Torn Diary Page #3 (13/9/1568)

for now, at least.

13/9/1568 6ae

The waitress asked me if I had gotten used to city life. I….was not sure how to answer that. It’s been a little over a year since I arrived in Rabanastre, the famed “jewel of the desert”. Yet, after all this time I’ve barely left this bar. Aside from the few times Anjelo would take me to the Muthru Bazaar to stock up on supplies. I guess the only bit of “civilized” life I've been exposed to is whatever our bar patrons would decide to bring in with them. Whether it was tales of the lands they’ve come from, or whatever treasures they’d show off to us.

Am I allowed to leave the bar? Short answer; no. At least, not without being accompanied by Anjelo himself. So I'm basically just a prisoner here, working for free like a slave. I wouldn’t exactly call this ‘city life’.

13/10/1568 6ae

I hate to admit it, but I was getting too comfortable living here. But after the events of today, I was quickly reminded that I don’t belong.

It started off as a normal day at the bar; The four of us running things pretty much on our own. The chef hiding in the back, the waitress quickly servicing our regulars that came in the morning, and Anjelo the manager…”managing” things i guess. He’s not really good at dealing with people anyways, being a Bangaa and all…so he’s got that speech impediment that makes casual talk a bit awkward whenever foreigners are involved. But I digress.

Afternoon rolled in. I’m sitting on the stage, doing my usual job as a bard. Playing the cool lute shaped instrument Anjelo gave me for my last birthday. Just jamming out simple tunes as background music whilst our regular guys eat and drink. And then suddenly, the front doors slam open. A group of men…probably around five of them, walk in. All tall and lanky looking. Well known Garlean features, I'd say.

They slam their heavy bodies onto the empty chairs at the table up front. Our hard-working waitress rushes over and takes their orders, which were mostly just drinks. I continue with my music, trying to avoid eye contact with them. They get louder over time, voices booming as they laugh and slam their fists. “Hey love! Over here, quickly now! Our cups are empty! Be a dear and serve your countrymen.”, I hear the loudest of them say. By this time, I'm sure he was drunk out of his mind.

I made the mistake of batting an eye at him when I saw him lay his hand on our waitress. He caught my gaze immediately and smirked, sipping his cup and maintaining eye contact until the waitress left.

“Oi, you! Ya gonna play something or stare all day?”

“That woodland bastard. I reckon he’s newly come around here”

“Do you know who we are?”

I kept quiet, and I just turned my head away for a second. Anjelo told me over and over, I am NOT allowed to cause a disturbance of any kind. We are to keep a low profile. But they kept going:

“We occupied this damn waste of a city for nearly 50 bloody years! This place was uncivilized before we marched in, full of beast men and mutts. We demand respect.”

He took one final gulp of what was left in his cup, then threw the damn thing to the floor. After he wiped his mouth, he leaned forward and changed the tone of his voice.

“Home Beyond the Horizon. Have you heard of that one? Play it.”

At this moment, I'm not sure what I felt. Sadness? Anger? I think it's a mix of both. Those bastards. For the sake of keeping order, civility, doing things their way and no other way. They have the nerve to take everything from me for no other reason. My village, everyone I grew up with; they're all gone. Ma is gone. Camie is gone. And now, he wants me to show respect and appreciation for what his people have done?? These thoughts ran through my head. And I couldn’t hold back, my sole desire was to grab one of the decorative spears off the wall and plunge it through his fat neck!

But luckily, I hear Anjelo shuffle over, dragging his oversized tail. Seeing him calmed me down.

“Gentlemen”, he said in his raspy voice. “I sssssincerely hope you are enjoying yourselvesssss.”

“We were,” said the lanky giraffe, as he stood up and stumbled. “But there’s only so much piss I can endure drinking from your beast filled establishment”

“Perhapssss you’ve had enough to drink” Anjelo stood up straight as he met the drunkard’s face.

“We didn’t march all the way from the North End to be harassed by an overgrown lizard.”

It was at this point where I could sense the hairs on the back of Anjelo’s neck standing up. I saw him clenching his fists. This was going to end badly.

“I will have satisfaction,” the drunkard kept going, “or I’ll file a report on the company you’re keeping. I’m sure the legion will make a full inspection tomorrow at my behest. I WILL have satisfaction.”

Anjelo squinted his eyes and grit his shark-like teeth. He then huffed and responded slowly and carefully.

“Fine. I propossse a deal. All of your drinksss and food you’ve had tonight will be free of charge…under the condition that thisssssss next drink will be your lasssssst.”

The other Garlean men placed their hands on the belligerent one’s shoulders to sit him back down. One of the more coherent men spoke for the drunkard. “That sounds like a mighty fine deal.” The drunk one just frowned and nodded his head as he turned to look at his fellows.

Anjelo looked back over his shoulder at me. “Go ahead, play the fucking sssong.”

And so…i sat down on the stool, and tried my best to play it from memory. A song about somehow returning home. A song about reclaiming one's homeland. A song sung for those who are willing to destroy other homes to take back their own.

Anjelo came out himself and served the men their last drinks. He said it was one of his special cocktails, he called it the "Maiden's kiss". They each silently sipped and stayed for maybe a minute or two more. When they finally left, the bar stayed silent. The other patrons slowly left, and our waitress went home immediately after. Anjelo didn't say another word to me all day, and we just closed up and cleaned up in complete silence.

I'm sure….Anjelo is not a fan of the empire. His ideals are different. I can tell, From the way he's treated his customers. Hells, even from the way he's treated me. Here, at the bar, I feel more like an employee than a slave. Thinking about it now….he's taught me so much this past year. How to save money, spend money, deal with people, play the lute, he's even taught me some impressive spear work. He's taught me and has been more patient with me than anyone in my village ever has been.

And yet….i still carved his name onto the cover of my book. Deep down, I can't forgive him.

13/11/1568 6ae

I had another weird dream.

I have very vague memories of something that happened to me in the past when I was a baby. Maybe around 3 years old or so. The dream oddly enough helped me remember some of the finer details.

In the dream, I saw myself at home, running to Ma. As I reached up for a hug, she faced me and returned what was a look of shock and horror. She wailed and cried as she rushed out of the house, calling for a chirurgeon.

The dream skipped to another scene. I remember waking up, with my cheek in pain. My ma hugged me and thanked the forest spirits. And the rest of the room was filled with the healers of

our village, whispering to each other behind our backs.

And then I saw something. From the corner of my eye. In a tray on the bedside stand. It looked like a red, small shiny gem.

The next scene was something I was all too familiar with. Another scene of fire raining down from the heavens. And then I woke up. Hopefully I can keep track of my dreams through this journal and see if there’s any deeper meaning to it all?

13/12/1568 6ae

So…*he* returned. Soren Steeleforte. After a whole freaking year, I never thought I'd see him again. One of the men I vowed to bring justice to. One of the men who changed my life forever. He stormed in near the end of the day, and walked to the backroom to speak with Anjelo. On his

---

Revision #4
Created 14 July 2025 01:02:56 by Mechseroms
Updated 14 July 2025 02:38:34 by StarChariot