

Journal Entry - 1

Monday January 9th 1967

A non-union job is the last thing I want, but my last student loan payment deferral request was *deferred* by the borough.

A **SCAB** - yes, that's what they will call me. (SCAB in all capitals)

I have to look for the positives.

The Vanalinn farmlands are quite the sight: lush golden rye fields, a glowing sun, a pleasant breeze and blooming rukkilills... in the middle of winter.

(a doodle of the fields)

Positives! **NOT** Negatives. (NOT underlined)

The locking mechanism for the estate grounds looks interesting; I don't think I have ever seen a modular lock this intricate before. And the wires - that's some really heavy duty stuff.

Who lived here? There's nothing about them in the letter from the council.

Strange weather, stranger people, strangerer abandoned Estate

But an acceptable amount of Krooni. (doodle stick figure with a thumbs up)