

NO ONE COMES TO DYNNEGALL PRESUMING IT TO BE PLEASANT.

DESPITE THIS, I THOUGHT I COULD BRING SOMETHING TO THIS DARK PLACE. I WAS UNDER THE DELUSION MY MUSIC AND SKILL WITH THE BOW MIGHT MAKE A DIFFERENCE.

I WAS READY FOR CULTS, AND I WAS PREPARED FOR FLOODS AND COLD WINTERS.

I WAS NOT READY FOR THIS.

ANDRAS RETURNED FROM HIS WATCH TWO EVENINGS PAST. WE ALL ASSUMED HE HAD TURNED MAD. HE WAS RAVING ABOUT CADWALADR TURNING INTO A WEREWOLF, PERHAPS INFECTED FROM THE LAST BLACK BLOOD RAID WE FOUGHT OFF. ROLEN ESCAPED INTO THE UNKNOWN, BUT VADORIN AND FIOLED BOTH SUFFERED GRUESOME WOUNDS BEFORE THE THREE OF THEM MANAGED TO RETREAT.

ANDRAS INSISTED THAT ON THEIR RETURN TO THE OUTPOST, FIOLED BEGAN TO TRANSFORM INTO A LYCANTHROPE. BUT VADORIN; HE CLAIMED VADORIN SCREAMED AND WRITHED AS SHADOWS CONSUMED HIM, BEFORE SIMPLY VANISHING.

WE ALL THOUGHT HIM MAD.

I DO NOT WANT TO SEE WHEN I BEGIN TO SUCCUMB. THE GASH IS STILL SEEPING THROUGH MY SLEEVE.

I HAVE COVERED MY MIRROR, AND I WILL PLAY MY MELODIES FOR THE LENGTH OF MY REMAINING FUTURE.

IF YOU READ THIS, BE WARY. IF YOU ARE ALREADY HERE, YOU ARE ALREADY LOST.

I'M SORRY.