

Logar's Diary

"Home Of The Traders - Barterstown"

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"In the forecourt of Throal lies Barterstown, Barsaive's biggest market. It's a place where all different species and cultures gather and trade. Together with the beautiful Axandria and S'kirrel we were amazed at the home of the traders..."

There's only one street in this city
The golden gate to Throal so pretty
A market where you get everything
Weapons, food and things for spelling

Chaos everywhere
Have you ever been there
Where a hero's heart strikes higher
Take care you could deal with a liar

Gamblers playing for money
Bards singing songs like honey
Ships are flying through the air
Crowds of races everywhere

Only once a year
The greatest swordsmen meet here
To find out who's the best
In Barsaive's biggest fighting contest

The home of the traders is called Barterstown
The door to Throal - home of the crown
All this lying to his feet
Where every man gets everything he needs

Hungry and with tired feet
We're looking for a place to sleep
See the last days in our faces
We only need some warm places

The big blue mountains to Throal
Are the target we're heading for
We have to see the king
Got bad news for him to bring

The home of the traders is called Barterstown

The door to Throal - home of the crown
All this lying to his feet
Where every man gets everything he needs

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