

Thomas Wisseu's Prison Log

September 19th

I hate prison. 'Tis so dank smelling in this awful hole they call proper lodgings. I find these accommodations quite strange given that upon arrest Master Walsingham told me himself he had the best lodgings a murderer could deserve. I suppose he thinks tis funny or ironic to have me put here. T'would explain why he laughed as I was thanking him for his hospitality before being hauled away. But really, murder is an exceptional crime. It takes great courage to kill a man...well maybe just the first time. But disposing the bodies is difficult. And tis not as if I'm some raving lunatic. I am enlightened now. The Lord of Light is our guard in the prison of life. Only the Queen of Darkness will EVER set us free. Still, I cannot see how her power was thwarted by LOVE of all things. Those fools talk of how love is the greatest of all powers. Fie I say! I have killed many lovers, even a few of my own. Nothing personal in most cases, but my Lady must have her demands met. Tis as if all have lost their senses. My Lady is now despondent that our Dark Mother no longer can speak to her ever again and those delirious gypsies and their followers are CONVINCED that love has saved them all. Have all forgotten that the hatchling who saved the day was a DRAGON? Obviously dragons are the greatest of all powers...fools. Did I mention this cell smells absolutely dank?

September 21st

Today, I couldn't take the smell anymore so I killed one of the rats out of frustration. Not really inspired work, but it did the trick. Now it smells worse. I'm starting to think that what my father, a not-quite-as-accomplished Draco assassin, told me about crime was true. Never get caught. It matters not. I'm sure my Lady will come soon with her purse of coins and free me. Ah yes, any day now I shall be free from this hell.

December 7

Perchance she got lost?

December 8th

I know Lady Tso would NEVER leave me here to stagnate. Not after all the wonderful services I've done for the Draco. No, get a hold of yourself Thomas. You're a good man and even better killer, no one would EVER abandon you.

December 21st

I bet that troll ate her! I never liked that blue abomination! Curse of the pox upon him! He ATE my Lady Tso! I'll bleed that bastard like a pig! But not before slaying all those meddling Paragon Defenders who helped to imprison me. Yes, I must see to them first. I must plan an escape from this place, it shouldn't take long.

February 13th

It had been a long time since I smelled fresh blood. I forgot the intoxicating effect the metallic aroma had on my senses. Poor, foolish guards. Good men but not very bright. They made three mistakes. Their first was honoring my request to use some utensil to eat gruel. Though I must admit that gruel is no where near as foul tasting as I'd been led to believe. Nevertheless, the stupid ale-knights left me with a fork of all things. Their second mistake was putting Jenkins on the middle watch. We Draco know that even the Gods slumber during the middle shift. Poor Jenkins has a bit of a bone to pick with me, something about a father of his I killed. I convinced the lad that if he was a true man he'd show me a lesson, after all he's stronger than his coward of a father. It didn't take long before I opened up the boy's skinny neck with the fork. Also not my best work, but without a dagger I had to make do. For the first time in nearly 5 months I stood in my cell with the door open and a bloody weapon in my hand. And here I thought that my Natal day would go uncelebrated. Now, to see to these Paragon Defenders and that blue mongrel.

And oh yes, their third mistake. The decorator of this prison should be hung, 'tis positively depressing here.