

*The following is what remains of a journal, found washed up on the shores of eastern Morrowind. The pages not included were too water damaged to be recovered.*

1<sup>st</sup> of Sun's Dusk, 2E 113

It would appear that my suspicions were correct. The island I found reference to in one of the more obscure tomes within my master's library appears to be rather well known to the locals of the area, apparently a source of great discomfort to them. According to the sailors I found nearly passed out drunk in the town's cornerclub, the location is shrouded in a nigh impenetrable mist, and strange sounds, too low and guttural to be the voices of any civilised being can be heard rhythmically echoing across the unusually still water, leading many (the sailors included) to believe the island to be cursed. Perhaps, finally, whatever is on that island will allow me to end this damned apprenticeship and take my rightful place as a Telvanni Magister. For now, I must tell no-one. This discovery, whatever it may be, will be mine alone.

7<sup>th</sup> of Sun's Dusk, 2E 113

We are approaching the island. The description by the townsfolk seems mostly accurate – for several days now the sky has been filled with a light mist, gradually becoming darker as I approach, and my summoned servants had to take up rowing my vessel when the wind died out last night. The sea is as flat and reflective as a mirror, and the now dense fog muffles much of the noise from my Dremora's rowing. Soon we will arrive. I think I shall check up on a few spells in the meantime. Can't be too careful...

10<sup>th</sup> of Sun's Dusk, 2E 113

It is my third day on the island. Following yesterday's analysis of the unusual geography of the atoll, I have decided to begin a search into the chasm at the centre of the land mass. My magical scans have indicated that there is a significant concentration of magicka surrounding the island – I can only hope that this crater provides a clue to the source and, hopefully, the end of my apprenticeship.

*I heard them tonight. Guttural howls, suppressed by the thick fog, barely audible over the crackling of my campfire. With the dampening of the fog I have no way of knowing from which direction they came.*

17<sup>th</sup> of Sun's Dusk, 2E 113

The tunnel system beneath the island is more extensive than I had previously thought. The crater of the island appears to sit directly above a great chamber within the cave system. I shall venture in tomorrow, after I rest.

As I head deeper, I have noticed a number of strange runic symbols and formations adorning the walls of the tunnels. Not any script I recognise – superficially similar to Daedric, perhaps a base language? But I'm sure I'll find further information the deeper into the caves I go.

*It appears to be getting colder, severely so. I feel as if some oily liquid oozes down my back every time I pause to catch my breath. I keep feeling nauseous and breaking out into cold sweats. I hope I am not coming down with some illness I lack the ability to treat. The echoing of the howls throughout the tunnels do not alleviate my fears.*

18<sup>th</sup> of Sun's Dusk, 2E 113

The grand chamber of the cavern is far larger than I had imagined possible. From a first glance, it appears far larger than the atoll I landed upon. The walls are covered with the strange runes I

mentioned earlier, and I can feel the ground beneath me shudder rhythmically. The cavern overwhelmingly stinks of the rotting algae and seaweed that has washed in from the shoreline above.

There appears to be a pool of water, around the size of a small lake at the centre of the cavern, within which rests a building – likely a temple of some kind, judging from the structure I can make out.

*The structure is half submerged in the blinding liquid – whatever it is, it isn't water. It glows with a hidden light, that only I can see. My Dremora tell me it is simply water, but I know better than to trust them. Itburnsitburnsitburns my eyes itburnsutburnsitburnsthem.*

79<sup>th</sup> of Son's Husk, 7E 143

Is it a building? I cannot tell. Walls and ceilings blend seamlessly together, twisting and turning this way and that, and the lack of light prevents me from determining which way is up. The runes carved here pulse with a faint glow of emerald light, as if the whole structure is enchanted with some unknown property. The oceanic stench from the main chamber is gone. All I can smell is oil.

*The pulses, they whisper. They tell me, yes they do, of this building's purpose. An elaborate trap, they tell me, for the one's the Master wishes to claim. I do not read them, I hear them with my eyes...my burnt, ruined eyes that hear better than my ears. They whisper secrets, dark and terrible. That which is not dead lies eternal, they whisper to my eyes, and one day it will wake.*

HM SP AK LKH STH

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*When the world bears witness to an empty night, he will awaken. He hungers. He consumes. He learns. He Seeks. SeekerseekerseekerseekerheseeksfortheMasterSeekerseeks*

HM SP AK LKH STH

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RTS*