

Dear Diary;

I know, I know. It's been how much? 6 years already? Woow, I really have a bad, head when it comes to timing. But we know for a long time, right fellow? After all I've been telling you my stories since you were here.,.,.,

And today is not the exception! I mean, I've been around like a wanderer and some guard talking got my attention. They weren't speaking about the regular stuff, you know....about how ancalon or about that misterious hibara-guy or the strange play from those kobolds.

A guy came running with fear in his eyes and he said:

- Frogs....rain.....tornadoes.....

After that, he just fainted on the ground. The other guys quickly took him to the city and since I was reaaaally curious I decided to "investigate" about this miterious event where aparently frogs made tornadoes or tornadoes made rain or something like that.

What I saw it was hard to believe and even harder to explain!! I mean, who will not believe I'm drunk to the point I'm hallucinating if I come into a place and I say:

- Magic tornadoes are making a giantic frogs to rain into the ground!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Hahahahaha!!! Can you believe it? Oh, you don't? Well, too bad for you. My story ends here now. Ah, I know, I know I poked into your curiosity and you can't resist to hear what I'm about to tell you anways; So let's keep the story!!

There's a small island in the mist lake. You have to travel there by boat (or you can swim fast enough to not become a snack for the monsters living there). After that what I saw it was amazing, furious tornadoes, crashing to each other like wild beasts fighting over a prey and while shaking one against other, frogs from the sky falling like mature fruit from the heavens. Making the view like a mixture between total madness and something so hilarious that you can't even explain why are you laughing.

After seeing this, I made my mind and jumped in the middle of them!! Doding, using all my agility to evade and avoid getting caught....or at least that's what I tought. The results...I fainted after just



giving two steps into the middle.



Dear Diary;

I know I don't write too much lately.....hahaha, Who I'm cheating? I RARELY write you at all!!! But that's mee!!

But I'm excited!! I made a deal with the Eye of the wisdom and I'm happy!!! Those guys are amazing! Do you remember the castles the made for our guilds in a separate dimension? Yes? Now they made a completely different dimension filled with...monsters!!!

But they're not those easy-to-kill like the ones you find in Logar or maybe those pesky-nagas you might find in Aotulia Volcano, no, no. These guys are special ones if you get what I mean..... There's like a dozen of dimensions nowadays and they plan to keep expanding the amount of them. Of course that doesn't mean they won't charge you, but a few coins to keep up the monsters coming is a cheap price for the killing spree.

According to the mages from the Eye of the Wisdom and also the Ailic community. Seems there's a problem if you stay for too long on those dimensions. Your body gets used to the magical distortions and wavelengths from those places and you can't go back anymore!

But of course where's the fun when you don't put your life on the line for the sake of someone? It's the same here. For big leagues you have to be ready for everything and everyone.

Today it was an easy dimension called "Mystical Mirror Tower" this place contained enemies that were like those bodos we fought many, many summers ago (oh, memories from previous summers are flowing into me now....) but of course all this enjoyment is not unlimited.

The guy was tough, stubborn and a real pain in your back on all possible ways. I mean, who taught this guy to fight? Maderoth? Sismond?

I've never been so humiliated in my whole life, thanks Gods for those safety stones that when you're getting close to the deadline you're safely teleported back into varanas otherwise I would be dead and far away from home.

But I won't let this get me down. I'll get that guy one these days. I swear it!



Dear Diary;

I know I'm not really a good pen-friend; I rarely write you, and hardly ever let you know about my foolish dreams but today it will be different.

I'm in tears right now I'm a meanie person but all those gold coins saved so far; All those things I wished to have and ended up saying to myself "No, you musn't. You simply can't). And those dreams that seemed far, far away came into an end.

It was a dream? I said to myself. I must be dreaming! I asked but all my friends said the same thing over and over.

– No, you aren't. And stop asking that question!! It's been already over FIFTY TIMES YOU ASK THE SAME THING!!!!

And yes, maybe I went a bit overboard with it but...how many summers it's been? Two? Maybe Three? Still more?. I guess I simply lost the count when I reached the sixth summer. I mean, I really didn't want to abandon all hope but I had to let go a dream to go chasing into a different one instead. And again, I couldn't fully do that. No, I had to go back, I had to keep doing it, keep Hammering & Sewing; Brewing! Working those lumps of wood & those metal pieces!; Giving them shape and form! Making them shiny!, roundy!, pointy! Thinner & thicker! Joining!; Mixing!; over, and over, and over, and over AND OVER, AND OVER, AND OVER UNTIL I SHED BLOOD!!!!!!

I rarely recall some days, I remember just sleeping maybe too little since it was so late that the light of the next morning was here before I realized I spent the whole night working....again.

And all this while keeping the chores of the day, and then keep working, understanding all the materials, working the ores with the wood, the herbs with the ores, the wood with the herbs and so on.

And all this....for what? To achieve a goal, but not any goal; You're wrong if you think this is for nothing. This is the dream I had since many, many summers ago. And yet I'm still seeing my hands, with all the scratches, minor wounds and little scars I didn't realize the tears falling from my face. But not tears of sadness, tears of happiness.....the tears you get for putting yourself on the line for the sake of chasing dreams and keep living on.....

Dear Diary;

Today, it might be the last entry for a while. It's been fun sharing these memories with you. But you know that I have been sharing some fun memories together. As humans we rarely recognize other than ourselves as intelligent beings.

But maybe we're wrong? I mean, I'm sharing all these experiences with you, the only one that listens to my laughter, to my worries, to my upsets and to my deep fears. And you never talk back to me, no matter what.

But I can't stop it, this feeling that pushes my muscles and makes me move on my own, this wish to see you again, to greet you and to stay with you until the sun sets....

And yet, I'm still sitting on this same rock, always watching how the water flows through you and falls deep down into a river. Feeding the plants and animals, down and up stream.

What's your charm? Is your astonishing scenery? Is the way the light plays with the water streams here?

No, maybe it's the sound of this waterfall? Or the fact that with these dragonflies and newts they make this charming music that I want to listen over and over again?

Is this because we share an emotion link?

And yet, your silence is the answer I'll always get. But this is what I love from you as well as your waterfalls, as your newts, dragonflies and everything in general.

It's because we can share something that we're connected. And I'll never forget this connection and this place.

We both know, I'm not the type of guy that settles down. Every time I turn a corner I feel around this town. I have this place and we both have this moment and this feeling that will last forever.

So, this is my promise for you. Wait for me on next summer, I'll promise I'll be back to tell you more about my stories and all what happened....on this summer again.

