



No matter how hard I try to keep the notes in this chronicle entirely... objective, focused on the facts of what I have discovered during my journey, they often end up becoming more personal.

I miss you, father.




I have done everything I can to put both time and distance between me and Kaladon and the day you died. Or rather, the day you were executed at the hands of Akolouth. In the names of the gods.



See, I strive for accuracy in my accounts, just as you would insist.

The truth. Always the truth.



You instilled that burning desire in me, a curiosity without boundaries.

And that has brought me a long way, but part of me would gladly give it all up to have you back again.



For this has proved to be a lonely road.

I had hoped the reach of the clerics was limited to Kaladon and the surrounding regions, but their influence has spread like a pestilence across this entire realm.

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However, this world is bigger than them. Bigger than their lies.

I have seen it.

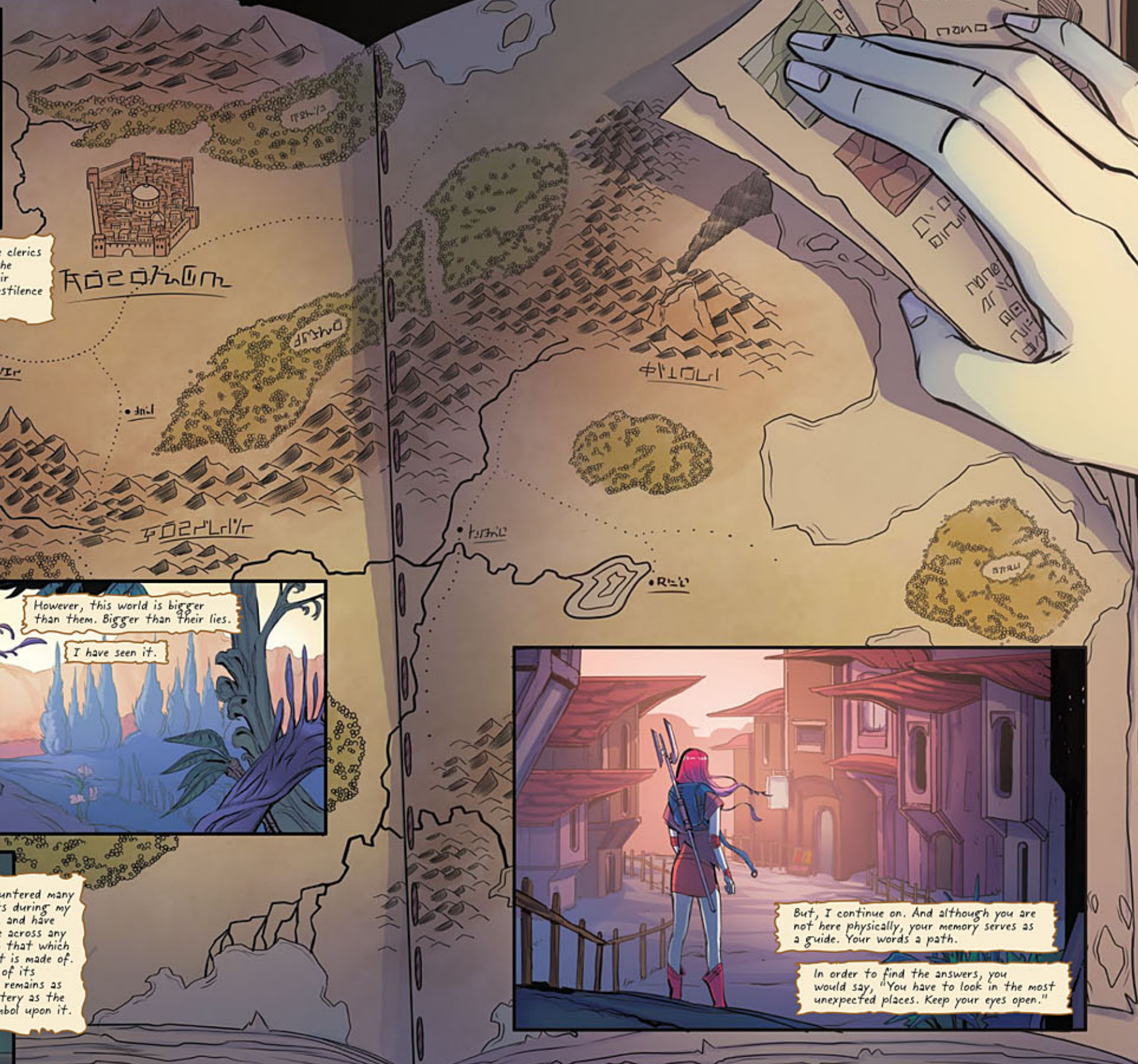


I have encountered many new elements during my exploration, and have yet to come across any that match that which the artifact is made of. The nature of its composition remains as much a mystery as the strange symbol upon it.



But, I continue on. And although you are not here physically, your memory serves as a guide. Your words a path.

In order to find the answers, you would say, "You have to look in the most unexpected places. Keep your eyes open."



"And your ears."

That is all I'm trying to say. Time has changed us.

We are not that different from this ale. The hogganths and bronis harvested from the fields is no longer in its original form. It has changed. Just as we have changed.

Pipe down, already.

No, no. I agree. Elgrove has changed. He is more ale than man at this point.

How do you Polks ever plan to get where you are going if you do not see where you have been?

HA HA HA HA HA!

HA HA HA HA HA!

What, you think the gods created our towns and cities out of thin air?

Placed us here like setting pieces on a game board? Nonsense.

There must have been a time we lived more primitively. We progressed. Evolved. We were cave dwellers I tell you. Animals.

I've seen the signs scratched upon the walls of history.