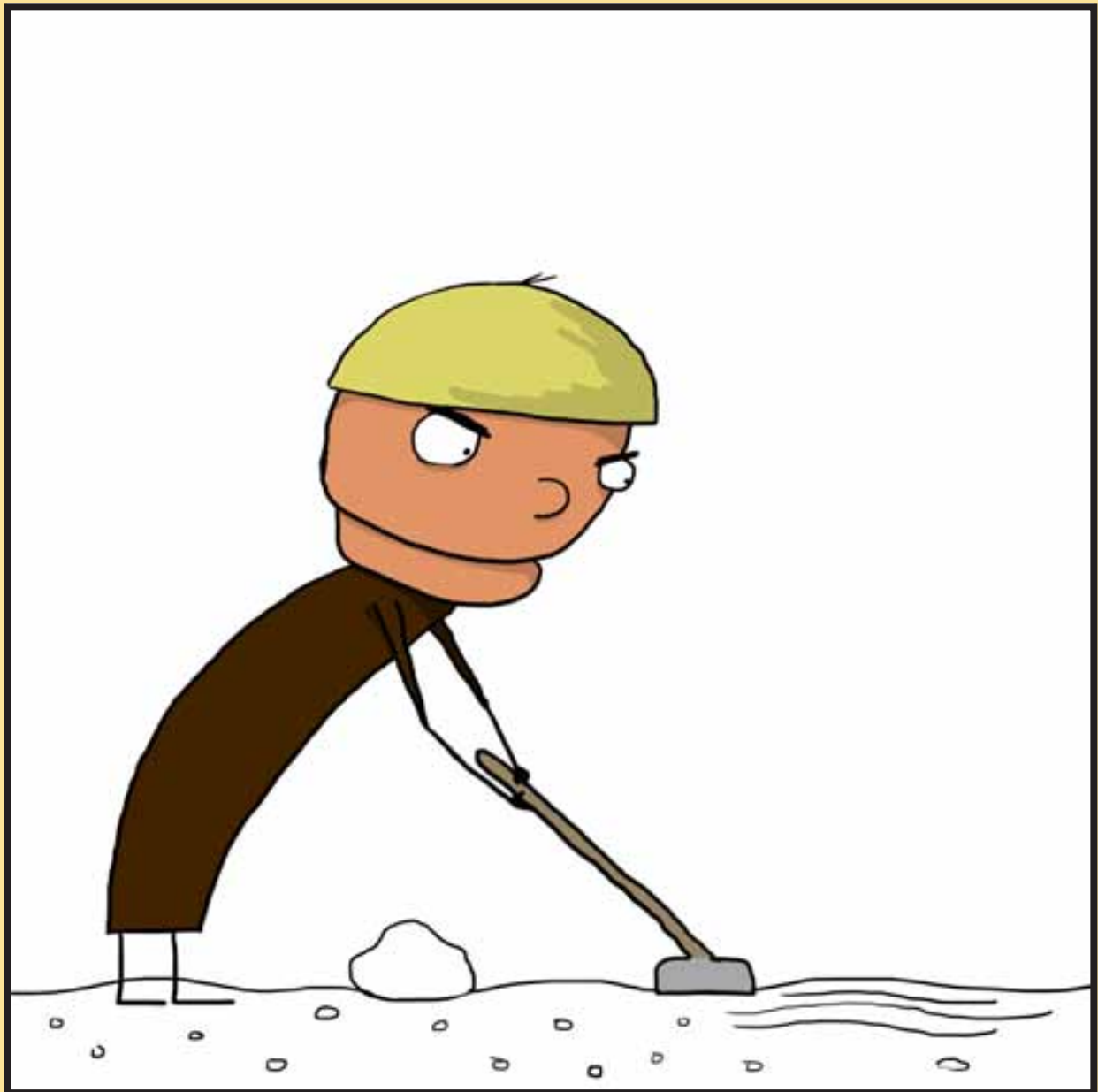


Up to my Nipples Presents:

Diary
of
a
Castle
Guard.

