

Journal of Carthian Spinesetter:

The following are the journal entries of King Spinesetter:

During our many struggles, our travels took us to a place of festering swamps and black marshes.
I seek to recreate the Golem of Chimeria.
Ghosts roam this land.

At last, I have the Journal, the left and right hand of Chimeria!
The victory cost me half my loyal band of knights.

Though my men remain undaunted, they begin to fear.
Horrors lie within this place.
Eternal unlife has befallen more than one of my men.

Because we all have been inflicted with sickness, disease, as well as many wounds, we suffer much.
Also, we have discovered new magic, which strengthens us, even as our numbers diminish.
Since our departure from Dragonspine Citadel, our numbers have decreased to one man more than half.
Even amidst these trials, my loyal knights are caught up in the vision I see.

Obsessing, I must create the Golem of Chimeria to justify my return to Dragonspine Citadel!
For with this powerful slave at my command, my citadel will never fail to keep safe my people.

Though we traveled amidst the haunts of shadow, and night, my men remain ever faithful.
Hence, I and twelve of my loyal knights yet survive!
Ever after, I will not lead my men into that place again.

Great reward has been the price for our victory over the horrors therein!

Recoiling from the horrors therein, we did battle with a terrible foe of darkness.

Ever, my men stay at my side, and are willing to die with me.

Truly, they are courageous and undaunted, though their loss caused me great mental anguish.

Tracking skeletal footprints, we reached the southern shore under a full moon.

Recoiling at a macabre sight, we beheld the dead upon a half-sunken ship.

Eternally, they forever call out orders in ghastly, fell voices, acting as though they yet sail the sea.

Entering into council with my men, we decided to forgo the investigation of the ship. My men seem afraid of it.

As we explore the seashore at night, we came upon hundreds of spirits who roam. They seem unaware of us. Numerous times we attempted to make contact with them, but they took no notice of us. Disappointed, we finally moved on, giving up.

Looking for a means to bridge our living world with that of the spirit world has been wasted time.
Once, as I walked alone, a spirit came before me, silently pleading for help -- but it was only a dream.
Obscured by the light of day, they begin to appear as twilight deepens to night.
Kept back, by my own weak ignorance, I fail to establish any form of communication with them.

In the end, we decided to move on. It does no good to fail eternally.

No history I am aware of tells of such a place . . . so many wandering spirits, fair to look upon.

Tracing our course on map, my loyal men suggested we move on.
Here, spirits mingle amidst terrible and ferocious creatures which stalk the land.
Endlessly, the cries of battle fill the night air. Eternal is the bloodshed in this terrible place.

Chimeria, the Golem, must be created!

He was a great giant that ruled this land long ago, so speaks the journal.

Eternal is his life force, though chained is he.

Some have perished in what I attempt.

Two arms, a chest, the legs and the feet are yet to be discovered.

In this quest , I know there will be nothing to stop me from gaining much advantage over our enemies.
Need drives my men and I!

To gain access to the ship unhindered, the sun must be shining.

Hence, by the light of the sun, we are unchallenged by the long deceased pirates upon the half-sunken ship.

Entering the ship by day unchallenged is possible.

Beware, when the chest is opened, darkness falls, though sun be shining!

Engage them with light to weaken them.

Long were we besieged while in the hull.

Long did we hew down their endless ranks.

Yearning for victory, we pressed against them and escaped to shore, winning the prize!

On through the night they tirelessly pursued us!
Fighting for our lives, we escaped, though I lost two more knights.

The price we paid for what we discovered was worth the sacrifice.

Hence we took our journey westward.

Ever they pursued us, though we had left them far behind.

So, onward we travel west.

Hoping to unearth the next victory over the unrested parts of Chimeria.

Insanity.

Press on due west.

Author's note:

DO NOT READ THIS IF YOU ARE A PLAYER.

If you read the following note as a player, it will ruin the surprise to this part of the game.

Don't let your curiosity ruin this.

Play it.

If you figure it out, do not tell anyone else that was not playing with you at the time.

Let them figure it out.

Have fun.

To the game master:

You will have to zoom in to read this. It is shrunk so players can keep it a mystery, which will give them a better gaming experience.

Notes for the Game-Master (the one who runs the game):

1. Identifying the sentence consisting of each letter in the beginning of each journal entry will cause a key to appear upon the book, with an attached note that states, "Go not into the pirate ship, for they cannot be slain. When one is hewn down, one will rise from the fallen bones. The door that I hope you found, the one beneath the surface of the ground, can only be opened with this key. I sealed this place in hopes that you would pick up from where I left off. I have failed in my mission to create the Golem of Chimeria. I assume, that if you have discovered this key, you have found the Tome of Chimeria, and seek to create the Golem of Chimeria. I hope you succeed where I have failed. With my life ebbing, I have placed my personal armor, weapon and shield within the deepest vault of the dungeon, which this key grants access into. I must warn you, to claim my personal items, you will be put to the test. Come, enter into this place of death to claim what was rightfully mine. If you succeed, you will be worthy to be counted among the kings of Dragonspine Citadel! Come, open my tomb. Free the lands of a terrible curse!

2. If players have been through this before, make something else up. Once players figure out the message within the Journal of Carthian Spinesetter, if can never be done again by those who know it. They can be sworn to secrecy, if they are grouped with those who have never figured this out, or you can make another riddle, or clue. Have fun with this one.