

## The Diary of Melanee

### 12080 Barz'tera 3.

Oh happy day! A castle! My Rogahn has built a castle for me. What a lucky girl am I. Won't Perelaine and Jasabiel be soooo jealous! My hero Rogahn. Rogahn, how I love thee.

### 12080 Barz'tera 5.

I cannot hardly wait to see my castle. This explains so much. All of the late nights out with the boys, especially that Zelligar, and all the weekends we would have spend alone together - gone. How petty and foolish I was to think he was seeing another, when he was out toiling to build me a wonderful castle! I will never doubt my love again!

### 12080 Barz'tera 18.

Quasqueton. I like the sound of that. Quasqueton. My love Rogahn tells me it is the Elfish word for my own name - Melanee, which explains why it sounds so lovely. Quasqueton. What a grand place this great castle is. Standing so nobly atop the green hillock, it has the loveliest view of the lush valley below. The air is so sweet and the flowers so bright! I do believe I will truly love it here.

### 12080 Quay'tera 5.

I can't believe it! My Rogahn refused my simple request to make the 'guard tower' my personal apartments when it is complete. The light is lost to me. My bedchamber is dark all the day long and the cold and damp remain regardless of any decorations or finery.

Rogahn promised I would have an enormous window - the better to see the valley below! Tomorrow I will make him build me one.

### 12080 Quay'tera 6.

Once again, Rogahn has refused my small request. I cannot believe he lied to me over so small a matter. As my mother always told me, 'One falsehood begets another.' How can I ever trust him?

He prattles on about how the tower is for defense and it is unsafe for me. BAH! I know THAT'S a damn lie. No one is as strong as my Rogahn and no one would dare assault me or this place. Especially with that creepy Zelligar hanging around. And don't think I don't know what those guards are thinking when they gaze at me with that look in their eyes.

### 12080 Tarn'tera 19.

My lovely garden -- it's ruined! All of my newly planted violets and marigolds are completely dead. DEAD. This awful fungus is out of control. I just can't figure out why it won't go away.

One thing's for certain - that bastard Zelligar is behind this mess. He's cast some sort of spell on my garden because he hates me. He's jealous because he's so ugly and old. I confronted him with it, but he just denied it, like always. He treats me like some sort of child or simpleton. They all do. Well, I don't have to take this crap from him. I will have my Rogahn smack the scrawny little vindictive jerk down for me. And that will be the end of it.

**12080 Tarn'tera 20.**

Rogahn says I'm imagining it. He's actually taking Zelligar's side against me - again! I've never been so humiliated in all my life. I am not making this up!

Every last plant in my little garden is now gone. My last reminder of home - of a life outside this hellish pit - is now gone. Devoured by a fungus created by a petty, mean old, ugly, toad-loving dirty wizard.

**12080 Adnar'kerz 22.**

That guard - I think his name is Jaque - keeps looking at my bosom. I can't believe it. I told Rogahn to do something about it, but he refuses to do a thing.

I just know they're all laughing into their sleeves behind my back.

**12080 Freta'kerz 1.**

That's it. I can't stand it any more. I'm leaving at the first opportunity. Everyone here hates me and I hate them. What a mistake it was to ever believe Rogahn. He's done nothing but lie to me. And he never visits like he did in the beginning.

I can't believe he did this to me. I wish he would have left me to burn in the fire. My fairy tale turned into a nightmare courtesy of Rogahn the asinine. I don't know what the future holds, but anything else including life as a serving wench would be better than this hell.

Farewell.

**12080 Freta'kerz 3.**

Oh, my new love "E" has saved me from utter destruction in the dark forest on the other side of the valley. He rescued me from an entire pack of those smelly creatures Rogahn calls

gnolls. He forced himself. . . no, forced cannot be the word when it is given willingly. Oh, E, free me from the clutches of Rogahn and his evil "friend" Zelligar - the swine!

**12080 Freta'kerz 27.**

At last, Rogahn is leaving with his vile henchmen. I don't see what such sallying forth has to do with the tower falling down - or the crappy workmanship of those losers he's hired - and I don't care. I plan to use my time to throw caution to the wind.

I come to you E, my sweetheart, you need wait no longer today.

**12080 Freta'kerz 28.**

I think I must be in heaven! E is so much more, ah, attentive and so wonderful.

That dark twerp, Marevak, gives me the creeps. It's none of his beeswax what I do and with whom. I think he plans to tell Rogahn, but I have plans to stop him.

**12081 Haar'kiev 1.**

I talked to my love and he said he has a job offer at Frandor's Keep, that little keep just over the valley. We have a plan to make our escape, and I'll pay the uglies to take care of that runty advisor. If that stinky dog Rogahn ever returns, I'll be far out of his clutches.

Like he'd even notice my absence anyway.