

*Raine's Journal Entry 1:*

My mom, Sunny, got me this diary for my 18th birthday. I told her I would have much preferred some beli, but after that she was so pissed off at me I promised to write in it every day just to calm her down.

"Raine," she said "one day you'll be able to read about all the amazing things that happened to you. Won't that be great?" Not really, I thought to myself. Sure, growing plants is great or whatever, but it's not nearly as exciting as the elders try to make it seem. Regardless, a promise is a promise. And I intend to keep it.

I still think Uncle Mickey's skateboard was way cooler.

*Raine's Journal Entry 2:*

I broke the skateboard. And my arm.

*Raine's Journal Entry 32:*

I planted my first expansion to our family's orchard today. I plan on starting to grow more of the Fairy Berries, the fruit Verdio is famous for. Or at least, what we would be famous for if we had any contact at all with the rest of the world. I still can't fathom why the elders don't want to engage in trade. By just drying and grinding it's skin, a few bushels Fairy Berries can make a whole acre of infertile land bountiful. I'm sure there are scores of islands that would kill just for a handful of Fairy Berry seeds.

Whatever, so long as my mom's happy, I'm happy.

*Raine's Journal Entry 56:*

I spent a lot of time thinking about my life on the island today. Although things are great here, I still think there's more to life than simply growing enough to eat. And even then there are so many wonderful fruits out there that my mom will never get to enjoy, simply because the elders enforce some traditional isolationism.

But get this: not even they know why we do it. So as it turns out, we've been keeping this godamn embargo up for (probably) no reason at all. They've forbidden me from trying to make contact with the outside world, but I'll think of something.

*Raine's Journal Entry 66:*

Uncle Mickey told me about this time he found a message in bottle. It's a bit of a long shot, but what if someone out there in the Grand Line actually managed to find it? I wrote down the coordinates of Verdio and some of the amazing things we have to offer. I even included an envelope of some Fairy Dust as proof.

I'm so happy right now, I wouldn't even be surprised if someone showed up in just 10 days.

*Raine's Journal Entry 76:*

No visitors yet. Maybe it takes about 15 days to reach this place.

*Raine's Journal Entry 81:*

20 days, maybe? Please God? Pretty please with a cherry on top?

*Raine's Journal Entry 86:*

Now that I think about it, the whole message in a bottle thing is pretty damn stupid. I wouldn't be surprised if it's in some sea kings belly right now, sloshing around in a lake of acid as it slowly dissolves.

I think I'll just put the whole enterprise on hold for awhile. I'm not giving up; just putting things on hold.

*Raine's Journal Entry 146:*

I got in an argument with the elders today about a new irrigation technique I'm proposing. It seems like they're still pissed about the whole wanting to stop being isolated thing. Which, again, I haven't given up on. But this is a whole other matter.

I'm fairly certain that I can use a plant I discovered in one of the marshes to filter out the saltwater. For some reason, all the water there is fresh. If my theory is correct, we could get water straight from the ocean for our crops, and keep the rest for ourselves.

Whatever, Uncle Mickey invited me to go fishing with him tomorrow.

*Raine's Journal Entry 147:*

I went out fishing with Uncle Mickey today. He confessed that the whole message in a bottle thing was bullshit. I pushed him into the water. He laughed, I laughed, we had a great time. If he tricks me like that again, I'll fucking kill him.

*Raine's Journal Entry 238:*

I finally managed to get my irrigation system up and running. It works. It actually works. When I showed it off to the elders, they begrudgingly admitted to my ability as a gardener. They may be dense, but they'll accept change if the proof is right in front of them. Now all I need to do is find proof of how our island would prosper if we traded with outsiders.

*Raine's Journal Entry 251:*

I figured out a way to get into contact with someone from the outside world. Apparently, every month one of the elders, Elder Shin, has a news coo drop of the paper every month to make sure nothing outside could be threatening the island. If I can get to the bird first, I can put a message in its little mail tube thingie.

*Raine's Journal Entry 270:*

As it turns out, Elder Shin pays the news coo three times the normal beli in return for not accepting any outgoing mail. Wily bastard.

But if I can force the news coo to accept my mail, well, that's another story.

*Raine's Journal Entry 285:*

I had Damian, one of my friends that works as Uncle Mickey's apprentice, to make a fishing net out of some grass. He didn't ask any questions, which is what I like about him. I promised to

make it up to him once things come together. He just chuckled, and reminded me of the time I tried to make a raft out of logs. I almost punched him in the face.

*Raine's Journal Entry 231:*

I got the shit kicked out of me today. Apparently, news coo make a LOT of noise when you try and catch them with a net. The elder made sure I wouldn't try it again; he had to pay the news coo 5 months worth of papers just to convince it to come back again.