by Nigel

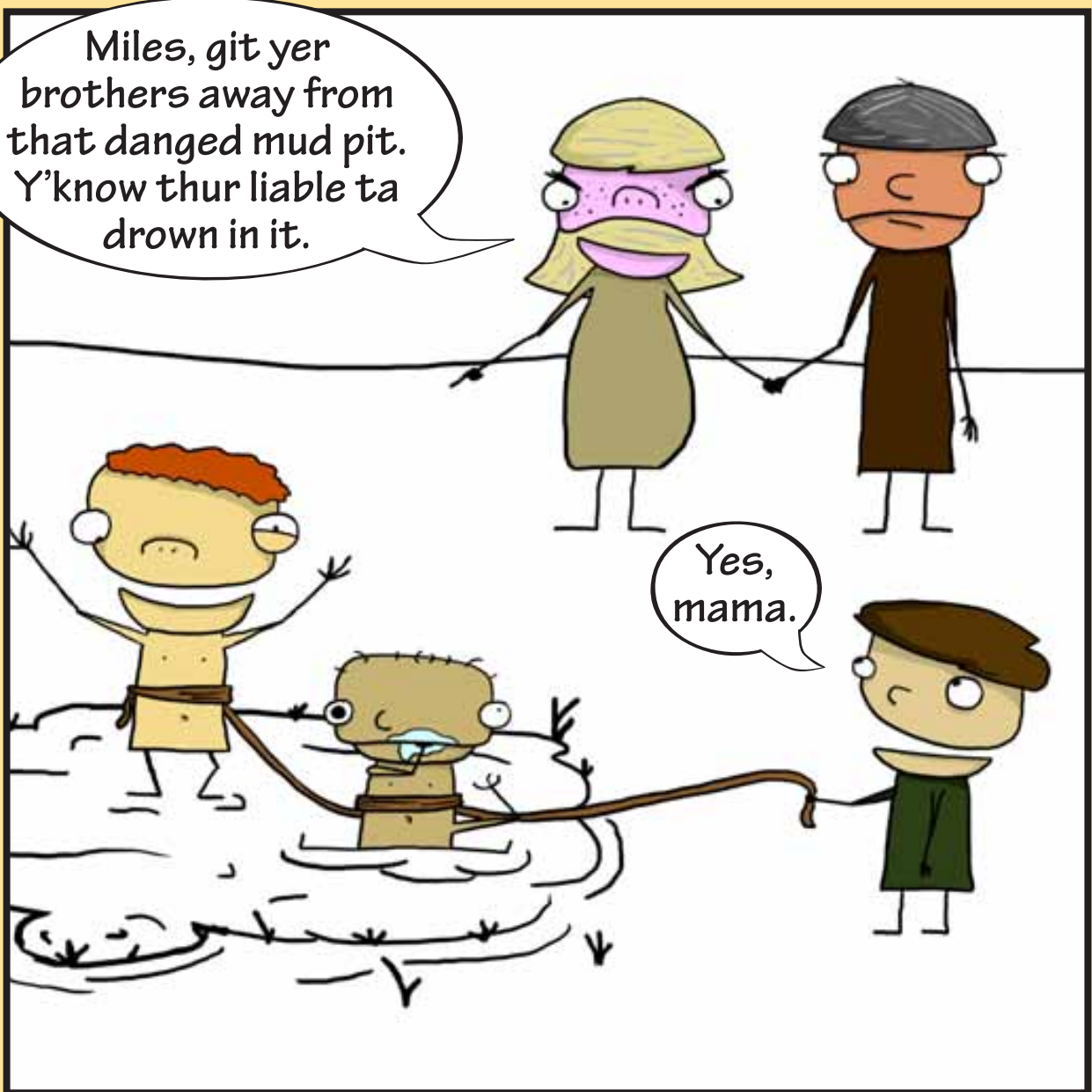
August 1st,
Peasant life sucks. Every day it's
the same backbreaking and unrewarding
work...



...The most I have to look forward to is marrying my second cousin. And if I'm lucky, she'll bear at least one non-defective offspring to look after the others.

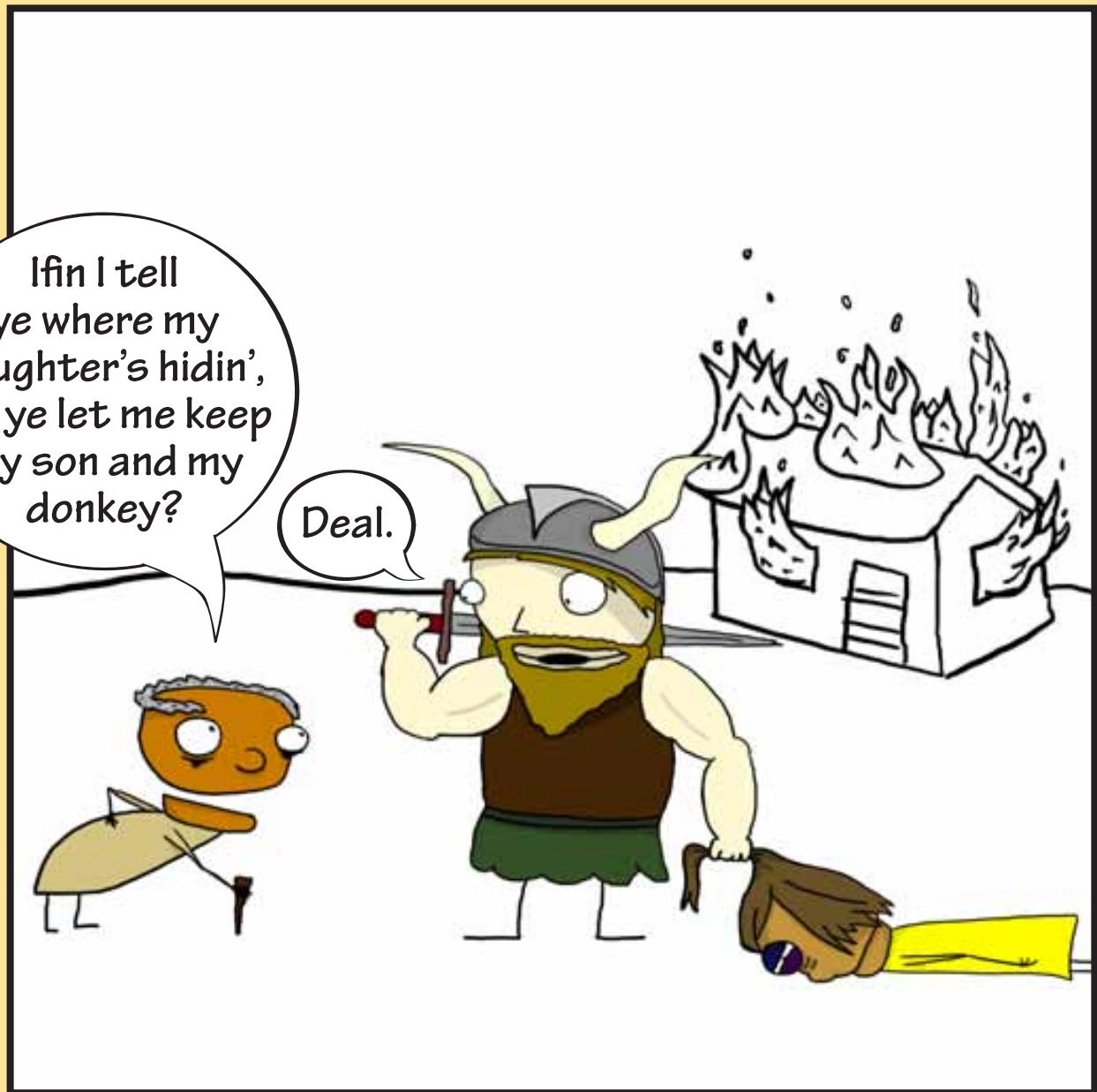
Miles, git yer brothers away from that danged mud pit. Y'know thur liable ta drown in it.

