Thoron's Journal - Volume 2

16th of Sun's Dusk, 4E 200

I have taken up residence deep in the Solitude sewers, away from prying eyes. I am sure to be undisturbed here while I continue my work.

It pains me to work with these bandit imbeciles, with their heads made of cheese. Or was it brains made of yogurt? I suppose the distinction is irrelevant. They are clumps of aged dairy, left out in the sun. Each one far too stupid to know the worth of their plunder, and for that reason they themselves are given worth.

Much as our Lord would do, I have split them into two groups to cover the caravan trade routes therein. The armors I've collected from these tunnels will serve some use here. Perhaps I will make it a competition. The group that retrieves the most artifacts will be rewarded with a bar of soap.

28th of Rain's Hand, 4E 201

The more artifacts I gather, the more in tune with our Lord I become. I can feel his wisdom coursing through me, informing my every move. Yet there is something lacking, as nothing I have retrieved thus far has allowed me to return to my blessed Mania. I have even turned to using tokens from Dementia out of desperation.

With every failed attempt, my patience continues to thin. I may need to strangle a bandit or two or twenty to calm my frazzled nerves.

15th of Midyear, 4E 201

Our Lord Sheogorath must be pleased. Very, very pleased. This new artifact is a truly remarkable find. Yes, truly, truly remarkable. To think that it was nearly dismissed as an ordinary claymore, when it was in fact the Sword of Jyggalag, the weapon wielded by the Prince of Order.

It's the craftsmanship that betrays its truth. Perfect symmetry on both sides, its angles matching ten numerals beyond the decimal. Perhaps twenty, or even forty numerals. I will make an effort to count them tonight.

Yet its true power is held in its enchantment. For when I look upon its crystal edge, I see more than my reflection. I begin to see time the way a cloud sees the river. It has a beginning and an end, but they exist in concert. The past, present, and future flow as one.

I spoke to a cloud the next day, and it confirmed this to be true. Through the sword's visions, I know what is to come. The sewers beneath the city is where the path will open. The sword will serve as the bridge.

22nd of Midyear, 4E 201

The Sword of Jyggalag reveals much beyond my intent. It has a logic that seems familiar, but at the same time repels me. It desires Mania as I do, but its goal is that of destruction.

Worse yet, our Lord's voice feels distant, muted even. I find my thoughts being short, and my words moreso.

30th of Midyear, 4E 201

I need to keep my writings separated. I am beginning to suspect my journals are speaking to each other. No, not suspect. I have proof.

But I can't write it here, lest my future self speak more lies. Each thought, past and present, must remain pure.

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