

1st Sarenith

On The Court's request, I have infiltrated this group of social castaways. In some respects it was easier than I thought ~ a vague, hinted-at bad luck story and a display of one or two trivial skills. Sewing, in this case. But in other respects, it was harder. Joining this drifting, sliding dice of a collective and not vomiting at their sheer disregard for civilization has required all my fortitude. The stench fades into the background, but the miasma of lazy minds and no goals for their lot in life... Abadar, help me.

12th Arodus

These sewer-dwellers, say what you will, have ears. Long have I wanted to escape for a simple bath and hot pie, but they seem to sop up the city like wretched sponges. They hear things. They see things. Despite their floating motes of minds, they know things. Escaping now would invalidate all the work I have done, and all the potential that waits. I am one of them, as far as they know. "The Surgeon"

It is hard to direct their inadvertant surveillance, but I have been treated to a number of useful whispers. I have duly reported these back. Most involve issues encircled by their limited worldview. Turf wars with a man with some form of allegiance with the sewer rats. A racing wind that batters through the underground, disrupting their makeshift totems. Uncovered piles of bodies of Molvo's crushed foes (or competition). Imagined lurking horrors in the deeper recesses.

Nothing yet so fine, so cunning as hints to the Oculist Conspiracy. I have

assisted this collective's expansion into East Apogee to, as the saying goes, bring tinder and torch together. No luck yet.

3 week of Kuthona

They say the best place for a blind man to be run down is at a crossroads.

I am a husk of a man. This... has taken it all out of me. I feel myself too worn-down, too sympathetic to these animals. They are too pervasive, too relentless. Too depraved for my mental fortitude. This better be worth it.

And amidst all of this, my mind slips.

There are mutterings of a dead man talking to them. A man without a face. Perhaps a few of them. All I know is they talk insanity, of disembodied voices, changing walls and horrifying illusions. And with these fever dreams a mood has befallen them. A hunger for something... else. Not skulking about in the dark, but talk of embracing the dark.

One of the stronger castouts [V] has disappeared. "Ascended" as some have said. I do not know what this means. The only other word they have for him is "Vicious". The crux man follows him, prodding, taunting, but staying well back from those knives. Many will die by V's hand. But I have not the strength to stop him.

And amidst all of this, my mind slips. I need my strength for something else. I feel I need to confront the Fry son. Tear the truth from his tunic. Suck his hidden misdeeds from his marrow. Push my thumbs deep into those eyes and pull his conspiracy wide open...

Oh Abadar... What am I saying?