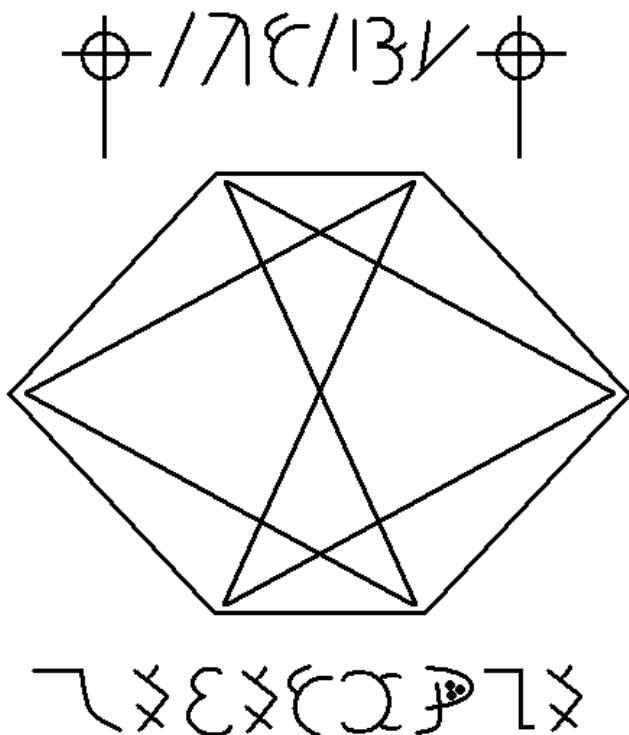


Day 1:

I spent most of the day in bed, since my overtaking proved near-fatal to my host. Luckily for me, it survived. The pain he felt, well, he can only thank me for taking over his nervous system in time, otherwise even that little amount of pain he felt would feel like a blessing, as I held back most of the pain back. His muscles must have reacted to the energy my body is entirely composed of. After he gave me complete control, I managed to make the pain go away, and got out of the bed around dinner time. I spent the rest of the evening doing mundane things my host told me would not raise any suspicion that he might not be himself, or that someone else (namely, me) might have taken over his body. I still don't know if my good friends, Ir'sotis of the First Whisper and Ty'nara of the High Grass are alright. All I know is that I MUST find them and get them home. Like I always swore – It's their lives before mine.

On the other hand, my host seems like quite the odd one out. It was more than willing to accept "carrying me around", to put it bluntly. It's a very young male specimen, in its twenties. It seems to be a very powerful scholar, spreading his focus on many languages and ancient cultures, which could mean both an easier communication with others of our kind in case their hosts know no language your hosts understand AND some knowledge we never knew existed. Maybe the humans remember us. The moment we could finally get out of bed this morning, it took a look into its address book. This wouldn't seem strange at all, except, a part of its cover looks exactly like this:



Now, I don't know what the scripture stands for nor what it is, since the host is successfully denying me access to that part of his mind and memory, but that is not important as much as the sigil in the middle. If you rotate that sigil, you get something similar to the symbol of Sil.

I don't know about you people, but that sure is a sign to me. Just don't know of what yet...

Day 2:

We started discussing mana spots and discovering them. I attempted to gather mana at a giant round building in the center of the town, but I failed. We have discovered a total of two mana spots by the end of the day. by my calculations, mana we could net from those two within a month won't

be even nearly enough to suffice for a portal. Ke'thanis seems to have gone off the grid, and no one knows where the hell he is. I don't like the way this seems. I don't like it at all. Ir'linor informed me of the gruesome fate that befell my brother and friend, Ir'sotis. I will spend the rest

of the day in grief silence, as customs hold proper.

Day 3:

Three mana spots have been discovered so far.

My attempt from yesterday proved worth something. Sil found several mana spots all over the city using that round building as a center-point for orientation. Things may go as planned after all. I think I may have been followed home by two men who seemed to be hosting two other creatures. Maybe Amani, maybe Kalesti, or maybe even something else... I don't know, but with Ke'thanis off the grid and these guys on my tail, I think I re-discovered the meaning of fear. As far as the Earth-sigil goes, I have no idea whatsoever what it might be. It's just that I don't think I'll find it just by waiting and hoping some clue will fall into my lap. As of tomorrow, I will focus solely on research to find that sigil.

Day 4:

Five mana spots so far.

Today is the day of the meeting. I can't wait to see other fellow kalesti and talk to them. If there is enough of us, we may even be able to secure every possible mana spot and gather mana for the portal in no time! I simply can't wait. I know I'm being hasty and too enthusiastic, but how can I not be? I am not alone, and I WILL get home somehow... Well, after I find the last sigil, that is. Today's research is leaving me with less answers than questions. More questions than when I started my research. Why am I the only portal master on Earth at the moment? I would give ANYTHING for there to be another one, so we could do more research, and faster. Four heads are better than two, after all.

Day 5:

Six mana spots so far.

