

*(The whole entry is written in Sylvan, but even to untrained eyes, its obvious that the elegant handwriting gets rougher and more stressed and rushed as the writing goes on. A few round stains are left in various places from where tears fell onto the page.)*

When I laid the last stones on Johran's grave, I felt numb and empty. I'm not sure Hawthorne really got what had happened: not yet, at least. When I pull back my bowstring and feel the stiffness in my shoulder, and when I see the warm glow of magic light up Johran's mask, I remember him. I'm reminded of all the time we spent together, and I'm reminded of how I let him down. How I let him die. Every day I remember. I hope the new scars I've earned from Zaeurl won't remind me of Hawthorne in the same way, but I don't know if I can bring him back this time. I think he might be gone for good.

I didn't deserve him anyway. I should have known I'd let him down, just like everyone else. Clawed-Hand died because of me. Anemone was captured because of me. I helped cut the golem's binds: the dead of House Tharashk are my fault too. I should have known not to fire that shot, but I couldn't let another one of my friends be taken from me without a proper fight. I should have known Hawthorne would pay the price. I should have waited for the smart people to come up with a plan, I could have tracked her and we could have found Leonus, or just gone with her, but I had to step in, and look where it got us. Wo'uuf and Bo'uuf, and the other gnolls? All dead, and who knows how many countless others were left killed or injured by the Dark Pack, or by the golem, or d'Cannith? All because of us. Because of me. I angered the Canniths, I wanted to board their ship, I freed the golem, and I wanted to go to the ruined tower. Everything awful that's happened had something to do with me.

Deep down, I always worried Gideon was right, and now I know it: Alariel must have made some mistake. I won a pit fight today; we killed some kind of vine monster in the swamps, and nothing else. There never were any dragons or giants, or feats of daring bravery, or mountains of gold; lying has got me nowhere but here. And right now, here's the last place I want to be. The Daughters! Fey! Powerful fey! And what do they see before them? A pitiful wreck, lost and broken. Sora Katra told us that they had all been watching, which means they've seen all the destruction I've brought and all the recent failures I've endured. There have been many. I wonder if they felt what I feel through the eye: the sorrow and shame I try so hard to hide from the others. What's the point, now? Everyone can see, even if they won't admit it.

Valon Woodsrow should have died on that battlefield, and Johran Clawed-Hand should have been here instead, because at least he would have had a chance of entering legend. Now, because of my failure, his name will lay forever in the dirt. We can take Katra's favour, we can go back to Sharn and study the dragonshards, and keep pushing forward, but no glory could ever lie in my future.

*(At the bottom of the page is a fairly well-drawn sketch of a halfling, grinning, alongside Hawthorne. He has a thick beard and messy hair, and is obviously scarred; he wears little armour and has vicious-looking blades strapped over his hands like claws. Written next to the sketch are the words, "I'm sorry".)*