But that experience wasn't nearly as bad as the earful I got from mom when I got home. She was under the impression I had given up on this whole "getting off the island bullshit". She mentioned dad, which is rare for her, before sending me to bed.

I still haven't given up on finding a way out of this place though.

*Raine's Journal Entry 365:*

Well, it's the anniversary of the day I got this journal, otherwise known as my birthday. Things were pretty great, until mom got a bit tipsy and started talking about her time with dad. Uncle Mickey put her to bed after that, and promised to take me fishing tomorrow. He better have some answers.

*Raine's Journal Entry 366:*

Out on the boat, Uncle Mickey told me about how my mom used to sail with my dad, Prosper, as a pirate. He's apparently the reason why I look so goddamn weird. Things were pretty great between them, great enough evidently that my mom left Verdio to be with him. But when my mom became pregnant with me, she tried to get dad to settle down with her back on her island. So my dad went back with her, dropped her off, and just fucking left. Asshole.

Knowing that, how could I possibly leave my mom behind?

*Raine's Journal Entry 430:*

A new harvest season began today. The Fairy Berry orchard I planted a couple of years ago has been progressing well. I don't want to brag, but I like to think it's because of my new irrigation system. Now most of the island is using it, so much so that we actually had to cut down on growing because we were making too much. I've read that other islands the normal response is to save the fruit in preparation for future shortages, but with a constant supply of Fairy Dust, scarcity is nonexistent. We live pretty good lives here.

*Raine's Journal Entry 507:*

Micky told me more about my dad. Apparently, he's the only person to ever successfully reach are island. Of course, it was completely accidental. My mom found him washed up on the shore and nursed him back to health. She also had a pretty bad case of wanderlust at the time too, so it was no wonder she took his offer to go sailing with him.

But when mom got back with me growing inside her, she was a lot different. She seemed sad that my dad had left her and that her adventures were over, but she also seemed happy she had adventures in the first place. I wonder if I'll ever get to experience that?

Mickey also said I should also talk to my mom about this at some point. He says he doesn't feel good talking about this stuff behind her back, and that if I want to know more, I should ask her myself.

*Raine's Journal Entry 562:*

I learned something interesting today from one of the elders. Apparently, our island is actually has fairly infertile soil, despite the temperature and humidity being perfect for agriculture. The only way we actually manage to grow a damn thing here is because of the Fairy Dust. We really do owe our lives to it, huh?

*Raine's Journal Entry 580:*

I went out hunting with Damian and two other friends of ours, Jake and Gho today. We set some traps for wild boar and decided to camp out in this clearing. I'm writing this in secret now while Damian snores like a goddamn earthquake right next to me. If the guys found out about how I keep a diary, they'd give me shit about it till the end of time.

I know that sounds bad, but I can't help but smiling when I think about it. Is that weird?

*Raine's Journal Entry 581:*

I thought the news coo was bad; wild boar really do not like being caught in a net. We were lucky Damian weaves them so well and that Gho is built like a freaking boulder. I might have died if it wasn't for them.

Last night, we all woke up to the sound of squealing. We all clambered out of our tents, still in our pajamas. I got a little excited and jumped on top of the boar before grabbing a spear. That was a bad mistake. It thrashed me off, and a part of my face got cut badly on one of its tusks. Jake stitched it up and told me I was lucky it missed my eye and lips. Those tusks were sharp enough to rip both of them off.

We managed to kill it and bring it back, and all our families had a big beach party while we ate the ham with some pineapple. Uncle Mickey told me that my scar would look cool when it healed. I have to agree with him.

*Raine's Journal Entry 730:*

Today was 20th birthday. I had a small celebration with Uncle Mickey and my mom. Our last birthday must have left a bad taste in her mouth, because mom was completely sober the whole time. After Mickey left, I took my opportunity to ask about dad. Mom took a deep breath and started by telling me that she doesn't regret her years as a pirate, even though she did some questionable things back in those. But then she explained to me that Pirates were people like everyone else. Some of them a good people, others a bad, but regardless all of them hold one thing above all: freedom. That, she said, was what attracted her to my dad.

"He had such a desire to free, you couldn't help but get swept up with him." She said. She also told me his name: Prosper Gullyman. Before going to bed, she also promised to tell me stories about her days with him, when she was ready.

*Raine's Journal Entry 813*

Mom told me one of her stories today. Apparently one of the islands they visited was like a big spa, where this guy called Zebura had a monopoly on all these natural hot springs. She thought something was strange however, that everyone on the island wore masks with a artice monkey face on them. Even creepier, they were all completely silent.

As it turned out, Zebura had eaten a Devil Fruit that let him control people by placing a collar on them. He blamed to use it on my dad and his crew, but they successfully fought back. But since a lot of the slaves were former marines, they had to leave almost immediately.

Mom seems a bit happier whenever she talks about it. I'm glad I can share these experiences with her.

