

Bandit's Journal
Lucas Glovas-Kurtz

March 5th, 1254

James paid me a visit today. Walked the whole way and looked like a corpse when he came to the door. Started stammering out some words that didn't make much sense. Gave him a water and told him to take a seat and calm down and speak slowly. Said for the past couple months caravans weighed down with metals, and wood, and coins, and cloth just rolling by. 'Nothing out of the ordinary' I said, 'cities take the Gold Road to each other all the time'. But then he said the damndest. He said, 'We can take it. There's no one guarding it.' Told him it's the exhaustion speaking to him. He's sleeping in the other room right now getting them crazy thoughts out of his head.

March 9th 1254

Took the grains to the market along the Gold Road today. All the usuals were there, James, Allison, Perry, Carter, Mary, Charlie, and Mike. Not a bad day in the grand scheme but then I noticed what James was saying the other day. A caravan rolled up, with the wheels straining like it was carrying four tons. Driver and the passenger seemed nice enough. They bought meat from Carter, and some of Charlie's fruits. But all the while they were here, James was eyeing up the caravan. He looked at me and gave me a devilish smile.

March 10th 1254

Talked with the Mrs about what James said the other day. I told her he's insane if he tries anything. His stead is right on the road, he'd be the first one questioned about the missing goods. She agreed with me, but told me to try and talk some sense into James next week.

March 12th 1254

Fungus took the roots throughout the farm. Everything I've worked the past year is gone. Wife seems optimistic it's a small local patch. I took measures in case she was right, but I don't think the remaining crops will keep. I'll ask around if anyone needs a hand for some extra coin.

March 16th 1254

James offered to let me work for him. I helped carry his produce to the market, we small talked along the way. A similar caravan to last week, similar situation. Just two of em. James gave me a look and asked me again. Admittedly I'm considering it now. If my crops don't come through I won't be able to provide for the family, and I'd sooner die than live off my neighbors hard work. I just hope it doesn't come down to thievery.

March 18th 1254

Can't bring myself to check the crops. These past coupled days I've found myself almost wanting them to be dead. I was thinking about James's bone headed plan, and I think it could work. Just need the right equipment, and enough time to bring it back up here, far off the Gold Road. We can store it here, and no one needs to know. I'll tell the Mrs it was abandoned or something. Fuck.

MARCH 19TH 1254

2X PITCHFORKS

2X BOWS

10X ARROWS

2X SLEDGEHAMMERS

4X YELLOW BANDANA

2X SADDLES

March 21st 1254

We did it. Holy shit we did it. Me, James, Allison, and Perry got together and we fucking did it! I've never felt more alive. James and I ran out onto the road just as the caravan was passing and smashed the back axel's with the hammers. Allison and Perry aimed the bows at the driver. Quite frankly I'm not even sure they know how to fire a bow, but they're both headstrong enough that they made the driver think they could split an arrow from one hundred yards. They didn't put up much of a fuss, we unhooked the horses, saddled them up, and sent the two drivers on their way. Admittedly, we didn't think this all the way through. We had to leave the caravan on the road, and carried what we could to James's barn. My boys and I road down in a wagon of our own, so we hauled everything back up to my farm, and stored it like I would anything else. Tonight Allison is bringing up moonshine, and we're celebrating our newfound wealth. Oh, I also ensured the Mrs it was a one-time thing. We have more than enough to spend conservatively and be fine in case of another infection.

April 4th 1254

Its been weeks. I tried taking my mind off of things by cleaning up the remaining infected grains, spending time with the kids, more time with the wife. Nothing satisfied the itch I felt. We don't need the extra money, or supplies. All four of us got off scot-free. Only James had a discussion with any type of law enforcement. He showed them around, they deemed him clean, and went off to the next farm. Never suspected a thing. Now I can't help but seek that rush again. I need to go see James.

May 4th 1254

We did it again. Got cleaner. No caravan on the road this time. Law came further north than last time. They won't make it all the way north. The others along the way aren't offering beds like they used to.

Not to the law anyway. We all agreed to keep us and ours safe, and comfortable. If that means the city folk are uncomfortable out here than so be it. Security will get tougher on the caravans, but we have the funds to get more equipment. This is our land now.