

The Notebook

- The writings are dated from 246 to 713 2E. The writing is very elegant and the press of the ink was soft.
- A fair amount of the earlier text is faded. But a skilled historian may know how to restore them, or what parts can be restored.
- The writing begins in Celestial; it makes lots of jokes in Celestial that don't really have a direct translation, including making fun of itself as a dead language. A lot of the things you can piece out in the earliest part of the book are FAR beyond your station. They involve runic formulas, self-debates about the merits of building planar traps,
- As the writing progresses, there is a noticeable shift...in the last 1/6 th of the book. The handwriting suddenly begins to get worse and worse. Until it's only printing, more and more infantile, and then just long scratch marks with an ink pen and dots. It switches from Celestial to Common to Gnomish by the end. The spelling gets worse and worse. Entire sentences remained unfinished, as if the author just...forgot that they were writing at all.

In Celestial

275 2E

Ukahr the 23rd

This now foreign land I have no wish to feel hold me up to the dreary sky. I wish for a new chance, a feeling, something I thought to be entitled at my earliest beginnings, yet was quickly strangled from me. Let my own hand guide myself to be that which hates my former masters.

Efe, 7th

So cold is this day I find myself journeying through. Touched by the sun, with the chill of the air draining its warmth before it settles on the fabric of my flesh. To think I have freedom, to be weightless as burden dissipates in time through life. The shadows pass away as night blesses their appearance.

310 2E

Ukahr, 28th

Perhaps giving out my home address was a bit of an ill-advised idea. I do need a base from which to set up my chamber; sooner rather than later. I'm not sure, but I think that nice man at the herbalist's shop was putting the moves on me.

Klater, 15th

The Barbarian yelled at me for casting fireball again. After ruining her favorite hairstyle & fur pelt cloak. She was trying to think of a way to market selling the remains of her slaughtered foes; poor thing, I think she may have hurt herself thinking so hard with all 4 or her brain cells. After the 4th day I said "Orc Rinds" and I swear her head almost exploded.

---- A large section has been torn out----

567 2E

Kopecus the 1st

Thra'maluil is a fucking idiot. Boo hoo I love her daddy boo hoo hoo. Put up or shut up knife ears.

589 2E

Trye, the 3rd

She wanders through the halls, is most quiet as well. When few words she does say though, her voice is soft but firm. She speaks like that of a noble who has wisdom and patience. Like an angel's chorus, her words, they touch my essence. Her eyes are piercing and green. I never thought myself much of a poet. Fuck you, me.

li the 14th

Distant as ever, I was told, by him who I hold in high regards as my daily affairs keeper, of her nights. She had been venturing away, to a place just outside the castle walls. She has been gone for large parts of the night. This pulls at the strings of my heart. Is this of keeping to her own rituals of meditation? For what does one venture out for at night? I will request upon my servant to find me in the latest evenings, when the darkness has settled and good has retracted to rest with the sun, and to wake me.

Dywe 20th; Deepwinter Solstice

The King has laid claim to a frozen coronet, pulled from the heart of the Godvale; he has charged me with unlocking its secrets. A wise decision. It radiates something I've...never crossed before. Maybe 1000 years ago, but old-old me was too much of an idiot to keep detailed records; but you know what they've said, since the dawn of time: Third times the charm.

590 2E

Efe the 15th

She stopped coming around my study. Good. She rattled the walls with her incessant noise. And she warned me not to go there, but she doesn't see the bigger picture here. The court is losing their patience, and have implied that I may have...outgrown my use. The crown was seen as a symbol of power and nobility, but little has been spoken of it since it's discovery; it makes the people talk. Whisper of flaccid promises. It came from the Vale, the Vale will have answers. Forbidden or not. No one has the right to refuse the third hand of the King. Even the King's royal bitch.

Efe the 27th

She warned me not to go. It is a sacred place. I know of it's magics; I know the font from which its water flows. Who was she to give me warnings; and besides, what choice do I have. I don't know how to do it. But I do have a plan. There is no such thing as gods; any highly advanced magic will be seen as a miracle in the eyes of peasants. It demands a toll, and stories always mark those that give their wealth, treasured artifacts, their songs, their powers; I've a notion that I shall give the tree my shadow. And I've another notion that it will be so tickled with my suggestion, that it will accept.

Trye

Too much has happened to mark; another day I shall dictate with a quill. I was right. Of course I was right. And Shadowless I remain. A voice called out to me as I made my offering, it's voice...I couldn't say in what language it spoke. It told me to steal a dream from the Queen of the Winter Court. So I did, in my own way. Soriav was naive enough, and bright enough in her mother's eyes; so I took her heart. She fell into a dreamless sleep. She'll never awaken. As I shifted out of those damnedable wild's I heard the Queen's shrieks on the wind, curling like a noose around my neck. But everything went according to plan. When I returned through the Vale my hands were filled with small crystals, that I later realized were tears. They were exactly what I needed and- also don't forget the words 'fairy blender'; because if I don't write that part of the story down I will hate myself.

li the 12th

I've felt...strange. Since returning. My work with the coronet has been a complete success; runes were always a specialty of mine. I feel like I'm learning and unlocking the secrets of the arcane at a rate unthinkable to where I was a month ago. It feels though like people aren't...appreciating me? I'm not sure. It feels like...people are surprised I'm there in the middle of a conversation, even if I haven't moved. "Don't sneak up on me like that!" and all that nonsense. It feels like the whole world has grown colder; I heard a group of students discussing the coronet a day or so ago, and how amazing it's design was...and they didn't so much as allude to me. Or who was responsible. It's unseemly. They have no idea how much I do for them.

