

[Translated from Lyris, some words are without translation.]

I saw a white bird today. Clan Mother used to tell us a white bird was always a sign from the Trihniisii that we were being protected. The Trihniisii let the clan die but chose to keep me alive. To this day I wonder why. I am all alone in the great expanse, I should be dead, yet I live. Why? I hear the dreamstalkers call to me more and more. My wake is stained by so many dark spirits I know not what is real and what is not. My father told me that the Trihniisii work in ways unknown to the inhabitants of this realm. I have tried to break free of mortal chains, but I remain. My memory seems duller by the day, my thoughts seem to be not my own. Even as I write I feel I am not of my own body. My only hope is to write my story so that if anyone finds me, dead or Intmihm, they will know who I am and not let my clan die with me. I pray to the Goddess every day that I may soon be released of this cage.

I am Kwil, firstborn of Kronuhn and Heilvah Triktiiohrak, of Clan Juhndrahm. We were a nomadic people, living by the land and avoiding conflict as necessary. Our Clan Mother, known only as Ohstiahd, is descended from the Juhndrahm bloodline, a proud ancestry said to have given the Goddess many great warriors in the times of the Koda Teiruh. It has long since been that we have been warriors, but still we trained for when Naohlah calls upon us. The firstborns of each family are trained by the warrior priests at a young age to learn the art of combat, and in later years, Kremskorii. I was in training for Kremskorii when we heard the horns of war. We were entirely unprepared. The men were taken for slaves, the women and children were slaughtered. Only my brother and I were able to run, until he too fell to an arrow in the back. I still see Kurek's face. I must sleep. My mind continues to wear.

I woke up today to see smoke on the horizon, this may be my only chance to find what the Goddess has planned for me. If it is to end with me at the tip of a sword, then so be it. I am ready to free myself of my bonds and be with my clan once more.

I go with Naohlah.

Kwil descended upon the encampment. Those who witnessed the encounter saw a man running out of the woods yelling what seemed to be meaningless speech, running into a tree, and falling unconscious. As he woke, he was given food and drink, later being introduced to the man known as Jarl Dracon. Kwil was told this camp belonged to the Beserkers of Jomsburg, and that he could join their ranks and be well rewarded if he proved his strength and fought alongside them. After a brief duel, he was granted a place among the Beserkers.

His sanity continues to falter, and his questions remain unanswered. But Kwil saw among these men and women, a chance to restart and possibly find those answers. This was no Clan Juhndrahm, but at least he was no longer alone.