

Journal Logs written as flavor text for a D&D Campaign.

The following are snippets of a soon-to-be Lich's journal, found by the players while imprisoned. In these snippets, the Lich highlights dastardly plans that were handed down to him by an unknown source. The Lich was given instructions on how to achieve his immortal state, by vanquishing the Titan deep in this island's crater. "Project Blackstorm" was a plan for the Lich to become a Warden of a prestigious, secluded prison for the world's most ferocious criminals. The inmates would become test subjects in creating an undead army.

Day 289

- ❖ The Helix has drifted severely off course, but there's an island within sight. Here's to hoping it can help us restock. If not, it can serve as a resting point out here on these seemingly endless seas.
- ❖ No fauna whatsoever, no flora aside patches of grass... Turns out this island is nothing but a... sinkhole? There seems to be a massive crystal in a central crater that has piqued the interest of those I've ventured with; Charlie and some of the others are giving it a visit.
- ❖ It's been some time since the boys made their descent. I'm going to check on them.
- ❖ This... this is it. I don't know why I know it, but I know this is what ~~we've~~ I've been looking for. This is my vessel. The journey is over.
- ❖ I followed the instructions laid out all those years ago, and, I can't believe I'm writing this, but it worked, it worked, it fucking worked. All those horrendous cretins I sailed with are now scaly, mindless husks, forever at my beck and call. I have to see what else I can do with this power. Perhaps I should start with the Rift Project. It never did quite work with mortal magic.

Day 290

- ❖ The rush I ~~was awarded~~ earned yesterday has created a blur in my memory; I've forgotten to document my encounter with my vessel, my "phylactery" as the plans call it. Having to defeat that monstrous Titan almost led to my demise. Having defeated it, I will never know that fear again.
- ❖ In more recent events, it seems that the Rift Project is working well and I begin to create spaces that exist outside of the natural order of Moravia. The only problem I face now is they cannot be placed anywhere too far from my phylactery. For now, I'll use them to remind myself what brought me here. The reminders of a chaotic world, and the steps I take as I create true Justice. I don't know how long the Blackstorm Project will take, but in my new state, I can outlive any enemy but a fading memory; paper and drawings can only combat that criminal of my mind so much.

Day 292

- ❖ Construction of the facility has begun. I can only hope the laid out blueprints are to correct size and scale. I've only dreamt of getting this far, so why waste time examining something not guaranteed?
- ❖ My reputation has definitely spread amongst Moravian law enforcement over the last few years, but I need to perform something much more grand. What would convince the world that I, Etherain, would be the one to be Warden of its most heinous criminals?
- ❖ Resurrection magic has been on the rise lately... Now, this would only be for Justice, so just this once... and I cannot throw this blame on any innocent man or woman either.
- ❖ Tomorrow, I set sail for Scidrussian.

Day 316

- ❖ As I suspected... Morvitz, Scidrussian, the Bounty Hunter capital of the world, is overrun with scum. I'm sure I can find my "criminal" here. This shall be the first place to fall once Project Blackstorm is complete.
- ❖ I've found a cleric who dabbles with the necrotic, and he visits the cemetery almost nightly to practice these banned spells. The perfect target... I will follow him tonight.
- ❖ The plan worked perfectly. The announcement of Blackstorm to the world and who should be brought there was well received; the cleric was found guilty of Necromancy and is now in my custody; to top it all off, the great war chief that *he* resurrected will sail with me back to Blackstorm, to serve as my Commander when the time comes.