ENTRY 01F6

LOCATION **d**16544.152 311537.005 ‡-41711.119

STATUS What are we even doing here?

JOB Fool's Errand #3

CARGO None

TIME 156316-6-12:4.1.83

FILED BY Llyr

I nearly died yesterday. Jerious did die (but he got better). And I'm starting to believe in vampires. I don't want to be on this planet any more.

ENTRY 01F5

LOCATION **d**16544.152 311537.005 ‡-41711.119

STATUS Delivery Iminent?

JOB Fool's Errand #3

CARGO Just the woman now.

TIME 156316-6-11:3.3.51

FILED BY Ramiel Llyr: pilot; navigator; not that good at

fighting demons, turns out.

Ismark decided to leave today, but Ireena stayed with us, so apparently that means we are still going to get paid. I'll believe it when I see it. That goes for a lot of things around here, actually. I saw a demon and I believe it. I also hit it, although it didn't seem to do much. Fortunately Kromgarn was more effective; even a demon's got to take a second to reassess when a tiny man with a giant axe steps up. Sounds comical in words, but you wouldn't think that if you saw him.

I wasn't too impressed with the woman running the orphanage; she seems like she means well, but she somehow lost track of a child (for multiple days) who turned out to still be in the building, and didn't even bother alerting anyone. I know these kids don't have parents, but you'd think there'd be enough care for any child that people would have organised a search party if they'd known.

Oh, and she didn't realise there was a demon in the building. Who knows how long it had been there? And there are sigils carved in all the beds. Could be protective wards, I guess, but if they are then they don't seem to be working. And she knew nothing about them. A very unobservant carer.

ENTRY 01F4

LOCATION **d**16544.152 311537.005 ‡-41711.119

STATUS Delivery Iminent

JOB Fool's Errand #3

CARGO One man; one woman.

TIME 156316-6-10:9.7.56

FILED BY Ramiel Llyr: pilot; navigator; reigning, defending,

undisputed universal champion of whatever this

shithole calls itself.

I've heard birds can be pretty smart, and I think one tried to talk to me today. Not in words, but I got the distinct impression it was warning me not to go into the ancient, broken wind-turbine-thing we went past. So we didn't. We'd thought we might leave the two no-hopers there, but instead we brought them on to whatever this town is we're in now. The place is tiny, but it has a church so we dumped them there and went on to the hotel. The menu leaves a lot to be desired but they actually had some wine, so the evening started quite well. And they comped our meals in the hope we'd book rooms instead of taking the free accommodation back at the church - which we were going to do anyway but don't tell them that.

Then we met a couple of locals and I managed to convince one of them to bet me ¤1 (which is a decent amount on this planet) that he could beat me in a wrestling match. He must have been desperate to keep his money because he would not tap out and I had to put him into a sleeper hold. But I finished the night up by ¤0.40 after expenses, so that's about as well as I could have expected things to have gone.

ENTRY 01F3

LOCATION **d**16544.152 311537.005 ‡-41711.119

STATUS Babysitting some locals.

JOB Fool's Errand #3

CARGO Three men; one woman.

TIME 156316-6-10:7.1.28

FILED BY Ramiel Llyr: pilot; navigator; babysitter.

We had our fortunes told by a witch. Zynmar was completely taken in, of course, and I'm not sure about the others. All very vague and mysterious, but somehow we ended up getting some horses out of the deal; although I think we have to give them back when we're done with them? Oh well.

Then we ran into some outlaws. Real, genuine highwaymen. Except that they seem to be suffering from some kind of cognitive deficit. Jerious created a zone of truth, and under its influence they told us they didn't know where they'd hidden their loot and seemed generally confused and unprepared to deal with... life. So I feel that we have to take them with us until we can find someone to take responsibility for them. I don't know how long they've been on their own, but it's a miracle they've survived.

