[helmsman’s log, the 5th moon of the 832nd passage of Prinya]

Dey be suspicious of what I may do! Likin I be tryin to cause trouble! Either way, we did some fine work for the guild, established an exclusive trade route with the Merfolk, earned some good will wit the temple of the god o the dead by becomin spirits ourselves, most definitely didn’t get a member of deh Royal family a prostitute but did likely get him a Hawani slave monkey (this wasn’t on purpose, mon, but we’in need to fix dat right quick - it’s a long story betta told in person!), and broke the backs of a narcotics ring sellin this stuff called ‘wisp’.

The sun elf and fire aetherite love ta talk about der age and have formed some sorta group within the guild and they aren’t too fond of da sea, but they are definitely keepin me outta trouble and showin me the culture. Only problem is how this family House noble nonsense seems to make no sense, and der shopkeepas are either liars or don’t sell anyting normal... like tryin to sell us trained animals that are just hawani that have been enslaved and bewitched. This is what happens when ya don’t democratically elect leaders by popularity and policy alone and just live and rule by blood - things get all backwards!

The sun elf has some real interestin property - who is some sorta dead speaker. He isn’t allowed ta listen ta me mostly, but sometimes when she isn’t in earshot. But he seems a good enough fella, exceptin he might be a bit disturbed in de head. I guess when ya mess wit spirits and not just commune wit de elements, that be bound to happen.

The aetherite be a shaman! They might’n even know more about de Dynamae, so I am lookin forward to more talks wit her.

There be this dwarf who is maybe a noble, but apparently he done gave it all up for a life of freedom? Of all the folks here, he has the most level head but he takes goin wit de flow more serious than any sailor I ever met. He know what it like to be a slave to a name, even though his name be far too long to write in full.

Then there is our leader, by de name of Flint. He is a sailor, so might be lookin to travel wit me back for a spell when I amass enough for a sturdy vessel and see the wonders o home. He seemin to be fancy dressed, and tends to wanna follow da law. I’m pretty sure he work for da Jin chi (whichin is like the captains back home).

Eitha way, they ain’t kick me outta the crew yet, so I must have made an impression enough.

Next time, dey definitely will be trustin me to carry da money. I definitely won’t be buyin no guard peacock neitha! (However, if we just spent 20 lunari on a fine dock companion, we wouldn’t be chasin down our not-monkey-but-hawani-slave and be in dis mess and dat 17 year old boy be happier than he will be when he finds outabout dis - Dey will be a’learnin to listen to mah wisdom!)

Life, Freedom, to wherever I take the four winds, lest they take me,

Helmsman Obeah Nganga