

Entry 1

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My spirits are high and prospects bright! I have purchased an old house in Spookton, Pleasant Junction, and am in the midst of preparing a spell that will grant good fortune to myself, and to my young nephew and apprentice, Pendragon, while we live here. The lad is eager to start summoning ghosts from the netherworld, but I keep telling him that at his age, he's better off learning household spells. "You'll thank me when you're older!" I keep telling him, but he simply scowls as he scours the floorboards.

Entry 2

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I knew when I chose the place that Spookton lies in the shadow of the mycelium mountains, and thus receives very little light most of the year. An ideal choice for me, of course, because of the nature of my experiments with bioluminescent fungi, but unfortunately it seems that my apprentice is not taking to it quite so much. He broods and complains, skulking about the house and remaining in his room for more hours of the day than I would generally recommend. Ah well. He's young, after all - perhaps this is just adolescence.

Entry 3

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Experiments going well. The fungi are taking to the place beautifully, and the house is really starting to feel like a home. Apprentice dreadfully unhelpful these days, but as I keep telling him, "Wizardry is like a gym membership, boy! You get out what you put in." What the layabout doesn't realize is that I only took him in as a favor to my beloved sister, his mother. The real trouble is going to be what I tell her if he doesn't come out of his room soon.

Entry 4

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Apprentice has decided to join us once more! He seems to have worked through whatever he was going through, and all the better - the fungi samples are thriving, and I need all the help I can get! Propagation is perilous work, as my grandfather used to say.

Entry 5

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Whatever new leaf my apprentice has turned over, I would wish it on that of every wizard's apprentice in the land. He is helpful, eager to learn, and progressing wonderfully in his studies.

He has even taken to making me tea in the evenings - his mother's blend, which I recall fondly from our childhood. I am quite content, and all seems to be going well.

Entry 6

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First population of fungus mysteriously died in the night. Not sure what happened. The second batch is fine, luckily. Apprentice and I are puzzled, but carrying on. Perhaps some contagion was introduced through some carelessness on either of our parts. No matter, though, this is how the process tends to go.

Entry 7

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Keep finding things broken around the house. I can't imagine it's the work of my apprentice - he seems just as puzzled as me to come down to the kitchen and find broken jars and pots in the morning. We're beginning to suspect the old cat, though she's never been destructive before. Perhaps she's getting lonely?

Entry 8

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All these broken things are getting out of hand. A glass oil lamp was knocked over in the study the other night, and nearly managed to burn the place down. Luckily I'd installed a bottled rainstorm in the room just in case (the place IS full of books, after all) so major damage was averted. If the cat doesn't stop this soon, I'm going to have to keep her shut up overnight, and she won't like that.

Entry 9

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We've managed to propagate the second batch of fungi, but just like the first time, the original batch died overnight. Not sure what could have escaped my careful observation this second time, but here we are. Continuing on.

Entry 10

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I have begun to feel feverish. Perhaps a head cold. Apprentice is taking good care of me, making my favorite tea and checking on me often. I am in bed on and off at the moment, but hope this will pass soon. The change of the season is here, so perhaps it is related to that.

Entry 11

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I am up and about, though a persistent headache follows me through my days and nights. I feel I am not sleeping well, though I sleep a lot. I am able to work through it though, and don't want to lose this third population of fungi.

Entry 12

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The cat died sometime last night. I'm shocked, really, it was rather grizzly and needs not be described here. I do not think this was natural. Poor apprentice was sick when he saw, so I sent him to his room to take the day off. I don't feel much like working myself.

Entry 13

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Things are still breaking, yet the cat is no longer here. What could be causing this? I bought a fox familiar from a wandering trader to attempt to cheer up the apprentice, but it doesn't seem to be working as well as I'd hoped. The lad hasn't gone back to being completely reclusive (he still comes out to chat in the evenings and make what has become our habitual tea), but he's certainly not himself.

Entry 14

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I feel poorly again. Have been in bed several days. Apprentice assures me he is caring for the fungi, so I am implored to rest. My skin feels itchy, and I sleep for long periods. Perhaps I will send for a member of the Healing Order of wizards, if I do not feel better soon.

Entry 15

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(this page is written very poorly)

Hard to write. Hearing strange noises. Strange dreams too. Horrible dreams. Blood.

Whatever his motivations for doing so, it is done, and my time runs short. Through sheer force of will I managed to hold my mind together long enough to create this draught, but it is not enough time to devise a solution for the clouds of madness I feel pressing at the corners of my mind. The pressure rises every minute, and I cannot bear it any longer.

If ever someone finds this note, squirreled away as it is, know this: Pendragon is dangerous and not to be trusted, and I am certain he will stop at nothing to destroy what little may remain of my work and testament. In fact, I can even hazard a guess at why you are here - Pendragon has told you to seek out my writings, so he can know if there is anything incriminating left in the house, so he can return in secret and destroy everything. He'll kill you if you don't do as he says, so I implore you to follow his instructions to the letter, but please - after you have done what he told you to do, go to (COORDINATES), to my secret bastion. Within, you will find something that may help you to defeat Pendragon someday, if good fortune favors you.

Go with the final blessing of Cathartes Aura, fifth of his name, Elder Wizard of the Amethyst Order

At the secret bastion:

If this bastion be breached by another, than I, Cathartes Aura, am dead. With this, I bequeath the worthy enterer of this chamber to take a magic stone from the chest. Each stone grants a magnificent boon, but know that only one may be carried at a time.

Go with my blessing, onward to great adventure.

Signed,
Cathartes Aura, fifth of his name, Elder Wizard of the Amethyst Order