

27th of Evening Star, 4E 199

We have to leave the town, we aren't safe anymore. Maering doesn't want to understand but I know what I saw. They look at us while we sleep, growling and scratching the walls. They fly above the city at night, their piercing eyes looking at us through the darkness. No one is safe in Falkreath anymore.

30th of Evening Star, 4E 199

I managed to beat some sense into Maering, we are leaving for Whiterun tomorrow. They caught a beggar today, I don't know what his deal was but there were too many men for a single wanderer, even the jarl's steward came to help them. The only thing I know is he came from Bloated Man's Grotto, past Lake Ilinalta. He may be behind bars right now, but I never felt less safe in my entire life and I know for sure we won't be going by this side of the lake.

1st of Morning Star, 4E 200

We finally left. Going through the woods surrounding the city makes me a bit anxious: travel during the day and you risk crossing Stormcloaks, travel at night and you may come across whatever monstrosities the shadows conceal... It is only a few days until we reach Riverwood.

3rd of Morning Star, 4E 200

They came at night, and they took Maering with them. We were camping near Helgen, they tore our tent apart with claws like daggers, we fought with what we had but we were no match. A few moments later, they completely overpowered Maering and he told me to run, his voice drowning in his own blood, so I did. I did for hours, until the sky began to redden, bringing the first rays of light over the roofs of Riverwood.

9th of Morning Star, 4E 200

I spent a few days in Riften, I needed... calm, if only for a short time. The town's walls aren't high enough, the unspeakable things lurking in the shadows are still outside. I tried trading my wedding ring for one of the blacksmith's swords but he took pity on me and gifted it to me and Sigrid, his wife, gave me enough bread and water for my journey to Whiterun.

10th of Morning Star, 4E 200

I saw him again. Maering. I thought it was a nightmare, in fact, I would still be unsure if this wasn't for the dried blood on Alvor's blade. He came at night. I thought for a second I found my husband back, I ran towards him, asking me where he was, what happened, is he ok... When I touched his face, I figured something was wrong, it was as cold as death itself and his unblinking eyes stared at me like a sabre cat looking at a goat. He said he was coming from a place called Haemar's Shame, that he is getting back there, and that I must come with him. He put his hand on me, scratching my shoulder with his unnaturally sharp nails... I can only guess that the smell of blood threw him into a blind rage so I had to kill my husband, a second time.

11th of Morning Star, 4E 200

Even at night, from where I stood I could see the gigantic walls of Whiterun, Dragonsreach towering everything as far as the eye can see. I saw windmills, stables, the smoke coming off of chimneys and the torches of the guards patrolling... I was very close from the

renowned **Honningbrew Meadery** so I started moving towards it. I froze for a moment but quickly came back to my senses and hid behind a tree. A figure was coming out from one of the meadery's first floor windows and climb on the roof. What could have been a regular burglar deployed shiny, leathery wings out of its clothes, slowly spreading them like they were sore from being concealed for a long of time. After a moment, the figure took off in the direction of the city, stealing with it every hope I had to find a safe place to live.

18th of Sun's Dawn, 4E 200

I thought I would be safe in Solitude but I was wrong. I arrived 4 days ago thinking I would be safe in the Imperial heart of Skyrim. I went to the market today, and when I got back, I found a dagger stuck on my front door with a note on it:

"I will come at night. -Maering"