Oh, and we met a local drug dealer. She seemed pleasant and honest, and under different circumstances it wouldn't have been a problem. Unfortunately, neither Zynmar nor Kromgarn has ever met a mind-altering substance they didn't want to get to know, and if you tried that delayed gratification marshmallow test on either of them you wouldn't even get the instructions out before the marshmallow disappeared, so they spent the day passed out and off with the fairies, respectively. I'm sure they'll be fine though.

ENTRY 01F2

LOCATION **d**16544.152 311537.005 ‡-41711.119

STATUS Escorting some locals.

JOB Fool's Errand #3

CARGO One man; one woman.

TIME 156316-6-09:3.6.89

FILED BY Ramiel Llyr: pilot; (space) navigator; bodyguard?

One should not have to bribe one's own colleague's to get them to do their jobs, and yet I find myself wineless as I had to surrender it to Zynmar or she'd have stayed in that pub forever. Might have been a better idea, to be honest. This place is the worst.

We met a couple of locals and they asked us to help them carry a body to their church to bury it (so all the vile creatures of the earth can consume it I suppose - disgusting). On the way, they told us about a teenager who ran off recently, who seemed to have been held prisoner by her own mother, "Mad Mary". The locals didn't seem to be too worried by either the imprisonment or the escape, although they were quick to assure us that it's very dangerous here and the child had been held for her own protection. Come to think of it, I guess they weren't counting teenagers when they said there were no children here, because there are (or were) at least two of those.

When we got to the church we heard someone shrieking and the local holy man told us it was his son. Naturally I was concerned; Jerious backed me up but the other two didn't seem bothered, and I'm not sure how bothered Jerious was, really. He may have just been being nice. Anyway, the kid had gone feral. Bit me. Twice. And then ran off. The father seemed a bit put out, but not as much as you'd expect. No idea where the kid went; hopefully he ends up somewhere nicer.

Now the two who had us carry the body want us to escort them to some place nearby, and I'm happy to oblige just to be away from this place. If Leroy's treasure doesn't materialise soon, he and I are going to have words.

ENTRY 01F1

LOCATION **d**16544.152 311537.005 **‡**-41711.119

STATUS More ghosts than expected.

JOB Fool's Errand #3

CARGO N/A

TIME 156316-6-08:9.5.83

FILED BY Ramiel Llyr: pilot; navigator; saver of souls.

We found some wolves upstairs - the giant dogs Jerious was talking about - dead and stuffed. They're fucking real! If we can get one back to the ship, I'm keeping it. Huge waste of space, but worth it. No one else has one of these things!

We also found - and killed - the monster. It was disgusting. The less said about it the better.

Oh, and those kids outside? Turns out they were dead the whole time. Apparently someone in town said there are no kids here at all, which I didn't believe before because of how I'd seen a

couple of kids, but maybe it's true. Maybe the only kids here are ghosts.

Actually, maybe everyone here is ghosts? Spooky.

Probably makes more sense than an entire town full of healthy, living adults with no kids. 'Cause otherwise there's either a major medical issue (and we might want to check the radiation levels and take some water and soil samples and also get the fuck out of here as soon as possible) or some even darker reason for the lack of kids. Child sacrifice? Trafficking? An entire town of those obnoxious "child-free" types who lose their minds if they so much as see or hear a child at any time? This place would probably be a paradise for them.

ENTRY 01F0

LOCATION **d**16544.152 311537.005 ‡-41711.119

STATUS Some town. Did anyone get the name?

JOB Fool's Errand #3

CARGO Still no ship.

TIME 156316-6-08:5.7.29

FILED BY Ramiel Llvr: pilot; navigator; ghost-fighter.

I killed a ghost.

You ever kill a ghost?

Didn't think so.

But I did.

So we got to this town and did a bit of a reccy. Li'l K found a couple of lost kids, and I thought it would reflect poorly on us if we didn't help them out. So while the rest went to the tavern, I stopped to talk to them. They told me there was a monster in their house, so of course I offered to go chase it away.