Yes, mama.

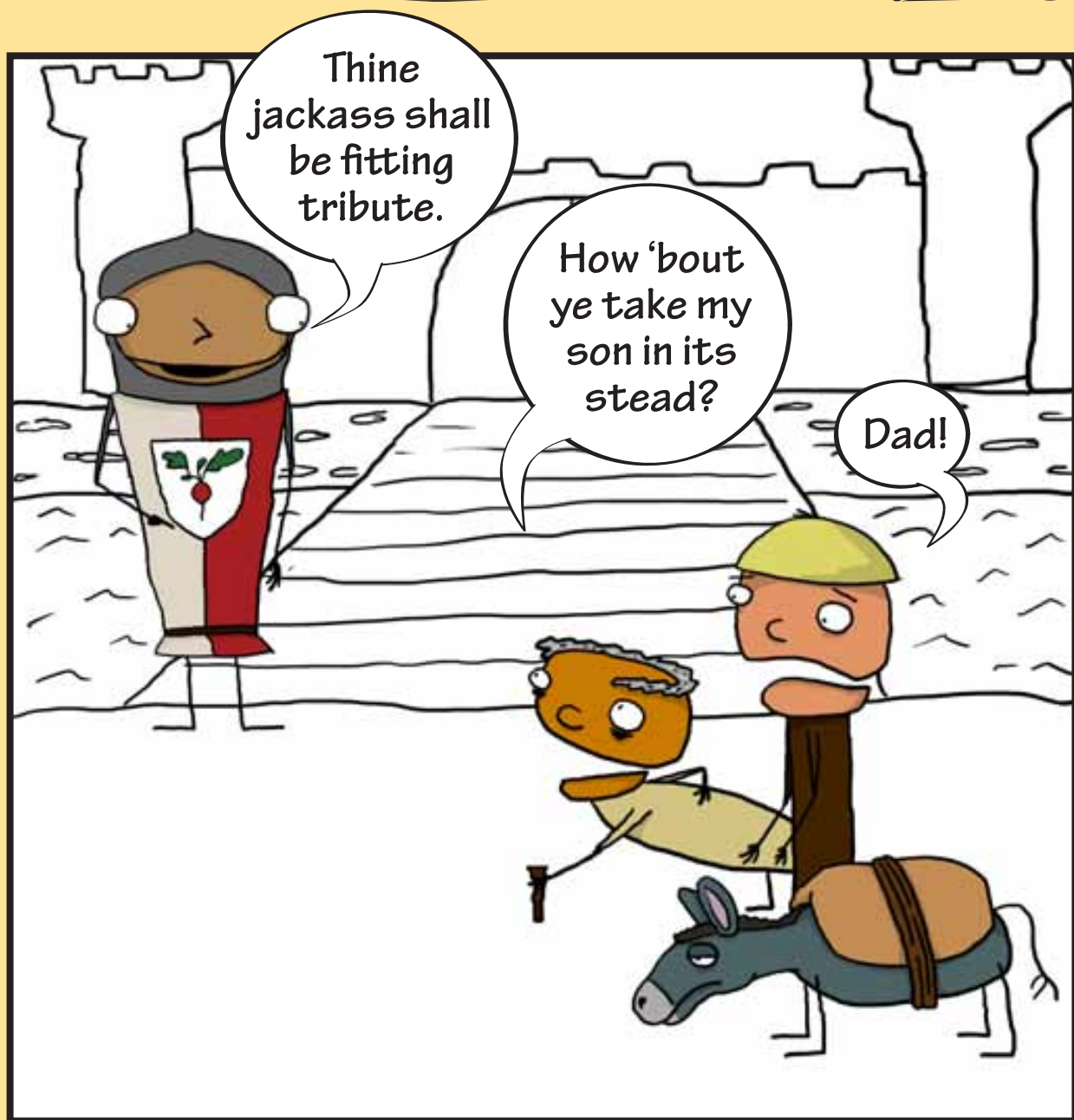


August 5th,

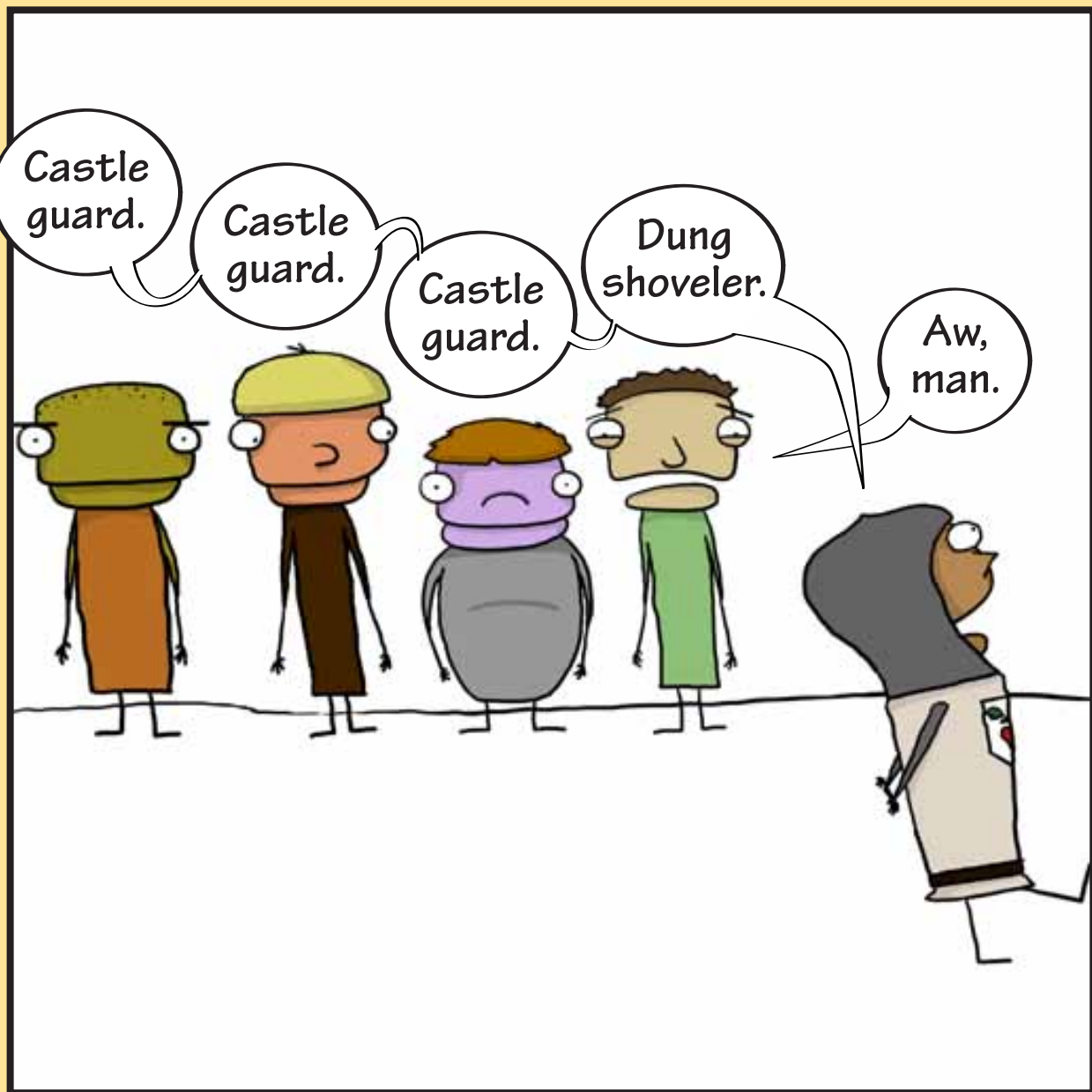
Yesterday, vikings raided our farm for the third time this month. That's when Dad decided it was time to move to the safety of the nearby castle.



August 10th,
To live in the castle, you have to
purchase a plot of land from the
Duke...



...And so I was conscripted into the Duke's service.

