Agrius's Journal

Never thought I'd see the day we were run out of the Knifepoint Gang. Least the storm should cover our tracks. Vidgrod, Raen, and I took shelter in a cave for the night. Looks like there's an old ruin here. Least there are no Draugr around.

Vidgrod and Raen both want to set up here for a while, maybe do some raiding. They ought to know better- the road's deserted, especially this time of year. Plenty of better places up north. But they seem awfully insistent about staying **here**. Wouldn't even lend a hand when I went out to hunt tonight.

Something's wrong. Raen hasn't said a word since she woke up this morning, just keeps staring off into space. Vidgrod isn't much better. They sick? Not like any illness I ever heard of. I'd just walk out on them, but I can't seem to get up the nerve. I feel like something's holding me back. What is this place?

We're not alone. I can hear him now. Someone, speaking in my mind. Old. Powerful. Halldir, that's the name. He wants something from us. Needs us to stay for the magic to work. I tried to run, can't. Just like them.

Raen jumped first. Onto the cairn. That's what Master wants - blood, sacrifice, power to live again. His magic, I can feel it pulsing in my blood. He's draining us. We'll serve him soon, our bodies, our souls. Just like the others. They're waiting. It's my turn.

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Owning plugin	skyrim.esm
Local FormId	083AE8
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Can be taken	Yes
Teaches	(none)
Inventory description	(none)
Keywords	VendorItemBook
Locations	2
Leveled lists	0
Scripts	0

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