591 2E

Now it's the animals. I don't understand it. So much as a dog walks by and I hear it growling at me before I even see it.

Doesn't matter. (This is underlined several times)

It's not a curse. If it were a curse, I would know. And I'd be able to fix it. It's all of them now. It's like I don't exist at all. I'm not dead; I can touch everyone, if I physically push someone they yell at me; I've tried several experiments. But even lighting a table on fire, I get screams and jeers, but the second they turn around it's...who started that fire? That's an idiotic example. It's...it has to be related to the Vale. What else could it be. The Queen wears the crown I fitted for her, with MY protections, and...asks me my name. Each time she sees me. I've asked people about my name. They say they have no memory of that person.

- There are several blank pages. A distinctively different ink is used in the next readable entry.

627 2E

Poetic. I've found you again old friend. I have to go back. I keep trying to do it without hurting anyone. But it's guarded. And no one knows who I am. Do I know who I am? I have to push through. I tried different people. Travelers. Cities. And it's all the same. I don't know what's going to happen when I go back to the Vale. I don't care. Whatever it is has to be better than this.

In Common-----

I don't know what day it is. Doesn't matter. (This is underlined several times)

It agreed to give back my shadow. It happened so fast I can scarcely recall. But it said something to the effect of... "to be remembered...such a linear desire."; and it was over. I had my shadow. Everything felt...warmer. For a moment. I don't know how long I was there. I don't know how much time has passed. When I returned to the city people began to greet me as an old friend, the court, the scholars, everyone...but I just felt a little foggy. Like I needed to lay down. As I greeted friends they cheerily asked me about my latest project, what I was going to do about the more ravenous Yeti's along the trails, they'd suddenly gotten out of hand so much more quickly than they could remember; as I opened my mouth to speak...I couldn't remember what it was. The God Vale enacts a price, and I'll likely be exhausted like this for some time; I should relax. As I wandered the streets with my bag in hand, I suddenly realized...I didn't know where I was going. I looked down and...my bag was gone. Did I ever have a bag with me when I went to...where was I going? The world felt slightly hazy; Constance Deerwold helped me home; she told me that was her name at least. She seemed troubled by my behaviour. And the place she took me certainly SEEMS like my home. I mean the doorway is small. That makes sense.

In Gnomish-----

630 2E? That can't be right. 635?

Pyahm

My dreams are growing more vivid each night. A part of me is afraid to close my eyes at all; another part is excited. The waking world seems...complicated. Strangers keep knocking at my door, asking me to help with things, things I have no stake in. A dragon approaches! Okay? What am I possibly supposed to do with that. A bit of ale to taste the courage of men, perhaps it will soothe my throat, and, in turn, my mind can be free to rest.

652

I'm back. I don't know for how long. I don't know what happened. I feel as though I have traded the intimate secrets of my mind and ego alike, and gave up to the owner of virtue. At the neck of the Bodr mountains is a deeply entrenched leyline; no doubt amplified by the very presence of that corpse. I don't know how long this will last. I'm spiriting there now. This city can rot. I can't sleep. I have to finish. I can Amber Vault what I need. I'm writing this in case I lose these thoughts on the way. I don't have time.

I've set everything up. It's done.

(different coloured ink)

This feels like a trick. It's been weeks. I've brought the things I think are important. I don't hunger. I don't dare sleep. If I sleep I will dream. If I dream, I may wake up and find this was all a part of that dream. Nightmare. Whatever. Whatever this is.

(Several torn out pages interspersed with drawings of things from around the room, rapidly going from detailed styles to rudimentary and repetitive)

715

Reading back through this book, makes it sound like I went somewhere, a place called the God Vale. It sounds like Nythm Thalass was nice, but I don't think I stayed that long. I'm not completely sure where...here is, though. I think someone is playing a trick on me, but I can't think of who. I get a lot of headaches. There are lots of books here but they're very fancy and magic, I don't think I can really make sense of them.

739

There was a second this morning my head felt all clear. But for some reason it made me feel real real sad. I don't know why. Not sad. I don't know what's worse than sad. But I think it means I'm not supposed to be here. It's scary. But I don't know how to leave.

(more pictures)

(Very faded compared to the last entry)

I think I'm supposed to write numbers but I'm not sure which ones. But I remembered I'm not supposed to be here. I don't think so. I don't think I belong here. I don't know what's going to happen. I don't care. Whatever it is has to be better than this.