

#1

Having just arrived back at the North Ward lab, I write this entry brimming with both hope and anxiety. The Doctor has left to study formally at University in Jerusalem and plans to return in 3 years time but until then I am gifted with the responsibility of Krowka's chief physician. As the white sails of the Imperator disappeared behind the horizon of the sea, I felt a calm wash over me. Though I lack formal training, I know these people as though they were family. From royal to rake. Priest to Pauper. I shall look after them all.

#2

I am thankful that the Doctor and I established the system of clinics in such a network as we did. It would be far too much to ask of some to make the journey from their homes across the city. Each ward clinic helps to offer each population a familiar and functional point of health for whatever ails them. I've made a point to allow traveling doctors the opportunity to rest a spell at these clinics in exchange for treatments. Of course they grow sour at the deal to treat patients for free in exchange for lodging but I care not. The Inn is down by the wharf.

#3

After years of working with the Doctor, I cannot understand them. "A doctor's job is to cure, not to care!" These people seek cure, yes, but what they truly seek is compassion. The knowledge that no matter what miasmic cloud descends upon their home, the hope of a brighter tomorrow is ours to give to them. Maybe this journey for the Doctor will provide both knowledge and wisdom.

#4

We lost little Olek today.

#5

This is the 7th case this week. Exceptional fever, extreme aggression, loss of speech and upper level functions like reasoning and compassion. It is far too difficult to obtain a patient for observation, let alone testing or trying to administer a cure.

#6

A ship was torched and sunk today in the harbor. I could see it from the clinic loft just up from the wharf. The supple, white linen sails bellowed clouds of black smoke as if from the belly of hell itself. At first I assumed a careless deckhand had too much to drink or a temperamental ass kicked a lantern but it later came to my knowledge that the bilge was full of the infirm, many of which displayed the same symptoms as I had beheld in the city.

#7

As word spreads, fewer and fewer physicians lodge at the clinics now. I find it harder and harder to treat everyone and their needs are greater than ever. I fear that I may lose the ability to operate all four of our clinics. At night I can often hear the most infirm fighting to escape quarantine in their homes below. Many people have died and, worse, been killed.

#8

I write this as my first entry in nearly 2 years. The city has descended into chaos. It has become far too dangerous to navigate the streets and plazas so I have been forced to traverse the rooftops like a rat sneaking into a larder. Ah the rats. Worse everyday. I spend my days cataloging the dead rather than saving the living. Anyone still in their homes have since starved out or resorted to cannibalism. I would be no more than supper were I to come knocking. All the other clinic lofts have fallen and I find myself backed into a corner. The Doctor's main loft in the city center is all that remains. I took what I could but so much was forgotten in the exodus.

#9

I seem to have found something. As I spent my days trapped indoors and searching our records, it seems as though the Doctor knew of this disease and its potential destructiveness well before and set to work on an elixir of some type. A cure. In the notes, the Doctor describes an odd alchemical process for distilling a medicine that can work to reverse the necrotic process that takes place in the infected. So many lives could be spared. If only I hadn't lost my effects in my escape, but alas it is too dangerous to retrieve them now.

#10

Another year of failures. Without my formulas and equipment, I have been unable to render more than a few transient drops of the elixir. With such a small amount, I must save it for only the most drastic and dire of circumstances. If it is even worth it.

#11

I saw the white sails on the horizon just a moment ago. The Emperor has returned! But do they know what awaits them in this damned city of decay. What kind of death stalks around every alley and facade. What's that? Smoke? Good God the ship! The Doctor! I must hurry.....