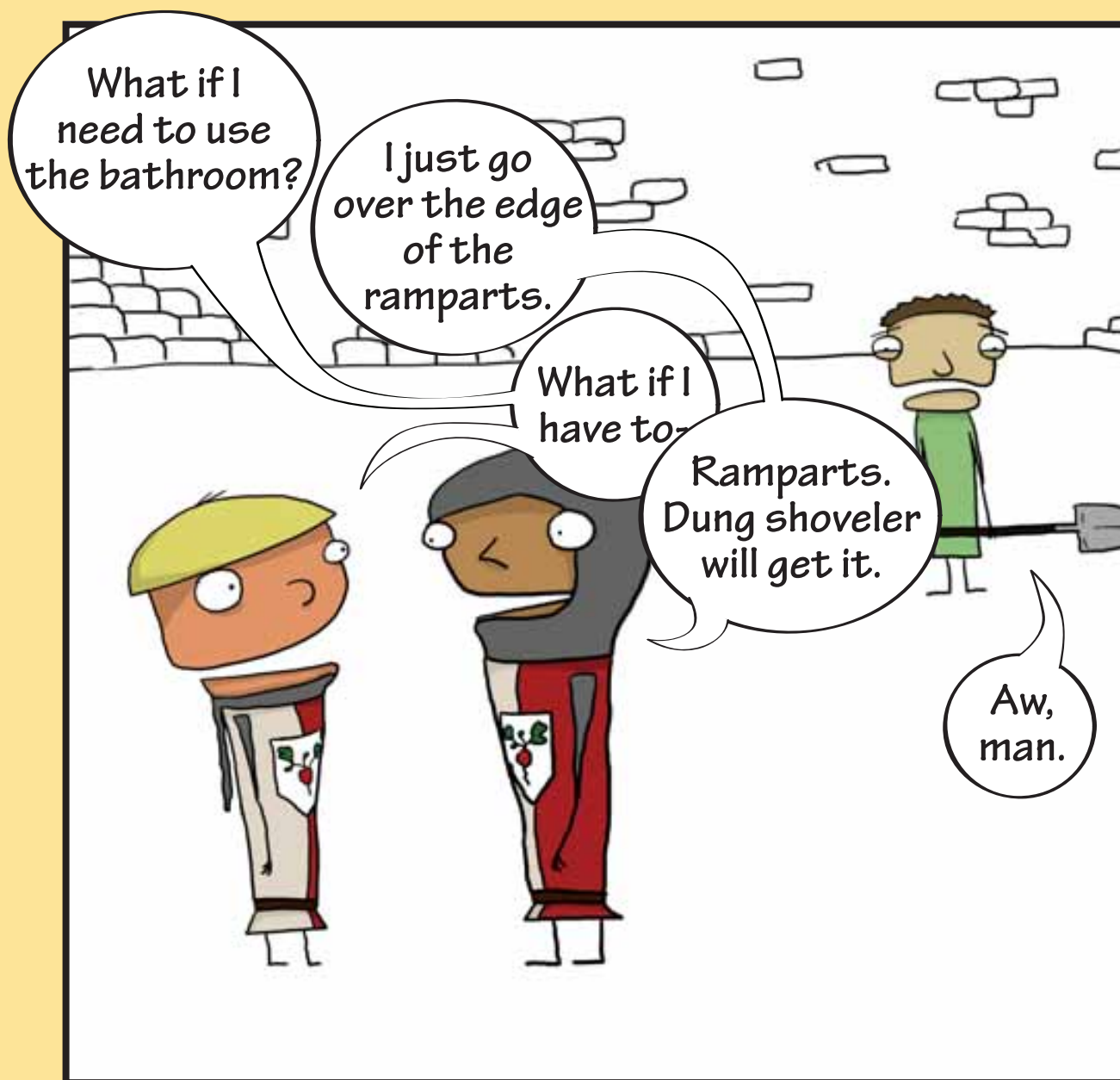


August 11th,

Today was my first day on duty. It's a lot more complicated than farming...



...The lack of a training program
certainly didn't help matters...

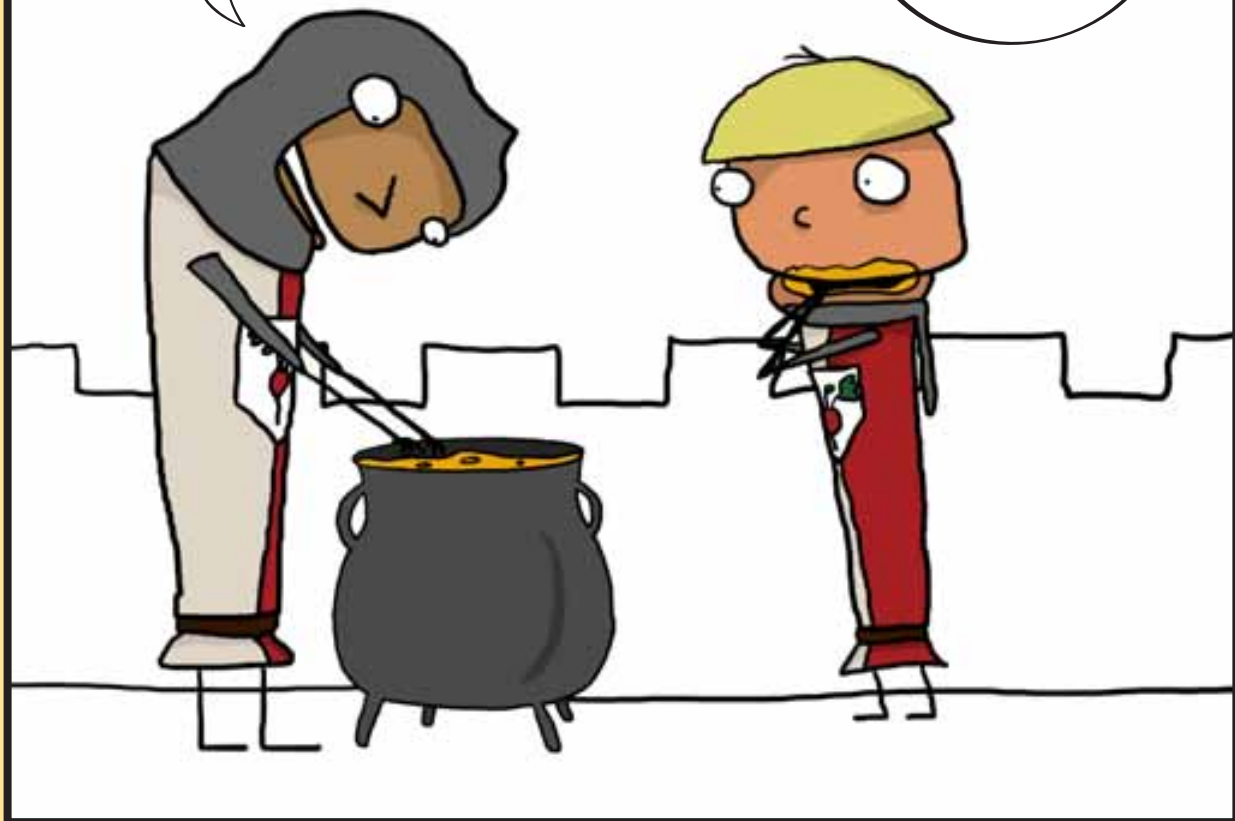


...I was unfamiliar with how to properly use most of the equipment...

