‹Alias=Husband›'s Journal

14th of First Seed

Today's the first day of our new lives. I bought a sizable piece of land with a run-down farmhouse for dirt cheap just outside of Rorikstead. No one else wanted it, on account of how rocky it is. Too many boulders, the other men said. But <Alias=Wife> and I have strong backs and willing hearts; we'll get those boulders out, and turn this fertile land into a plantation they could only dream of.

This will be the perfect place to raise our little <Alias=GhostChild>.

21st of Second Seed

Long day. Hand hurts almost too much to write. Farmhouse is repaired, and the first plants are in the ground. Feels good. We did it. <Alias=Wife> kissed me tonight like she did when we were first married. Her eyes are calling me.

1st of Sun's Height

We harvested our first crops today. It wasn't much, but it's a start. When I watched the sun's rays first break over the horizon on our fields today, I knew what to name this place - <Alias=FarmLocation>, after Akatosh's glorious light. Soon, it will be an inheritence worthy of our son. Just a bit longer, I know it.

23rd of Frostfall

My heart is troubled. <Alias=GhostChild> is fast growing into a strapping young boy, though he spends too much time playing with that wooden sword of his and dreaming of running off to join the Legion.

But my dear wife, <Alias=Wife>... her strangeness worries me. Sometimes she'll disappear for hours at a time, and then turn up in the house as though she'd been there

all along. I often see her carrying a basket full of strange dark flowers, and she won't tell me what they are or where she got them. And last winter, when <Alias=GhostChild> fell ill with fever, <Alias=Wife> produced a small black bottle from who knows where and poured who knows what down his throat... only a few minutes later, the fever was gone. <Alias=Wife> refused to tell me what was in the bottle, or where she got it. I was so happy that she saved our little boy, of course, but...

Mara preserve me, but I'm afraid that my wife is a daedra worshipper, or a witch.

16th of Mid Year

<Alias=GhostChild> has been missing for three days. My little boy.

I've searched everywhere, but there's no trace of him. Even his favorite toy sword is missing. What if wolves got him? Or brigands snatched him away?

<Alias=Wife> has been watching me. I don't like the look in her eyes. And she hasn't cried at all. What kind of mother doesn't cry when her child is missing?

What if-
I dare not even put the thought to paper. It's unthinkable.

I found it. I found <Alias=Wife>'s secret. This is the place she's been disappearing to. The potions, the plants, the books... such evil and unnatural things I found down there. Divines help me, my wife is a witch.

I didn't want to open her foul books, but I had to know, I had to-

Deadly Nightshade. That's what the plant is called, the one I saw her sneaking around with. She grows it everywhere in this hidden place.

She must have poisoned my son. I've seen the sneer on her face, the laughter in her eyes as she watched me tearing apart the farm looking for him. She was mocking me.

I've never felt rage like this. I'm shaking with it, sweating with it.
I know exactly what I've got to do. My son's spirit whispers to me, demanding vengeance.

I keep an axe by the door for dealing with wild animals. It will do for dealing with a witch as well.

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