Journal of Drokt

I weren't never one for writing about my life. The king-priests of old deserve their stories told, but Drokt is a simple man. So this isn't no journal and I'm not telling any stories here. But this infernal machine done worked its way into my brainspace and I won't leave till it's figured out.

The whole contraption just sets like a dead horker if it doesn't have the box. Putting the box in the hole made it all come to life.

Five rings, but only four buttons? Most of of 'em don't work most of the time anyhows. When the lights line up, more open, but they don't seem to help. Just make another damned thing move.

The old fleabag Khajiit what sold me this cube said something about "the light through the knowledge through the machine rests on the cube." I remember because he made me say it back at him till I wanted to throttle him.

So I did.

Tried to leave, but wolves to the top and them eyeless freaks outside the tower. Gotta stay here till I get it right.

And I will get it right.

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FormId	skyrim.esm:026D85
Owning plugin	skyrim.esm
Local FormId	026D85
Editor ID	DA04PuzzleJournal
Inventory image	(none)
Menu art	HighPolyJournal02
Value (gold)	5
Type	Book or tome
Weight	1
Can be taken	Yes
Teaches	(none)
Inventory description	(none)
Keywords	VendorItemBook
Locations	2
Leveled lists	0
Scripts	0

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