

Heroes hit hard times too. Don't you dare judge me. I wasn't a rich kid growing up, pretty poor actually, and nothing changed when I became the champion of the ages. It took every dime we had to get me and my friends equipped at some kitschy store in my hometown. Every town we hit, we were forced to spend all the money we made getting to it, just so we could make it to the next town in one piece. But not this time. We had spent too much investing on the magicil man. We could make it to the next town, we were sure, unless one of the king's generals was in between here and there. I refused to take the risk, but we didn't have the time to grind for paloons.

I decided to take another risk instead. So we came here. To the floating palace. Earn a few thousand paloons in a go if you were lucky. It advertised itself as a place of adventure, of magic and joy and riches. Only magic I ever saw was the dealers' hands. I swear that they almost always got the exact cards that they needed. Almost like they were cheating.

Early on, we had enough to equip ourselves, but the tournament had an amazing magicila as it's prize. We paid the buy in price as many times as we needed. We tried again and again to get that power. Lost most of what we had, but we got it.

It'd been two weeks and three days since we got here. Down to our last thousand, we decided that we would bet it all on the laurys race. There was an underdog that we all thought would win, and the payout if it did was enough to get us ready to continue.

Needless to say, we lost. The floating palace is not a place of adventure, it is a place where fortunes change hands and adventure dies. We've now been here for three months, always scraping together just enough paloons to try our luck again. And again. And again. . .

So what do you say, spare some cash to a hero on hard times? If we can scrape together enough cash, we can try our luck again. Maybe even make enough to get back on our journey.