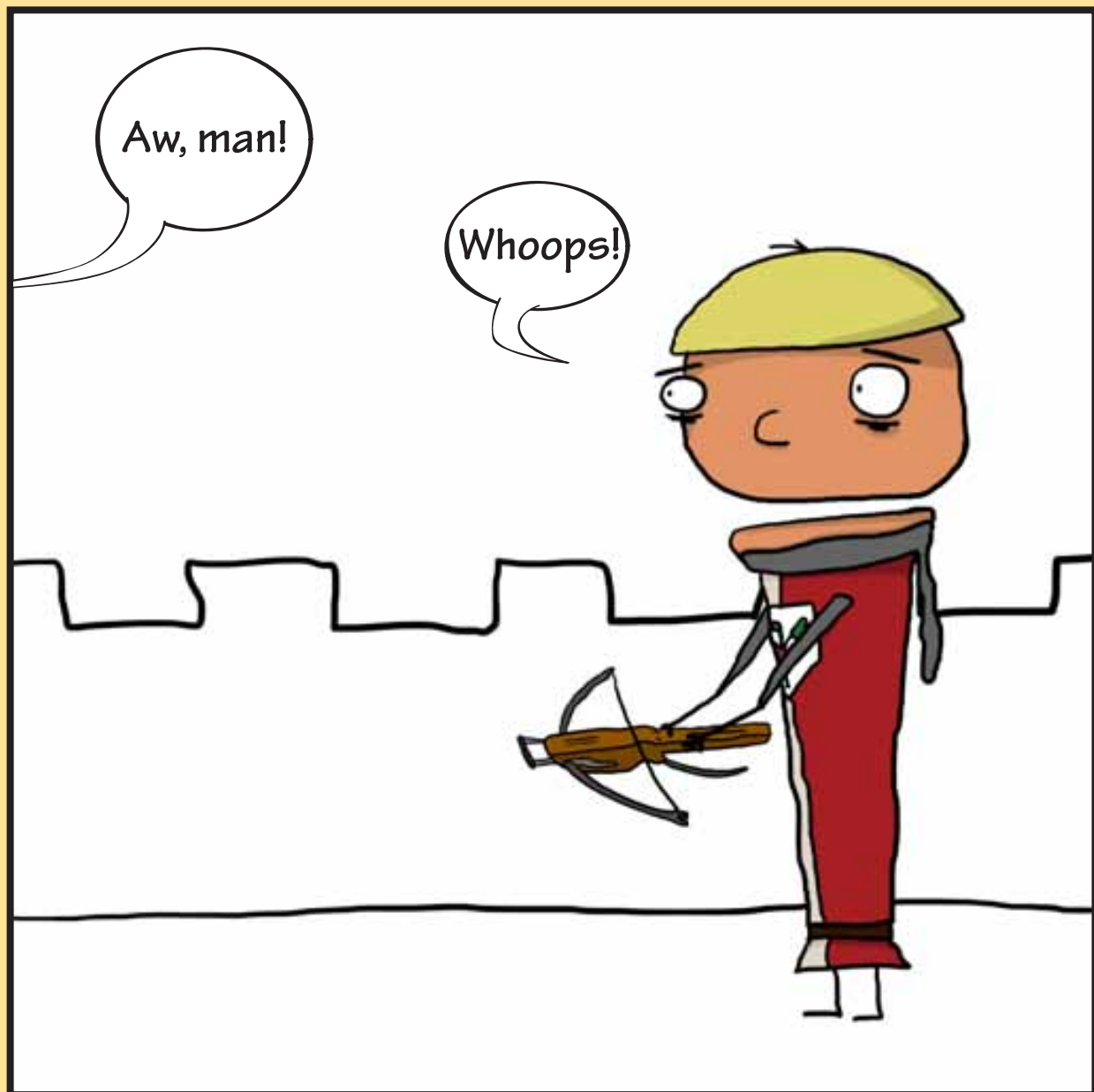
Soldier!
Explain why your
boiling pitch is so
pleasantly
aromatic and...

...orange?

