

## Journal of Bayar, High Priest of Vasho

*September 1st, 905*

*Forsyn's swords arrive at Bronzeport. We are asked to open all temples to them as they seek answers regarding The Fall. It's strange, but we are all still grieving, so I understand Darius' pursuits. They asked for all of our library's books, which took all day, but it's done. So now I start a new journal.*

*September 16th, 905*

*I've just sent a raven to Ahab's Isle. Darius arrived himself today and had asked me to summon the siblings so that they can make a plan to move forward. I fear DVusho will not come, his grief is crippling, last I heard. They also gave all the high priests a pill. It's made of mithral, and supposed to protect us from the undeath mystery. I think I will wait before taking it.*

*September 18th, 905*

*They hunted her, hundreds of them, soldiers, paladins, and clergy alike. They hunted sweet Klevo, daughter of my King, to this very doorstep. She could not get in, and I was too scared to open for her. Wynn was here too, and we cowered in our own pathetic terror as they shot the life out of her. They killed every witness they could find, and those who could flee, did so. Evil fully occupies this holy city now. Only evil, me, and Wynn.*

*September 19th, 905*

*Wynn and I waited for them to sleep, and dragged Klevo's body inside. I tried to heal her, but she was gone. At sunrise, they bashed the doors, but Vasho's wards held fast. We spent days getting her body to the crypt below. I pray now that she rests in peace. We heard many sounds in the crypts. Found the cursed dead walking. Wynn and I put as many "to rest" as we could, but those of religious authority seem to have become some higher, more intelligent version of the undead that terrify me. We locked those chambers and prayed for their souls.*

*September 24th, 905*

*Angus told me, just before the fall, that he'd found some secret communications about The Curse. I dare not send birds from the rookery. Vasho's faithful have either been hanged or converted, and I am glad they believe this sanctuary to be vacant.*

*October 2nd, 905*

*I've reverse-engineered much of Vasho's Consecration Ritual from what descriptions I've found in his writings. Something still is missing, and I continue to work at it.*

*October 14th, 905*

*10 days since last meal. Wynn fled, braving the occupying army. I know not if he survived. I checked the chambers of some of the other clergy. It seems that rank in the church correlates to what sort of abomination one becomes after death. I fear what a High Priest like me will become.*

*October 19th, 905*

*15 days since my last meal, Lake Wrillovash becomes frigid, and I hear whispers from it. My hunger steals my sanity, perhaps the godseed will arrive soon? Yes. Soon. Soon.*

*November 3rd, 905*

*30 days since last meal, 10 days since last drink. This will be my last entry. I dare not leave my body to the touch of undeath. Elder Pantheon, I beg that you receive me with grace, despite my cowardice.*

## The Ledger of Consecrations -

*This is a dusty tome under a great sigil in the inner sanctum of the Temple of Vasho.*

### HILL GIANT INVASIONS -

IT SEEMS OSCOS' GREATEST THREAT HAS ALWAYS BEEN FROM THE NORTH. EVEN BEFORE I HAD COME. AS WHAT WILL, I'M SURE, BE THE FIRST ENTRY IN THIS LEDGER, I'VE MET THESE GIANTS IN THE ELDER RANGE, AND I'VE CHALLENGED THEIR HEADING. THEY ARE VERY STRONG, AND I UNDERSTAND WHY MY BELOVED OSCONS FEAR THEM. EVEN GREATER THAN THEIR BRAWN IS THEIR ARROGANCE THOUGH. THERE IS AN *ORDNING*, OR CASTE SYSTEM, AMONG THEM. THE ELDER PANTHEON TELLS ME THAT THESE ARE ONLY THE BOTTOM, AND LEAST POWERFUL, OF THE *ORDNING*. I HAVE FOUGHT THEM BACK AND CONSECRATED THE PASS. IT'S QUITE NEAR THE *WODE*, HOWEVER, AND I FEAR THE CONSECRATION MAY NOT HOLD. THE CITY OF FORSYN NOW BUILDS GREAT WALLS TO OPPOSE THESE GREAT FOES. TO THIS CAUSE, I LEND MY TREASURES AND STRENGTH.

### MAGLUBIYET, FROM THE FAE WODE -

HUNDREDS OF GOBLINS, HOBGOBLINS, BUGBEARS, BAATEZU, BARGHESTs, AND YUGOLOTHS POURED FROM THE FAE WODE. MANY OF THE GREEN FELL BEFORE I COULD ARRIVE. WE KILLED ALL THAT WE COULD FIND, AND PRAYED THE RITUALS. THE CONSECRATIONS DO NOT HOLD THERE, SO ADDITIONAL GUARDS WERE RECRUITED FROM FORSYN AND BRONZEPORt TO PATROL. EVEN MY DRAGONBORN ARE NOW CALLED. THE WODE WILL FOREVER BE HIGH ON MY WATCH.

