*"It's dark, it's cold, my mind is not my home*

*It's dark, it's cold, my mind is not my home*

*It makes me sick to know I have voices in my head*

*I lost my mind before I knew what it meant to be sane*

*Give me more time*

*When did I cross the line?" -Beartooth*

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Maggie sat outside, back against a tree. A clawed hand laid on the earth, her other hand wrapped around the hilt of her dagger. Hunching over, she cracks her neck. Slowly, she began stabbing the dagger into the earth in between her fingers as she lost herself to her thoughts.

*I could be doing much better things right now, but it's not like I can do anything with the hope of it being fruitful. Gods, she couldn't even hold a glass or refrain from spilling a vial of ink. Did he take my ability to move as well??*

The hand holding the dagger moved faster, the blade of the dagger dodging her pale fingers.

*Paschur told me to ignore him, but how can I do that when he's in my head whenever he pleases? Tahima told me to focus on helping others so that I wouldn't have to focus on myself, but who will take me if I'm a walking hazard? Ulchabhán told me to find other ways to bring joy to myself until I can get my luck back, but I find myself joyless as I struggle to find ANYTHING to amuse myself that doesn't result in misfortune.*

She bared her fangs, tears pricking at her eyes as her hand moved quicker. Her hits became sloppier.

*They all have told me I'm not alone, but I feel so isolated. And none of them have lost their luck. And none of them have been voted out of their home…I can't even exist right… I MADE AN AIRSHIP RUN OUT OF GAS.*

Not paying attention to herself at this point, the dagger sleeps and knicks her finger. "Ow!" Maggie yells, dropping the dagger. She observes the cut before wrapping it around her scarf to stop the bleeding. Leaning against the tree again, she places her good hand on her forehead. Magdalene knew she had to get her luck back so that she could bounce back to her old self. She just didn't know how. Mags recounted a previous conversation with Audun where he warned that it was foolish to walk into a situation without a plan. Maggie let out a long sigh, hand still over her forehead. She began speaking to herself. "I've got to get my luck back. Okay Maggie, here's what we're gonna do. We're going to write our report, and then we're gonna run some tests. If I do a bunch of superstitious bullshit that results in bad luck, maybe it will cancel out. That's what we'll try. And if nothing good comes of it, we'll just have to pay him a visit. We just need a plan." Mags removed her hands, moving them so the palms faced her. One hand read *it is* and the other read *it is not.* She bit her lip. "I'll be okay."

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Thieves Guild Report

To whom it may concern,

It has been a very neutral time from where I am posted. Nothing of interest to report. I will warn that I may not be active for the time being due to misfortune that has plagued my soul. It is for the best of the guild that I refrain from business as usual. I will send an update when that issue is resolved.

Magdalene Birdrat, Locksmith Apprentice

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Mags' misfortune continues day-in and day-out. Sometimes nothing for a whole day, but inevitably that makes her spend the whole day a nervous wreck, waiting for fate to strike.  
  
Sometimes it's little things. She gets served food that's gone bad in spots. She trips on her own shoes. She loses things. Sometimes it's surprisingly overt. While trying to sneak she runs into  
patrols of the Sentries, running drills but only in the places she wants to be.  
  
And yet, through it all, she survives. Somehow, she even stays out of jail.  
  
At the end of some time, she gets a note from her contact:  
"There's a thief in the night who stalks without paying dues to our Guild. They covet those things that others most prize. Seek them out and when they strike among you, give us your report."