

Springate 9th, IY 723

Ophelia, the Lady White recovers somewhat, though her grief is ever with her. However she is of Royal blood so she masters it. We have decided to relocate us both permanently to the lighthouse. While the lighthouse keepers quarters are humble, the building itself is sound and spacious. It was built on bedrock, strong enough to survive the frequent storms and is mostly undamaged. There are several suites of floors and rooms which will provide the Lady with the privacy that decorum demands, but also allow me to be close at hand if needed. Best of all, the lighthouse still stands well above the sea. There have been several aftershocks today and the risk of another great earthquake is still with us

I spent the day outfitting the lighthouse with supplies and such comforts as I could salvage from the town, it is hardly a palace but it will do. Another reason for choosing the lighthouse which I did not share with the Lady is that the smell of decay and corruption from all the unburied dead is starting to become overwhelming on the main island. Alas that I cannot give the dead proper rites but most are buried under tons of stone. I must admit I do not relish walking these ruined streets searching for supplies and other needful things. Death holds no fear for me, I am no stranger to the aftermath of battlefields, but pawing through the corpses of friends and acquaintances is not pleasant.

Lady Ophelia begins to confide in me. Her time of birth is nearly upon her and she fears the outcome (as did her physician, the pregnancy is her first and has been hard). She looks to me to be midwife to her and I must admit the prospect terrified me more than did the charge of the demon princes during the last Martal War.

Springate 10th-15th, IY 723

*I do not have much to report today. I visited *The Lady Jezebel* and attempted to assume authority over the Jacks there, as I suspected, my efforts were fruitless. Thrice damn the Navy!*

Otherwise we are somewhat aimless but relatively comfortable. I continually wrack my brains for a way off this rock. I have always been one of not inconsiderable power and authority I confess to be so helpless is not something I accustomed to

I have found some scrolls on child birthing in the medical wing of the ruins of the Bastion. I study them but I do not feel at all prepared for this.

Springate 16th, IY 723

Lady Ophelia, the wife of the Admiral of the White is dead. The birth pains came quickly in the middle watch after the second bell, and while I did all that I could, the child was stillborn. I thought the Lady took the blow well, not shedding any tears, but only asking to hold the still body of her daughter (whom she named Vangeline after a relation). I turned away from her, for but for an instant, to clean myself somewhat and she threw herself over the balcony, child and all and vanished beneath the sea.

She is gone. And once more I am alone on this cursed island. Perhaps she had the wisdom of it and I would do well to join her.

Springate 20th, IY 723

After some days of despondency I have regrouped and gathered my resolve once more to quit this place no matter the obstacles in my way. The Lady Jezebel is the key, of this I have no doubt. If I can bend her Jack Tars to my will I can escape easily.

They refuse my orders but they must obey their Captains Daughter, the final resort of our mastery over their kind. That spell is woven into the fabric of their very being of this I am sure. If I can find that, I can escape. Alas their captain was ashore at the time of the disaster and must have perished but surely I can find his remains and surely he has his Daughter with him? It is not on the ship I made sure of that. This is my best hope, so I fix my mind to achieving this goal.

First I will search the town above the waves and then if I fail to find my prize I must determine a way to search below the sea.

I try not to think of the many ways the Daughter might be lost forever. Swept out to sea, buried in the muck of the sea bed, broken by falling masonry. I will choose to hope. It must be here somewhere and I will find it .

Spring Rising 6th, IY 723

For two weeks I have searched to no avail and my hope is fading. I have no words for the wretchedness of pawing through bloated, decayed corpses day after day. My gorge rises even thinking of that fetid smell. I do my best to bury the poor wretches, say the words of safe travel as best I remember them.

This labor is not only physically exhausting but mentally taxing as well. At times I feel my sanity slipping, my mind imagining things. Motion out of the corner of my eye. A voice, a fragment of song.

Clearly I have been alone too long.