

*(From the journal of a young man named Muren, born from a Breton mother to a Bosmer father in Glenumbra. This journal dates to approximately 2E 730.)*

### **Morndas, Sun's Dawn 27**

Well, I've done it. I've left home. Mother and father shouldn't get too worried about me, I don't think. They trust me to handle myself, and besides, they've known my intentions for some time now. 22 years is plenty for a young man to start venturing off on his own.

I figured that because I'm starting a new life, it may be fitting to start a new journal. I've never really kept up with my old one much anyway. Hopefully that habit is one I learn to break, as it'd be nice to one day deliver this journal to my parents; let them know what their son's been up to. I wonder if the Wyrd would take issue with that? They do tend to be rather secretive.

### **Turdas, First Seed 4**

I've recently made way into the Daenia woods and made contact with the Beldama Wyresses. While they were cautious of me, I was surprised by how quickly they warmed up to my presence as they probed into my values and beliefs. This isn't at all what I expected; I had always heard that the Wyresses were distrusting of males and forbade them to enter their coven. I came into this thinking that I'd have to go above and beyond to prove my devotion, but, thankfully, they don't seem to harbor any prejudice toward me for my gender.

Perhaps I shouldn't jump to conclusions. I haven't been formally invited to join their Wyrd, after all. They may not ever intend to. I appreciate their hospitality nonetheless, though.

### **Loredas, First Seed 13**

I've made quite a few breakthroughs, and friends, since I first arrived at the Wyrd's encampment. I believe I've gained their sincere trust -- well, most of them -- and I've learned a lot. Namely, everything we thought we knew about the Wyrd being a female-only coven, is simply incorrect. I haven't met any of them, but the Wyresses tell me that Wyrdmen, as they're called, often choose to serve a very important, and rather private, role within the Wyrd.

They emphasized "*within* the Wyrd", looking amongst themselves knowingly, yet they chose not to elaborate. I didn't press the issue; I will learn more when, and if, the time comes. I'm just glad to learn that there is a place here for me after all.

### **Middas, Rain's Hand 7**

Oh my, it's been some time before I last updated this. I must be slipping into my old habits. So much has happened since I last recorded my thoughts, it's difficult to sort through it all. It doesn't matter, I suppose. What *does* matter is that the Wyresses have invited me to formally join them! That certainly reminded me to dust off these pages!

The Wyresses say they'll be taking me to visit the Wyrd Tree tomorrow to be formally inducted into the Wyrd, and to meet some of the other Wyrddmen. I've been told that it'll be quite the learning experience, and I honestly can't wait! I wouldn't be surprised if I didn't manage to sleep tonight.

### **Turdas, Rain's Hand 8**

It's the middle of the night as I write this. It might even be Fredas at this time for all I know. Anyway, the Wyresses were quite right, today *has* been quite the learning experience. One might not expect it of what outsiders (mis)understand to be an all-female coven, but it seems that the Wyrd actually has a vein of traditionalism within it.

From speaking to the Wyresses and Wyrddmen today, I've learned that periodically, "sacrifices" are made to the Wyrd Tree. I use quotation marks because this isn't a sacrifice of life, but a sacrifice of form. When I say that the Wyrd has its own kind of traditionalism, I mean to say that there are typicalities regarding which roles Wyrddmen and Wyresses choose to fulfill, and some degree of encouragement for those roles to be fulfilled along gendered lines. How to explain...

My mention of sacrifices is referring to a ritual in which a Wyrddman (or, occasionally, a Wyress who chooses this path for herself) gives himself to the Wyrd Tree, Jephre, who sings them out of their form and into his own. In the hours preceding this ritual, the Wyrddman (or Wyress) is offered sexual access to and by other members of the coven (typically, though not exclusively, of the opposite gender). This tradition is intended to not only conceive new Wyrd-children born from those who are about to join the Wyrd Tree, but also to prepare them spiritually for the transition through sexual magic and meditation upon love. Far from being a wholly erotic experience, it seems almost as structured and ritualistic as the joining itself. Not exactly detached, but certainly set to a higher purpose than base pleasures.

Because of this dynamic and the roles therein, there tends to be more male sacrifices than female, and more females within the Wyrd in general. The Wyresses typically choose to bear the next generation of Wyrd-children, taking on the role of caregivers and educators, whereas the Wyrddmen typically choose to join with Jephre, growing and deepening the roots, or Earth Bones, of the Wyrd Tree as they become them. The oldest and deepest of these roots become Guardians, form and purpose determined by their nature, and are highly revered.

While Wyrddmen typically choose to join with Jephre in the vigor of youth, this is ultimately a calling that nearly all of the Wyrd choose to answer. I witnessed a ritual today in which an

elderly Wyress posthumously joined with the Tree, and I was told that most of those in the Wyrd will do so eventually. And honestly, after witnessing the ritual myself... I understood that it was what I wanted -- *needed*, to do.

In light of these revelations, it saddens me to remember how grossly ignorant outsiders are -- / was -- to the beautiful inner workings of the Wyrd and the role of the Wyrdmen within it. I do hope I can pass these notes onto my parents one day. Perhaps that'll do at least something to set the record straight.