*Journal Entry, Vult 4th, 995 YK, Hurgela d’Doldarun*

"Some time ago, I witnessed something rather peculiar. As I was filling out the traditional paperwork, a cluster of men in dark robes entered the department, flanked by two warforged. I thought nothing of it initially, just confidential customers. However, each day following, the same individuals would re-enter through the front door of the department, each time accompanied by several more people wearing ragged and utterly drenched cloths ... Even more strange, they seemed to never leave the vaults..."

*Compromised Correspondence, Kundarak, 8296-C7, Vult 7th, 993 YK*

Most revered and faithful Baron Jorash Mror'anon, May Dodorn's blessing protect you, Confessor. I send for you in most urgent need. We have found something... terrible in the depths beneath the foundations of the vaults. The Chancellor assures us that it is only a setback, but I fear that his confidence is only a show for the younger officers. For all of my fears, I still cannot quite fathom what the thing is. It appears to be some sort of door or gateway, though to where, I cannot say. Something lurks in the mines. This much I know for certain. To leave such a breach in our defenses would be a terrible lapse in protocol, but I fear that Mroranon's pride is getting the better of him. It is for this reason that I write to you. Your blessings may be needed here, most honored and blessed one. May Dodorn make you strong always, my friend.

Colonel Reila Vann