Well I didn't find a monster, but I was just having a look at this suit of armour when it came alive and attacked me. So I fucking suplexed it.

Started with a quick collar-and-elbow and a couple of knees to the midsection, then went in for an exploder suplex. Picture perfect. And once I had it grounded I whipped out my prod and put it down for the count with a couple of quick strikes.

OK, it got a few hits in. I'll be feeling it in the morning for sure. But it was a ghost-possessed suit of armour. No pressure points, joints to manipulate, or eyes to gouge, so you've got to take whatever victory you can get.

The kids say there's still a bigger monster in the house though, and I'm taking them a little more seriously than I was to begin with. So I went to get the others and we're going to have a thorough look around. Starting with this suspiciously well-stocked kitchen.

I wish I knew more about wine so I could figure out which bottle to take. I deserve a little reward for my heroism, right?

ENTRY 01E9

LOCATION **d**16544.152 311537.005 ‡-41711.119

STATUS Definitely lost.

JOB Fool's Errand #3

CARGO We don't even have a ship right now.

TIME 156316-6-08:5.6.74

FILED BY Ramiel Llyr: pilot; navigator; not a forest guy.

Growing up in space, I haven't had a lot of experience with forests. Or any experience with forests. I've recently had one idiot telling me that forests are magical places full of friendly animals where nothing bad ever happens, and another telling me that they're basically naturally occurring booby traps full of things that will kill you. Well, I've been in a forest for several hours now and I don't know how dangerous (or friendly) it is, but I don't like it.

We did run into some... creatures? early on; weird, spiky things that I didn't like the look of. So I decided to deal with them before they had a chance to do anything unpleasant. Then, as though a sure sign that things were about to get worse, K and Z showed up and now we're apparently about to be attacked by giant dogs.

Not sure how seriously to take that. On the one hand a giant dog seems kind of absurd; why would there be a wild animal that's just a dog but bigger? But on the other hand, I wouldn't have guessed that people-shaped spiky plant-things that move about were on the menu either.

At least if we get eaten by giant dogs we won't have to save Z from joining some vampire larper's creepy squad of losers. Which seems to be a thing she wants to do now.

LOCATION **d**16544.152 311537.005 **‡**-41711.119

STATUS Reconnaissance, I quess?

JOB Fool's errand #3

CARGO

TIME 156316-6-08:5.2.47

FILED BY Ramiel Llyr: pilot; navigator; man about town.

Well, the planet exists. That's a start. Called Leroy to see if he'd managed to dig up any specifics on what it is we're supposed to be doing here but, predictably, he had not.

Hid the ship and made the trek into town. Dreamy and Dipso headed straight for the nearest pub, so Jester and I went to try to find whoever's in charge around here (in case they could point us in the direction of this fabulous treasure that Leroy's dubious contact supposedly heard about).

Well, we found someone willing to pay us ¤10 to go make some travellers move on, which seemed like an easy way to earn a bit of quick pocket money. And it was. Although the leader of the travellers insisted we listen to a story first. Something about a curse in some place called Boravia. Seems like a place to avoid. Once we get paid, I'd like to check back in with the other half of the crew - if only to make sure they're not going to get us kicked out of this town (or worse), but it's gotten extremely foggy all of a sudden and my sense of direction is not great, so I'm just going to focus on not getting completely lost right now.

ENTRY 01E7

LOCATION **d**43529.112 g-44493.482 \$85441.589

STATUS En route

JOB Fool's errand #3

CARGO

TIME 156316-6-01:5.6.80

FILED BY Ramiel Llyr: pilot; navigator; gentleman burglar.

Leroy called. I think he said a witch told him we should fly to some remote backwater planet and look for treasure, and so now we're doing that? That can't be right. I should probably try to pay attention during these meetings. Or at least someone should.

Then again, I'm not sure that actually listening to Leroy would have different results than ignoring him. We need a better agent.

ENTRY

LOCATION

STATIIS

JOB

CARGO

TIME

FILED BY

