

We travelled into the far reaches of Fara Wisteria.

We camped in a dismal little clearing, not far south of the border.

The forest crackles around me as I write this, the creatures move silently in the darkness. I can see their eyes glow.

The energy around the fire is tense- my eyes search the darkness beyond where the campfire's light falls. I am determined to make the best of this trip.

We are just beyond the Velds. Not far off, really. I can sense the magic here... it's terrifying. The power of it has already claimed too many magic-users. Somehow, this little crew will be the ones to stop it.

There's four of them- plus me, that makes five, and, well... I don't see all of us coming out of this alive. For now, my... King...

Farewell.