*Raine's Journal Entry 879:*

Mom told me another story, about his time she personally managed to defeat a devil fruit eater. The guys name was "Red Nosed" Cherry, nicknamed so because of the fact the guy was always sick with a cold for some reason.

He had eaten a fruit that let him turn into a weird gecko person, and he would rip off his regenerating tails and use them like whips.

Is the Grand Line really full of people and things like that?

*Raine's Journal Entry 929:*

I coaxed another story out of my mom today. This time, she talked about how she fought the crew of one "Demon Cat" Suzi, this really messed up chick who was obsessed with cats, making her crewmates dress like them and end their sentences with "meow". She also had a devil fruit power that let her summon armor that got progressively stronger every time was destroyed. When my dad started fighting her, she was covered in cardboard, but by the time she was defeated, she was wearing diamond armor.

Mom said that seeing him standing their victorious was the first time she realized she loved him. She was about to talk about how they celebrated afterward, but I stopped her before things could get weird.

But the more I listen to her talk about this, the more I start to see how bored she is with life her on the island. She's not sad, it just seems like there's not enough variation her to keep her entertained. Hell, we just grow the same fruits year after year after year. I wish there was something I could do, but I already promised never to leave.

*Raine's Journal Entry 982:*

Something remarkable happened today. A person showed up. On our island. Verdio. He said he was a merchant who found a message in a bottle leading him to this island. His name was Dand, and honestly he was pretty shady.

The elders were pissed at him, but they let him dock his ship here for the night. I'm gonna sneak on board and try and talk to him. I know it's bad, but I want to give a better life for my mom. And honestly, the only way I can do that is if I trade with Dand.

I've already got some parcels full of Fairy Dust, and I'll see what I can get from him.

*Raine's Journal Entry 983:*

Things went amazing last night. Trade negotiations went well; Dand had already seen the affects of the Fairy Dust on soil from the small sample I included in my bottle. He gave me 3 whole bushels of the shiniest apples I've ever seen. I took a bite, and they were so unbelievably sweet I didn't think they were real.

Dand told me that he would give me two extra bushels if I gave him some Fairy Berry seeds, but I told him that I didn't want to lose the one thing that made Verdio unique. He was disappointed, but he understood. He even gave me a sapling of the apples as a gift of goodwill. I planted it just an hour ago. I'm gonna surprise my mom when she wakes up.

*Raine's Journal Entry 984:*

Another good day. Everyone was pissed off when they found out I was making secret deals with Dand, but they quickly shut up when they tasted the apples I got. The elders were even proud of my choice to refuse him the seeds.

My mom was really happy to. I don't think she's tasted anything new in years, and it brought such a big smile to her face.

*Raine's Journal Entry 986:*

It's only been two days, and all the apples are already gone. We managed to get their seeds though, and just in time for the harvest season too. Just about everybody on the island has a few planted in their orchards, and they can't wait until they bear fruit. My own sapling is growing fairly well too.

Also, the Fairy Berries have started to come in. Their growing season is hard to control, but we've managed to make sure it occurs around the beginning of the regular season.

*Raine's Journal Entry 1018:*

My sapling has finally started to bear fruit, along with the other crops. The apples should be ripe fairly soon. Elder Shen's Fairy Berries were harvested today. He tasted a few, and he said there exceptionally delicious, just like the apples. Maybe it's contagious? If it is, that would be amazing.

*Raine's Journal Entry 1032:*

The apples have finally ripened. I ate a few to confirm that they just as sweet as the ones I brought from Dand, and to my delight, they were. I've already harvest that I can, and mom made a delicious pie out of some off them. Even though it's a small change, mom seems to be a lot happier. I'm glad.

Strangely, All the Fairy Berries Shen harvested have rotted away prematurely. He thinks it's because his storage area might not be properly insulated, but we're not sure. I don't think it's anything to worry about.

*Raine's Journal Entry 1035:*

Something weird is happening. All of the apples I picked a few days ago have rotted away so soon. What's more, I'm also starting to see it happening with my other produce as well. What's more, a lot of the other orchards are experiencing it as well. It's still relatively contained, but it's

hitting the Fairy Berries hardest for some reason. A few cases have even happened where the fruit rots before it's even harvested, making it inedible.

The elders say they've never seen it before, but that everything should be fine. We'll just have to hold out with a little less food until the next harvest. Everyone wants to believe them, but there's still an uneasiness in the air

*Raine's Journal Entry 1044:*

Things are definitely wrong. Everyday, more and more fruit gets amazingly sweet and delicious, then the next day it's rotten beyond belief. We've managed to quarantine the affected orchards with mixed success, but the Fairy Berry groves are withering away more and more everyday. Mom had managed to preserve some of them just in case beforehand, and luckily they seem to be safe. She's already had to turn away quite a few people asking for them to try and improve the soil.