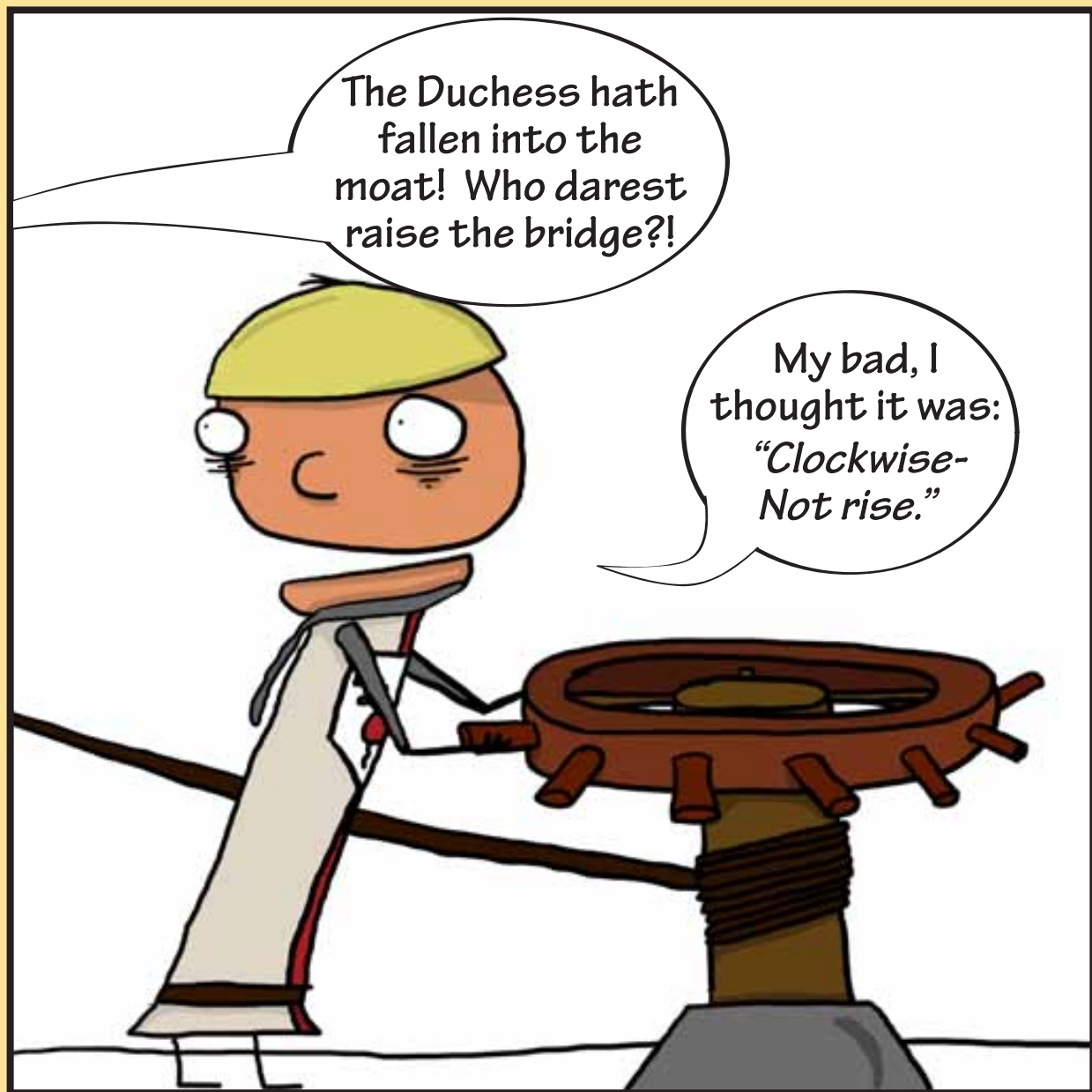
You mean
this isn't a
fondue pot?



...I learned the hard way never to gambol about with a loaded crossbow. Well actually, the dung shoveler learned the hard way...