### THE WHISPERED ONE, CULT CIRCLES INSIDE FORSYN -

DARKNESS HAS TAKEN A GRASP IN A FEW MISGUIDED YOUTH IN FORSYN. THEY'D BEGUN RITUALS OF COMMUNICATION TO WHAT THE ELDER PANTHEON CALL *THE WHISPERED ONE* OR *THE LORD OF SECRETS*. MY

BRONZE PALADINS HAVE SCATTERED THEM WITH ME, AND I'VE LAID THE CONSECRATION. I KNOW NOT WHERE THEY DISCOVERED THESE DARK ARTS, BUT THESE ARE UNLIKE THE OSCONS I FIRST LOVED.

DEMOGORGON – OFF SHORE TO THE SOUTH –

SINCE THE GODS OF THE SEA NOW GUARD THE ETERNAL PRISON OF THE RED KING, THE SEA HAS BEEN WITHOUT RULE. OFF THE SOUTHERN COAST OF OSCOS, I FOUND THAT THE DARK PRINCE HAD HORRIBLY CORRUPTED MANY MERFOLK INTO "MERROW." I FEARED THEY'D BEEN ALLOWED TO COLONIZE OUR WATERWAYS, BUT THANKFULLY THEY MADE NO INLAND PROGRESS. DVUSHO AND I CLEARED AND CONSECRATED.

DRAGON OF WHITE, WOMB OF RED – SHE'D FLOWN IN FROM THE POLAR REGION, AND HAD GATHERED FORCES IN THE ELDER RANGE BEYOND MY WATCH. PRAISE THE ELDER PANTHEON FOR THEIR AID, FOR HER FROZEN RAGING WRATH CHALLENGED MY ABILITY TO ITS LIMIT. THE REGION IS CLEARED AND I'VE CONSECRATED IT NOW. FOR THE FIRST TIME, I'VE GLIMPSED MY OWN MORTALITY. IT IS TIME THAT I ESTABLISHED A PLAN OF CONTINGENCY IN THE CASE OF MY DEATH.

KURTULMAK, GOD OF KOBOLDS – CERTAINLY HE GAVE HIS AID TO THE WHITE DRAGON ON HER CONQUEST. THE ELDER PANTHEON SUGGESTS THAT IT IS TIME THAT I CREATE A RACE OF MY BLOOD TO INHABIT AND DEFEND THE RANGE. THEY HAVE NAME THEM DRAGONBORN.

LOLTH, FROM THE GREAT PIT – MINERS IN THE GREAT PIT DUG TOO DEEP AND FOUND THE UNDERDARK. WORSHIPPERS OF LOLTH, THE GODDESS OF SPIDERS, SPILT FORTH, CONQUERING THE ISLAND, AND MOUNTING FOR AN ATTACK ON THE MAINLAND. I HAVE CLEANSED THE ISLAND NORTHEAST OF FORSYN'S FINGER, AND SAVED THOSE I COULD. I'VE CLEANSED AND CONSECRATED 7 LEVELS BELOW THE EARTH. FURTHER

CONSECRATIONS WILL HAVE TO WAIT; I FLY TO THE AID OF FORSYN. MY STRONGEST SOLDIERS PERISH BY THE LEGIONS TO A RAID FROM THE NORTH.

PIRATES – MY SON AND DAUGHTER HAVE BEEN TASKED WITH WATCHING FOR PIRATES UNTIL THEY COME OF AGE. PIRATES IN RECENT YEARS HAVE BECOME MORE AND MORE PREVALENT. NOT A SUPERNATURAL FORCE, BUT ONE THAT CONSUMES OUR TIME AND ENERGIES NONETHELESS.

GREATER BEHEMOTHS, NORTH OF FORSYN – *\*\*WRITTEN BY HIGH COUNSELOR BAYAR, AS VASHO IS TOO MANY DAYS ABSENT\*\** – THE ORDNING SOUGHT TO CONQUER OSCOS, AND FORSYN STOOD IN ITS WAY. THOUSANDS OF PALADINS, CLERGY, AND COUNTRYMEN PERISHED IN DEFENSE BEFORE VASHO WAS ABLE TO JOIN THEM. AS OF THIS WRITING, I HAVE HEARD NOT FROM MY BRONZE KING, AND I FEAR FOR THE VERY WORST.