we rested; much strength and hope was lost yesterday after trying to pay for our actions. It's incredible to think that human men will apply themselves to so much torture for such small gems. Sezmar almost lost his arm today when reaching for the gem in the bottom of the fountain, but remembered first the unhealthy effects of Orcan food. Wise unto those who have ever tasted it; its unpleasantness cannot be forgotten.

Eighth entry:

Stumbled into an Orc bedroom today; it was to our good fortune to find they were all asleep. We found some gloves that kept our hands from getting too soiled when reaching into the Orc bathtub. Good thing that Sezmar likes to peruse comic books; he found one today that was rather spell-binding.

Ninth entry:

Returned to the cave entrance and spent the night in the northern cave. Early that morning we continued on. Came upon a small river, and experienced great difficulty when trying to swim against the current but we kept trying and trying and trying.

Tenth entry:

It was smart of Greyford to remember the date on the coffin. A good memory is the key to a safe adventure. We also found that some evil spirits have no chance against good spells; neither do closets that are too hard to open. Greyford accidentally dropped the torch down the well. What a slip of good luck that turned out to be.

Final entry:

Chanced upon the dragon today; the Dragon blade we bought proved to be of the utmost utility. It could have turned into a really hot situation otherwise. It's just too bad that I didn't take advantage of the opportunity and fight slower. Had I only realized that discretion is the better part of valor, I probably would've w . . .

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