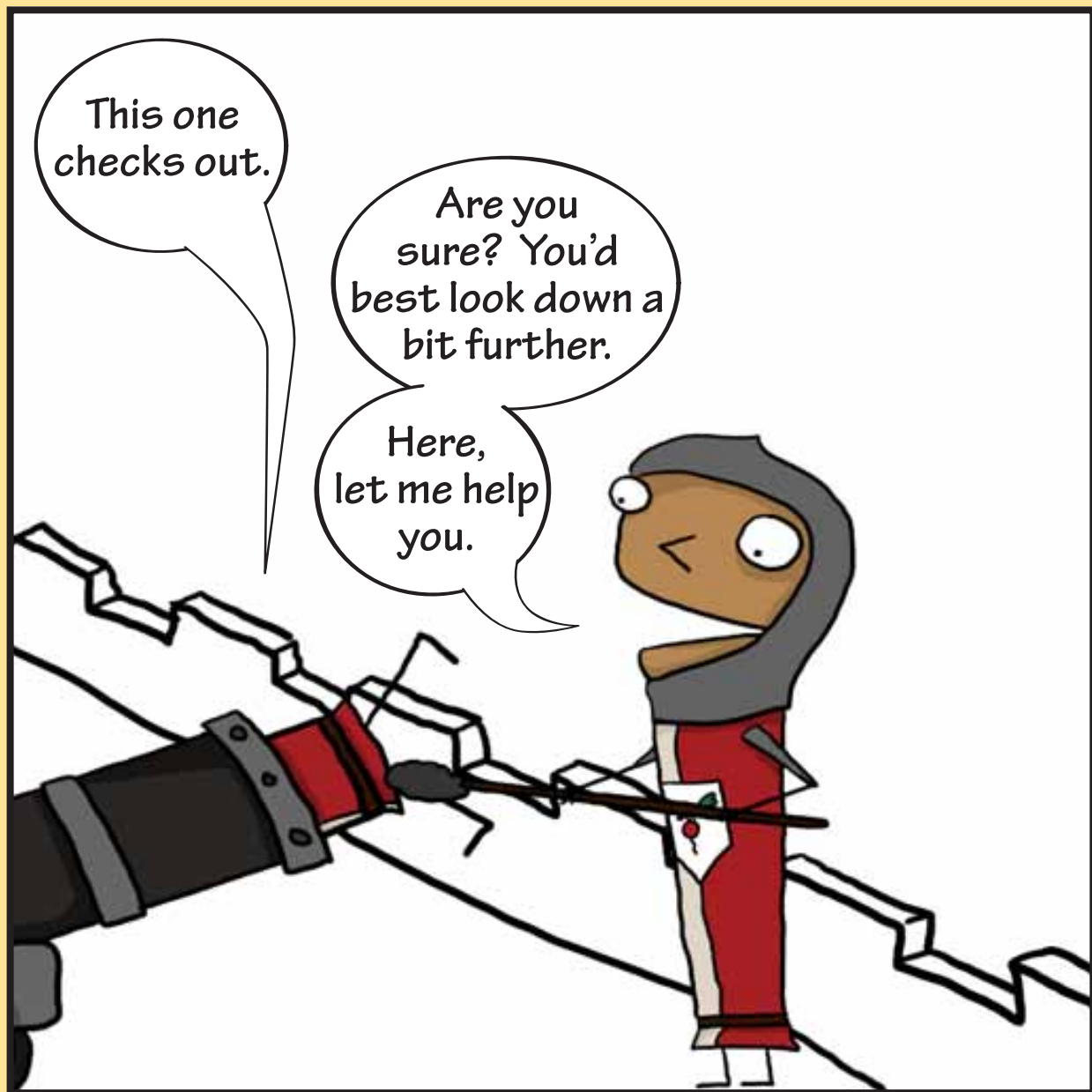


...And I could never remember how to work the drawbridge.



August 15th,

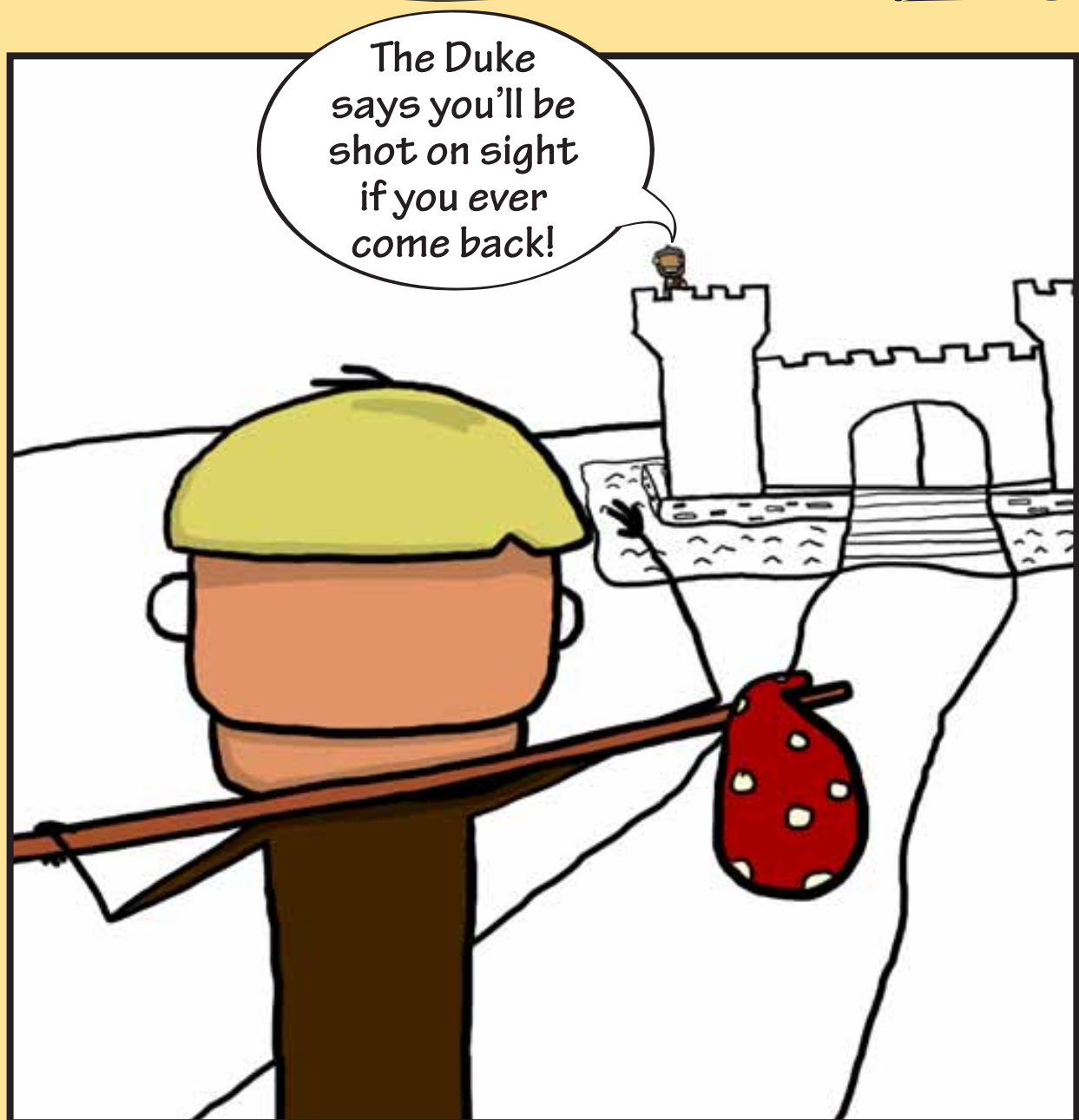
I must have done something right
though, because I was quickly
promoted to armory inspector.



...Due to an unfortunate accident, I
was violently jettisoned from the castle
walls...



...I decided the life of a castle guard was too dangerous for my tastes and planned to pursue a career as a vagrant troubadour instead. My departure was met with fond farewells.



August 16th,
Tomorrow begins my life on the road,
which is sure to be full of exciting
new adventures.

