From the desk of Bargle

1

What is there to say? I hated my family and swindled my way through the idiot Stephan Karameikos’ false court and destroyed his wizard, my mentor, and a wizard hall of famer, and I took so many toys from her dazzling Room, as she called it before I destroyed her and fled into the wilderness. And the Baron I found, the Black Eagle, and he has since provided for me when I needed...or just pretended so. The man serves his purpose but he is a true tyrant--hateful of everyone, it seems, and brutal. He helped me build a tower and left me alone to play in it, and I grew further.

Some years ago--time moves funny for me now--I surprised some creatures in the hills north of Luln, creatures I'd not seen before. After surveilling them for some time, I waited for them to separate then killed one and dragged him back to my tower (by “dragged” I mean I paid a pair of orcs to carry him, and then I killed them to keep the word from spreading. Dragged.)

THese creatures were technologically advanced, much more than any culture I know of on Brun. They wore suits that connected to their bodies--directly to their brains, and those slimy looking things have big brains, able to ward off ESP, mind control, sleep, and various other brain altering spells. I don’t think they have much imagination, and they really, really hate magic. They are masters of disguise, with their image amulets, and can fool anyone. They also have these mirrors--amazing objects--that give them the ability to travel time. That is how they got here, and they are out for destroying magic. I’m not sure why, but they campaign against it. Since I have been able to catch a few of these ugly muggers, I’ve figured out a few things about them. They are here to stop magic, so whatever they do is motivated by that one thing. Oh yeah, they are instantly recognizable if you know what to look for during combat: a green flash or blast in the place of real magic. It is either its blaster tube or a smaller shot from the glove they wear. I have tried to use the glove, the tube, but I think that I have to also be wired to the suit for that to work. It would seem like this alien technology is mine to play with.

2.

I have learned how to travel through time. The Oards--that’s what they are called--have mastered it, and that is how they come to us--through time. The thing is, they didn’t see me coming. They don’t expect someone else using their technology. I’ve been bouncing around to different times and have learned tons of cute little things about my enemies, sigh…

Anyway, I learned how to go to different worlds as well, using some artifacts I got from “The Room” in Specularum just after I killed the hag that owned it. I found those who would help me, wittingly and not. I converted a few of the weapons, finally, so that I could use them or soldiers could or orcs perhaps.

Entry 3.

Traveling through time may have affected me. I feel poorly for increasing amounts of time after I return. I think I may be doing something to, well, time itself. I’ve noticed a few strange things. I like buttermilk now, for instance.

I’ve spent 20 years in a place called Earth, in a time called 1984 (and also 1996, and also 1969). The specific place was called United States. I loved it. Van Halen, Coca Cola, Material Girl. This was the best, but better than that even was that I found people, smart people, and I got them to do smart people things for my benefit.

The man who helped me escape Specularum with my head after I killed Assaran’s ass and ran, that man was what I thought about after my 20 years on United States and the 10 more I spent in different places learning about the Oards. So I returned to Specularum, but I traveled time to do so, of course, and visited myself on that day, the one when I killed Assaran, and I helped me escape, for a street urchin such as my young self would stand no chance in the political machine of the Duke’s Public Court.

The Nexus is a thing that belongs to the Immortals. I have secretly requisitioned it for myself. With it I can go anywhen I wish. I instructed myself how and where to gather forces, and me how to be ready for when I would encounter the Oards, for it was from them I could gain my greatest power.

Entry 4

An old pirate friend of the Baron’s came to him a day not long into all of this and convinced him of the riches that waited for us 1000 miles south on the Isle of Dread. He asked me to commandeer this, which I agreed to with ease. On Dread I will answer to no one.

He wants me to oversee the movement of raw materials back to Fort Doom from the Island. I aim to place a portal to move armies back and forth, if need be. I believe an essential metal may be on the island. Stories of the civilization that once thrived there spoke of a blue metal---divinium. With it, I can move armies or crap on an Immortal’s dinnertable. Eventually, that’s a goal.

Entry 5

After time in the future of that Earth, I was able to have some of the Oard Equipment I’ve confiscated and rigged to work for me. It’s called a battery, one so high powered I’ve caught my robes afire with it. The battery plugs in either to the glove, the amulet, the blast tube, or the protection belt. I’ve found that I need no battery to operate the speech bracelet; I just have to tap it with a fingernail to activate.

The mirror takes a bigger battery. I carry it in an insulated backpack. The oard were short sighted with their mirrors; I have been able to get more than one use from them, and to different directions. Speaking of which, the password for the mirror in my room: The man with one red shoe

I had to write it somewhere, as they say to do. Jim Belushi was truly underrated in that film.

The other me’s--I’ve been taught again and again to trust no one, and I don’t trust the Baron. Thus I build my own world. I spent time in time and in that stream discovered other streams running parallel, and I learned to visit them, fetching and rescuing different versions of me, the only beings I feel a trust for. They have worked faithfully for me, making my name across the Grand Duchy and beyond. Those who die only add to the mystery, so I encourage their recklessness. Organized, though, they are a force for me.

ENtry 6

I visited a place that followed me back to here. The Land, they called it, and I found myself in a fight with a woman and her very straight and pretty staff. I didn’t win, but I didn’t lose, either, because I was returned here, along with some creatures from that place. There they have a Bargle of their own, except this guy...he’s really, really bad. And he’s after a white gold ring, which supposedly holds great power. And his name is stupider than mine. Or at least most of his names.

Entry 7

On Dread I have a great routine now, and I have the island under my thumb. I’ve taken their witch doctors to create my skeleton army, and I’ve established spots all over the island, places of my power. The Baron will approve and have no power. Next I build the Gate, through which I’ll be able to bring my army from the North. We mine for the divinium, for it is there, according to the future.

At one time, the native human population was huge, and the island supported a few big cities. The phanaton also thrived in greater numbers, as well as the neanderthals, beginning from their home of K’baka. That civilization is long gone. We have nearly destroyed what is left of both the neanderthals and the phanaton, leaving room for bugbears and aranea, who will both be loyal to me before the baron.

Entry 8

The three from The Land, I think they are here. Whispers wake me from violent dreams.

9 All work and no play makes Bargle kill things.

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9 All work and no play makes us kill things.9 All work and no play makes us kill things.9 All work and no play makes us kill things.9 All work and no play makes us kill things.9 All work and no play makes us kill things.

Where is the bearer of the white gold? Where is Feza?

Where are the offworlders? We have a present for them.