

[A day in the life of the guardian of stormy seas]

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I recall one of my mortal followers keeping a book of thoughts such as this.. A peculiar thing to do I must admit but even so it has given me the urge to try the act of 'journaling' myself. I can only hope that this is well hidden enough however that no one will find it.. Seeing as how this is buried safely in the mouth of a raging waterfall- I would hope that is enough to deter others from finding it. If by some chance this has fallen into the hands of another, I warn you to go no further in reading this. You will regret the choice to do so.

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Day one

How is it that mortals do this .. I have been sitting here attempting to write thoughts onto paper though none are coming to mind. The page now has become a mess of speckling from the ink of my feather pen as I tapped away... instead of making a further mess I have written these thoughts out instead.

Perhaps a complaint could be made- one of the storms I cast out to sea tapered out before it had even come close to shore... a disappointment to be sure.

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Day three

I have already forgotten about this act of journaling .. though I cannot say much happened yesterday anyways. Today I had a visitor- the guardian who resides next to me. Charming little fellow though happiness gets on my nerves.

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Day twelve

The past few days were spent in the mortal realm .. I had business to attend that I will not mention here. The fellow beside me- I have learned his name is fig.. He greeted me when I arrived back. Why he did, I am unsure..

He invited me over for some tea and felt it would be rude to ignore him- but the whole time .. I felt I might knock something over. His space is far too fragile for someone who takes as much space as I do..

[It appears to stop here ... seems kraken has forgotten to write more..]

379 words