

else happened today, and I was able to catch up on a lot of paperwork that had been collecting.

34rd of October, a.r. 231

This evening's chaos certainly made up for the last few days. Around eight bells, the City Watch was dispatched to settle a bar fight that had started up at the Gobbling Hog. They were forced to call for reinforcements not once but twice, and it took nearly an entire hour before all involved were incarcerated at Wayward Prison. Plenty of charges of assault, battery, destruction of property were leveled from all directions, and I simply threw everyone into cells until they sobered up. Of particular note were the dwarf and the elf--they seemed to be traveling together, and the bartender fingered them for most of the damage.

I had just finished the sign-in ledger and was considering what to do with my new charges the coming morn when the problem was quickly solved for me. Captain Laurentius of Griffon Rook Penitentiary in the Royal Quarter made another unscheduled appearance, again demanding any and all prisoners be immediately transferred to his charge. He even had a wagon outside, ready for our numerous prisoners. (I'll say this: whoever his spies are in the area, they're fast.) While I don't appreciate the Captain throwing his weight around in my back yard, I appreciated the chance to leave shift on time. I quickly signed on the dotted line, and our cells were empty once more.

The First Day of the Ninth Month of the Two Hundred and Twenty-First Year of His Majesty's Reign, Emperor Octavian VIII.

Luckily for us, very little happened today. With all the cells empty, the prison was far quieter than we were all accustomed to. One of the midway guards--a new recruit by the name of Cimon--was obviously unsettled by his new post. He kept returning

from his guard post looking a bit pale, would seem unsure of himself, and eventually go back without saying a word. Having a feeling what was going on, I sent Fabius down to keep him company. Turns out the new guy kept thinking he could hear whispered voices coming from inside the empty solitary cells, but was just too scared to admit it. We assured him it was a common experience among new guards, and that once he got acclimated to the environment, the voices would go away.

Oh, we did make one fine catch the other night I failed to mention—a street urchin with a rather shiny set of teeth. As soon as Crius set his hand on him, the cretin promptly sank his jaws into him! We were nearly laughing too hard to help poor Crius. Luckily, Fabius finally threw a garrotte on the urchin, and we brought the boy back in a bag.

2nd of November, a.r. 231

I was given word today that Captain Laurentius was AGAIN stopping by to pick up even more prisoners. Fortunately, the Captain never sets his foot inside our morgue, so we should have little to fear on that front. However, this whole recurring situation has cause me to ponder. As my father used to always say about the guard, "Shit rolls downhill." Never do yourself what you can delegate to someone below you. Which means the transfer of prisoners is going completely the wrong way. The commandants in charge of Griffon Rook should be looking for ways to AVOID work, not the other way around. While I can hardly complain about the work being taken off my plate, it does make me wonder what their special plans are for all the prisoners on their end.

Oh well. No one has had to stay here longer than to sober up, and I'll be forced to send the Captain back empty-handed.