

PERSONAL JOURNAL OF DESPOINA TREBANIS

Da'leysen, 12 Fessuran 835

Kyri and I were exploring the ruins of Molaesmyr today, and I continued my studies on the Dunamis crystal while he searched for relics to sell. I have recorded my findings in my technical journal, but I am optimistic that this venture was fruitful.

Kyri did find a relic, although it was not from the ruins. He discovered a caravan, crushed by the forces of corruption, bearing the colors of the Utolotts. One's loss is another's gain.

I am not certain what the relic is yet, but I will continue studying.

Miresen, 13 Fessuran 835

Catha has receded into the void of night. The sky has taken on an oppressive weight.

I have struggled to focus on my studies.

Perhaps tomorrow.

I have conferred with Sarylis. She recognized the artifact the moment I described it. It is a holy object in Xhorhas, a relic of the Luxon - a Beacon, as she calls it.

They are rare, so she does not know its particular purpose, but apparently it is important culturally for Xhorhas. I will return it to them once I am finished studying it.

It is mesmerizing - I feel I have lost days already staring into its starry surface.

I have been studying with little progress for a week. It is becoming difficult to find new places to look.

Kyri found a ship being sold by some businessmen from the Menagerie Coast. *The Bourdelias*.

We are planning to purchase it and leave Shadycreek Run. I have arranged the deal and begun sending the payments.

I had a great day with Ophelia at her family's orchard. I am confused by our relationship. I intend to broach the subject with her at some point. I just need to figure out how to do that.

Meanwhile, while I was discussing my findings with her and she pretended to listen, I chanced upon a fascinating theory I am currently examining regarding the nature of these "Beacons". I suspect they may not be relics at all.

Ruidus is growing. I can feel its influence pressing on me like a blanket of steel. I am resisting the terrors for now. I have more important things to focus on.

Yulisen, 25 Fessuran 835

The Beacons are fragments of the Luxon themselves. I am sure of it. I posited this theory to Sarylis and she suspects I am correct as well.

The Beacon clearly contains magical energy consistent with that of a mortal soul, but it is twisted, brilliant, and incredibly, incredibly powerful. Were I not skilled in the weaving of magic, I would surely have been pulled into their embrace.

And what an embrace it is.

Whoever this Luxon is, I believe we may have more in common with them than we do with the gods who created us.

Conthsen, 1 Quen'pillar 835

I have achieved a significant breakthrough in my study of the Luxon. There is a definite magical link between the Beacons and the Dunamis crystals of Molaesmyr.

I am still investigating this connection, but having come into possession of a Beacon, I expect the progress to continue at an accelerated rate.

Folsen, 2 Quen'pillar 835

My terrors have returned as the moons lie heavy overhead.

Folsen, 9 Quen'pillar 835

Catha has waned, but Ruidus remains keen overhead.

A cat stalking its prey.

Or, perhaps, a mouse observing its hunter.

Only time will tell.

Grissen, 13 Quen'pillar 835

The Hazel Festival has passed. Ophelia seemed
to respect my gift, though I am not sure she
interpreted it as intended.

The magics are bizarre today, as with all equinoxes. Today, I will attempt to wrangle in this twisted mass of magical threads, and divine some meaning from them.

The Beacon is reacting much stronger to my prodding than it normally does. If I had a larger Dunamis crystal present, I suspect it may as well, but my small fragment seems unbothered.

My notes will have to suffice.

I have made outstanding progress. The equinox proved beautifully conducive to my research. From the Beacon I have extracted a working (albeit raw) knowledge of Dunamis. I have discovered and replicated a series of spells which allow me to manipulate weight force and the very passage of time, to a limited degree. Strangely, these concepts seem to be connected.

I, with my limited understanding, have untangled the threads of time and plucked from them a moment when my mirror was not broken. I have thrown a flask and suspended it - an object simultaneously of no weight and of seemingly infinite weight.

A chill runs up my spine at a thought of what was possible if Aeor was able to confidently wield this power. It's easy to see how they could think they could win a war against the gods, foolish as it may be in hindsight.

I have formalized and generalized my findings thus far. I have sent a request for publication to the Soltryce Academy in REXXENTRUM.

I did not include the means by which I came about this knowledge, but the spells I have discovered seem to be harmless, so I do not fear publicizing them.

Whelsen, 1 Cuersaar 835

I have just received a response from the Academy.

Apparently, the Cerberus Assembly has taken notice of my findings, and wants to meet with me.

I am uneasy meeting with a party that maintains such a closed-door approach to magic.

A vestige of the Calamity, in my opinion. An imagined authority over magic - a toxic residue remaining from an era when that was true.

It is no longer, and I will not aid those who wish to oversee its return. If mortals regain this, it will not be because a secluded group of politicians decreed it. It will be a resounding victory, or apocalyptic inferno, for the people.

Yulisen, 4 Cuersaar 835

Kyri just discovered that our final payment for *The Bourdelias* was intercepted. Fucking Tatia. The only thing more annoying than her love for this city is her hatred for Kyri and me.

I could wave the fact that I know who her mother was over her head, but I would prefer to let them meet, so she can learn that her mother isn't dead, she would just rather be than be forced to claim Tatia as her daughter.

Kyri found some unfortunate souls that seem to be competent fighters to represent us in a tournament he's betting on. This idea is not good, but it may be our only chance. Darko has cut off our money, and Tatia is overstepping. We need to leave soon.

I have been thinking about the offer from the Assembly. It continues to gnaw at me like a miserable hunger. I would be entirely betraying my principles, but the resources they could provide would set me forward years in my studies.

Ugh.

Second entry today. It is late at night.

I have made another breakthrough. This one is even more important than the last. Indeed, this may be the single most important discovery in the pursuit of magic since the Divergence.

There exists a beautiful thread between the schools of magic, something incredible and terrifying that I have never encountered.

More research is needed, but I suspect this may enable far more creativity in the creation of spells, and, if my suspicion is correct, allow our clerics and healers to cast their divine spells as a wizard would, subverting entirely the need for the gods to intervene in our world.

I am concerned, however, that I may be detecting the very fabric of the Divine Gate. Exploiting the Divine Gate could yield disastrous consequences. Consequences mortals are not prepared to survive.

I will examine more tomorrow morning.

Kyri tells me the fighters were victorious. Perhaps it was not such a bad idea after all.