

*This tragedy draws to a close. I will record what I recall of events, while strength to do so remains.*

*Time is difficult to reckon in this subterranean prison. As I judge it, today (tonight?) marks the fourth week since Ulferth's ritual split the earth and the creatures spewed up from below. Whether that was his intent, or whether he was entirely deceived by the demon, is impossible to say.*

*The Masters fought back as best they could, but we were a community of scholars. I alone was a man of the sword, and the years of war were long behind me. When it was apparent that the battle was lost, we sealed the crypts, then the stairs, and finally the exits to the best of our ability. Those few who were uninfected set out for help, but no help came. The creatures that escaped before our barriers were complete must have killed our messengers on the road.*

*I know now, though we did not understand then, that the creatures were the spawn of Kyuss, the Worm that Walks. To die beneath their reeking claws, or of their wounds, means becoming like them. One by one, that fate befell my wounded brethren, until*

*I alone remained. Why I survived so much longer than they, I do not know, but now my time is over.*

*Before his death, the Master of Studies recalled a ritual, and in desperation, he used it to trap the will of Ulferth in a planet of glass. While the will remains trapped, Ulferth does not live. While he does not live, he cannot be killed.*