Personal Journals of Rais Junayd, Commander, Blades of the Cobalt Drake

Irar 1, 646

I managed to scrounge up a few scattered pieces of paper; they should serve well in the immediate future, after my previous journal received a hit from and acid arrow (Damn Wizards). The last job, as I had expected, was a trap. I expect my company is a total loss, Dunkins, our mage, may have been able to escape. Last I saw, Herik and Dunkins were surrounded by six warriors. The others fell in our desperate attempt to escape, my horse was taken under and we were about to surrender.

Next thing I knew, I found myself in the strange company of the DragonFangs. I'd heard tell of these warriors operating out of Cauldron from as far away as Fortuna. They seem to have taken up a begrudging respect of me, even after revealing my true nature to them. At the moment, they seem to be my only hope for rebuilding my company, I doubt I could survive the current forces arrayed against me by myself.

The DragonFangs are stirring now. I can only imagine into what sort of hell these people shall carry me. One could hardly call my current predicament here in the lair of a beholder an improvement. Golems, fiendish hounds, and a pair of odd warriors later—and the death of one Halfling—we found no beholder. I can't draw from any experience in fighting these beasts, and can only hope that there is a Rais Junayd to describe the rest of the events after this day's struggle.

Piece of cake. All tales I've heard before would lead one to conclude that beholders are dangerous. Perhaps I have merely underestimated the capabilities of my new companions. I have gained a high respect for these people now, particularly the cleric and the samurai. The only thing left now is to consider what to do with my share of the loot from the lair of the beholder.

We head to Avoropolis, and, surprisingly, no one seems to remember me here, even though it did take them some time to put out the fires. Also, I seem to have impressed the others with my talents for diplomacy; the merchants became quite generous after only a few minutes with me. I must say, though, I have found the shopping here rather lacking. Perhaps if those warehouses hadn't caught fire, they might have had what I was looking for.

Irar 2, 646

The fortress of the Dragonfangs is quite impressive, though in a heavy state of disrepair and filled with rather disgusting, unwashed people. However, they were quite helpful in the lugging of all that heavy furniture to my new quarters. The group has gone on some journey to the celestial realms, a place I in which wouldn't be caught dead. All I could gather was that it has some thing to do with a place call Occipitus. For the moment, I have been left to explore this fortress, I must take extra care that one of those filthy peasants does not bump into me. The stench could be quite difficult to remove.

Now I understand the reasons behind the Dragonfangs' dealings with the nobility as well as their visits to the church of the Hooded One. I don't see why they seemed so eager to put their trust in that fool Taskerhill. Is it really any surprise that he turned out evil? The whole lot should be hung. Now these people seem even less trusting of me after my suggestion of the careful removal of Taskerhill. (*Fools.)* Anyways, off to the town meeting, perhaps some good can come of this.

Irar 2, 646 Cont'd

The fool of a cleric could barely keep the inbred imbiciles from rioting. Clearly, he does not have the knack for diplomacy that I possess. The wizard and samurai have also let their prejudice against dragons be known. I must introduce them to my mother sometime; only the strong are fit to rule, and what can compare the power and majesty of a Dragon? The meeting continued on a downhill slant until some excitement finally presented itself in the form of some murderous Derro.

Unfortunately, I was caught at weak moment and the wizard Derro (*bastard)* afflicted me with some mind-affecting spell. I was able to shake myself out of it, but only after murdering one of the nobility. He can be raised, but this will require some damage control on my part. Hopefully they won't decide to hang me, as it could put a damper on any future relationships.

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