We were expected. It was a trap. Somebody somehow knew. I think Ir'linor's suspicions of there being a mole within our ranks could be even more true than he expects. I don't know if those holding a stakeout for us were Amani or some other third party, but my fear is slowly growing into a paranoia, and I don't like it. Not one bit. Luckily for me, I noticed one figure in the dark, right across from the entrance of St. Mark's church, where we were supposed to meet. I waited for him (or her, whatever the hell that was) to go away, and then pretended to be a tourist taking pictures of the church and the government headquarters, then followed it when it left that shadowy hideout. Unfamiliar face. A scrawny, guy, neatly trimmed facial hair, mediocreatly long hair, black, greasy, and in a brown or purple hoody, I couldn't discern in the low-light environment. I knew it was too dangerous, so I swapped personalities with my host. We followed it until the King's Statue, where my host thought the guy noticed us, so to save ourselves, the idiot decided to go on and ask the guy "Could you take a picture of me, I'm a tourist, and I hear this is some kind of monument." What the hell?! Who does that?! A guy looks at you like he's going to kill you, and you go talk to him?! That makes NO SENSE!! Well, at least, he went away. Merely moments later I reassumed control and went straight back to the apartment of my host. Luckily, we weren't followed then. I saw Ka'yani and Ri'ssata on the way to the King's Statue, but it wasn't until I came home that I discovered that it was them I had

seen.

The research today, well, let's just say that if I had spent the entire day watching these so-called TV-shows on the internet, it would have resulted in more information. Nothing. As if there is no way of this ball of dirt. I mean, I KNOW we were here before, I'm positively sure one of our expeditions visited this planet before my time, but there seems to be no information on that. My host claims the only thing that could come at least close to our highly advanced ways is the Atlanteans, the people of Atlantis, a long-lost continent that no one has yet proved existed. Great. Our only hope lies with a legend of something in whose existence I sincerely doubt. But I still have time on my hands, I must not give up yet.

I met up with Ka'yani and Ri'ssata to cast mana nets on the Illyrian Borderstone and the Amoeba (or, as the others persist to call it, the Wheel of Time). No one followed us today. We cast to nets, both successfully.

Day 6:

Eight mana spots so far.

Just another day of endless research, no success regarding the sigil. I wish so bad for some hint from the universe. I swear, I'll do the rest of the job myself. Just a tiny speck of a hint is all I need.

Ir'linor, Ke'thanis and Tel'Kotis have not said a word for three days. I worry only what fate befell them... I hope they are alright.

Day 7:

Nine mana spots so far.

I gave myself a day off from research. My host is going to Samobor to visit his father for the holiday. Nothing to do but wait until we get back to Zagreb to continue my research.

Day 8:

Ten mana spots so far (nine in Zagreb, one in Varaždin).

I just came back to Zagreb. as I am informed, we have achieved complete dominance over the area of the city. The fools are debating whether to use this newly gained power, to create a mana storm. The Amani wouldn't wait a second, they'd just blast it all to hell. I didn't want to say anything, but I, for one, would not even consider options for a second. No is the only option. The mana we have collected so far is a bit less than a quarter of the mana I need to open a portal, and they're thinking about wasting it. if they do, we're never getting off this wretched planet. Finally, Sil ended the debate and started a decision-making progress of the new bal of our society here on Earth. I hope they all vote out Ri'ssata. Other than I, who strictly refuses even the slightest notion of being the bal, she is the only logical choice. The only choice at all. Ir'linor is a lazy old fart who'd just neglect us; No'rannis is too far, unfortunately, in Trieste (as he is actually an even better candidate than Ri'ssata); Ka'yani is too focused on those active ones and not focused at all on the inactive Kalesti; Tel'kotis is more focused on Earth and its technology and advancement than our own survival, and doesn't even care about it, as I see; and Ke'thanis is nowhere to be found, maybe even dead. Now I finally understand the human term "pessimism".

Day 9:

Twelve mana spots so far (one in Slovenia, one in Samobor, one in Varaždin, and nine in Zagreb).

Ri'ssata has been chosen as the bal of our community here on Earth, and even though I remained abstained, I still am glad she was chosen. Maybe the others are more aware of the gruesomeness of the situation than I think, but that still does not excuse such behavior towards our cause and indulging in lowly human pleasures. I think a wake-up call is in order now. if it doesn't work, I'll fulfill my threats, and they can all go fuck themselves, as these humans say. The amani have taken down most of our nets, but thanks to Ri'ssata and her quick response, we were able grab hold of a few outer ones. If we don't all gather now, we will surely perish.

Day 10:

I stopped counting the mana spots. Twelve, maybe even thirteen known of so far.

Ke'thanis finally got back in touch with the rest of us, and I finally got a hold of a spot that can completely connect me to the internet, so I can finally update my journal. My research may have even led me to a solution, one that has been under my nose this whole time. I'm so close. I can feel it!