Maybe it's some kind of virus. I haven't said anything, but I think it might have come from Dand's apples. I hope this isn't my fault.

*Raine's Journal Entry 1050:*

Things are getting even worse. It's starting to look like we won't even have enough food to last us through the rest of the harvest season, let alone till the next season. Uncle Mickey and Damian has been trying to pull in enough fish to fill the gap, but it's not enough. Me and mom have been going to bed hungry most nights. We've been divvying up the food so that we both get enough, but I still feel like shit.

People have been leaving the island in rafts and fishing boats, including Gho. It's unknown how well they'll do, since they barely had enough food to bring with them. Most of us are staying though, trying to take a chance on the dying orchards. Elder Shen died, he was pretty old already and the starvation was just too much for him.

*Raine's Journal Entry 1063:*

Gho died today. Shen's news coo came by, and out of desperation he tried to catch it. He tripped and hit his head on a rock. I've been telling myself that he died because he was just a clumsy idiot, but I know that he would have never fallen over that easily or even try to catch that bird if he wasn't so damn hungry.

It's all my fault, isn't it?

*Raine's Journal Entry 1071:*

Both Uncle Mickey and Damian drowned while fishing. After so many people left to try and save themselves, all they had left was a dingy little canoe that could barely fit both of them. A wave came by and washed them over. They're both good swimmers, but they must have had so little energy that they couldn't even make it to the surface. We burned the bodies. None of us have the strength to dig a grave.

When mom heard the news, she fainted. None of us are doing well, but now she can't even move.

*Raine's Journal Entry 1073:*

There's barely any food left. People keep dying for various reasons, mostly starvation, but there's been a few accidental murders during fights over food. Nobody's wants to stay in this hell, but we don't know want to do. All the ships are gone, and we aren't navigators. We're farmers.

It's not just the people, either. Verdio itself is dying. Without steady supply of Fairy Dust to keep the soil healthy, the forests have turned grey and died. I remember being able to stand on top of a hill and see fields of colorful flowers that have been replaced by dead grass.

Mom is getting even worse. I've been trying to feed her, but her body just can't do it any more. I've been praying for a miracle, but I don't think one will come. At least, not until it's too late.

*Raine's Journal Entry 1074:*

Mom died today. I managed to find one last Fairy Berry on the island, hidden deep in an underground storehouse. It was covered in strange spirals and colored dark blue as opposed to the bright pink normal of Fairy Berries.

I tried to share it with mom, but she wouldn't eat it. She forced my to eat it instead. All of it. It tasted so awful I thought I was going to puke, but I did it for her. Now I have goddamn holes in my palms that suck things in like a fucking vacuum cleaner. Mom said that it must have been a Devil Fruit. Then she told me she loved me and handed me a pair of glasses she said were my fathers. Then she smiled, and died.

It's all my fault. It's all my fucking fault. I just wanted to make people happy. All I wanted was to add a little excitement in our lives. I've been trying to read through this diary to boost my morale, but I only get more depressed.

*Raine's Journal Entry 1080:*

I'm fairly sure I'm the last person alive on the island. I'm gonna set fire to this whole place soon. I can't stand to look at any of it any more. And if Verdio really is going to die anyway, then I feel like this village should die with it.

I wish I die too, but I can't bring myself to do it. I just think about my mom and how she forced me to eat even though she was starving herself. If I were to kill myself, then I would be shitting on here last wish.

Instead, I think after I burn down the village I'm just gonna lay down and wither away with the rest of this place. Looking up at the sky doesn't seem like a bad way to go. Funnily enough, there's only a little more space in this goddamn diary. At least I can keep one promise to my mom.

*Raine's Journal Entry 1081*

I see a ship on the horizon heading here, drawn by the smoke. I know I should be happy. Instead I just feel angry and empty. Like a raging fire burning alone in an empty abyss.

Maybe I'll live after all. I never want to look in this journal again, but I can't bring myself to get rid of it. Besides my dad's glasses, it's all I have left of her. I can feel my body starting to shut down one organ at a time. I wonder if the ship will get here in time? I honestly don't even care.



*Raine's Journal Entry 1082 (Final Entry):*

I can't believe I'm actually writing in this again, after all these years. It's all been a blur. I've tried to drown my sadness in drinking and menial labor, with some success. I wish I could write more about it, but there's barely enough room here.

To make a long story short, I found Gho. He's making an okay living working as a doctor. He told me about how he managed to meet up with one of the elders that managed to make it off the island. Apparently, the Fairy Berry isn't native to Verdio. Which means, somewhere, there's just might be healthy Fairy Berries growing. Maybe. But if they're out there, I'm going to find them.

Or die trying. I'm sure I can find some pirate crew that will take me in.

After writing this, I'm going to burn this journal. Now that I have a purpose again I finally feel closure. I think this journal should burn with the rest of my village. I'm keeping the sunglasses, though. They're nice.