

6th Khordrak

The winter's spell begins to wane, though the weather of the world will not overtake it for days yet. Could I prolong it further, I had done so already; but I must admit that I did but little to aid the wind that these years hath blown Argent. Each winter greater than the last, each growing season dimmer.

7th Khordrak

A white dragon of the winter has come to my mountains. He is brash and foolish, yet for his blustering, I perceive that he seeks not ahead but fears what lies behind. This may be of some use to me.

23rd Khordrak

The Argent still thrums, retreated but little beneath the waking world. This may be the year all my searching bears fruit.

29th Khordrak

Yon dragon, Atharrix by name, has consented to serve in a capacity which only he knows what he calls but which I call my guard dog. He took delicate handling, but he now believes that he tells me which strangers are allowed on my mountain.

3rd Duthila

Orcs from the depths of the world have come to make a nest in the side of my mountain. I choose to allow this, as they will make easy harvesting.

16th Duthila

Athazarix told me today of adventurers he intercepted climbing the back of my mountain. He used them for his own pleasure, trying to claim the hoard of the late (as he thinks) Thezzarak. I hurt him for this, though he knows it not, and in combination with my honeyed words he will correct his behavior.

22nd Duthila

I sprang a costly trap on the adventurers. By fortune they fell into my parlor and the Froskurppadde took one. The others I lured deeper and deeper, and at last set my hamatulae on them. One fell, but they retreated with the body before I could harvest the soul; and in the doing they killed one hamatula, whose replacement it will take time to bind. I lost a handful of other defenders to this debacle as well. I will have some sport with the orcs, I think.