

It's quite lonely out here, truth be told. I miss the city sounds. Oh, and Jens' homebrewed honeybeer. Man I miss that. Should I have stayed? Should I just have accepted the ways of our Lifebringer? As benevolent and forgiving as he is.

No, I'm fooling myself. I need answers. I need to know more. Those runes? What do they mean? Is it a warning? Or a spell? They don't appear to be magical at all. Just....ink on a piece of parchment stuck in a vase. Yet, there's something peculiar about them. Something....wrong?...right? I don't know. But I need to know more. So now I'm here. Cause the merchant said he found the vase travelling past Kor'Ech's End. Why though? Why would anyone go by these forsaken woods? So many questions. Questions the priests really don't want me to answer. Which makes no sense. Why? Why though? Surely the Lifebringer would be eager to know more about his past people? Questions. I need answers.

And I need to decipher these. I have work to do.



I found one! I did! I knew the spell would work eventually. And I was right. There's a civilisation beneath ours! Or...there's one house at least, for sure. Cause I am, very carefully, standing on the decaying roof of one such building, as I write this. But one means there's bound to be more. There must be. All my research tells me we can't be the first here. I have to go down. I have to see. My spells will come handy here. Hahahahah 'handy'! I'm such a joker.

The houses are old. So incredibly old. Almost everything I touch crumbles or breaks. I have no sense of how much time has passed, since people were living here. But there's roots from the trees above, growing down through the roofs. And the trees a huge. A lot of time has passed. It must have.

I've only uncovered 3 houses so far. The digging is so taxing on my back. Even with the aid of my spells. It hurts everywhere. But I can't stop now. So many unanswered questions. Who lived here? When did they live here? And...and where did they all go? There's plates on the table, a chair has been knocked over. But there's no remains. No bones. Nothing. It's like they just...left. Why?

I'm not alone out here. And I don't mean the Quaogg's. I've been throwing them pieces of meat and that makes most of them leave me alone. The aggressive ones I can scare away easily with a simple light spell directed at their eyes. Odd though. That they should leave the peaceful underdark and roam this place.

But no, it's not the Quaogg's. Something...or someone...is stalking me. I'm sure. I get glimpses every now and then. But all I ever really see is a fleeting shadow of something hiding in the dead trees. I think it's been in "my" house once. I must have left the door ajar. There were mud on the floor that I sure didn't leave there. But why? What is it looking for? Could it be the original tenant? But the house had been abandoned for years, surely, when I came across it.