



JOURNAL

Day the First

As the Morning Lord bids me so do I follow. The Abbey of St. Markovia in Krezk has to these many years lain desolate by the evil Strahd, who by his own hand, slayed the blessed Saint who gave the Abbey its name and hallowed its ground. I will restore it to its previous glory and purpose. A place of healing and hope.

To do this I must win the villagers' trust. They cower in fear in the village over which the Abbey looms. SO fearful are they of Strahd and his wolves that they dare not venture beyond the village walls. The walls of mist might just as well be made of brick and mortar as it imprisons them thusly.

Day the Thirtieth

I have taken the guise of a mortal, pleasing and young, and gone among the villagers. Though they seem to harbor suspicion about my purpose and origin, they want to help. Certain am I that I can win their confidence to aid me in restoring this sanctuary they need so.

Fifteenth Day of the Third Month the Third Year!

While there is much left to do to recapture the former glory of this place, it is once more serving the village. They come to the doors - those ill of limb and mind and I tend to them as a shepherd would his flock. Light is returning to Barovia and in my heart I feel at peace.

Second Day of the Sixth Month the Sixth Year

Today a sickly brood of inbred lepers appeared at our doors seeking salvation - they call themselves by the family name Belview. Though there is little of beauty or good one can see upon them we will offer what we can to rid them of their dreadful infirmities.

Twenty-Second Day of the Tenth Month the Eighth Year

The Belviews are much improved. Their physical deformities have vanished under our soothing balms and salves. They are grateful and follow after me like dogs waiting to please. Still, they brandish such defects which go beyond what cures and treatments I can find in the Abbey's texts, or from my own Lord's guidance.

I am determined to make them whole again,
and to bring them into the light.

Eighth Day of Fourth Month the Tenth Year

I know not what more can be done to help these woeful creatures, but I must. I shall not be defeated. They cannot undo all that I have worked and strived to accomplish here.

Ninth Day of the Eighth Month the Fifteenth Year

Their idea of what perfection means does not match mine. They have strange ideas of what it means to be human. They beg me to give them the eyes of a cat, wings to fly, the strength of a mule, the guile of a snake... I pity them. I am sure their desire for bestial traits cannot lead to salvation. But if it persuades them to follow, then let it be so. I will yield to these mad desires, and hope it helps.

First Day of the Second Month...
the Sixteenth Year..... My first experiments have been abysmal failures - the results fatal. Yet they beg. And plead. How do I go on? How can I stop now? How can I stop when the next might be success.
We are so close.....



Fifteenth Day of the Ninth Month
the Seventeenth Year

~~I am~~

~~I am~~

I am at my wit's end.

First Day of the First Month
the Twenty-Fifth Year

Today a Barovian lord named Vasili Von Holtz visited the Abbey. His outward appearance was pleasing enough, but I sensed something sinister about his person, like a blade that penetrates to my depth.

It stains like an ink that I cannot shake. His purpose, at first, was not clear, but he tells me that he has come to help. From whence he comes or why, I know not. Tonight he tells me he will reveal more as we sup.

Third Day of the Fourth Month
..... the..... Twenty-Fifth Year

Little did I know that when Vasili arrived he would bring me the knowledge that would help me satisfy the needs of these pitiful creature who torment my soul. He brings "forbidden" LORE from the "Amber Temple." This has solved the fatal dilemma of transformation that has eluded me thus far. We have found the way to satisfy what they have asked. There is much work to do.

Twelfth Day of the Fifth Month
the Thirtieth Year

They are happy as mongrelfolk. If insanity brings them happiness, we should all be insane.

Nineteenth Day, the Tenth Month, Fifty-Fifth Year
Two of these mongrelfolk now serve me as guards -
Otto and Zygfrek. These are two of my most impressive
creations thus far. I am proud, as a father must feel.

Sixth Day. Sixth Month. Sixty-Sixth Year
I should have known. How foolish have I
been?! Or maybe I did know, but refused to
believe so. Vasili has revealed himself
to be the devil Strahd! What is to be
done? It would be futile to attempt to
slay such an immortal creature. The ancient
curse upon this land protects him. He can
never truly die - at least not in Barovia.

Fourteenth Day of the Sixth Month
the Sixty-Sixth Year
There is more to this monster than meets
the eye. At supper tonight Strahd unbur-
dened himself, and lamented the curse that
has followed him through the centuries. He
wants nothing more than to escape Baro-
via. Despite myself I feel the pangs of
sympathy and the urge to help him find
release, and peace. I have taken it upon
myself to find a cure for his malaise and
set him free of this torment.

Seventh Day of the Third Month
the Sixty-Seventh Year
I can only see one way of curing this poor
soul - reunification with his lost love. He
speaks so fondly and wistfully of her. I am
certain this way lies salvation for all of
us. This will end Barovia's curse.
Once and for all.

??? Day ??? Month of...SEVENTIETH YEAR
The Belviews languish in the
madhouse as I toil on creating
a golem BRIDE for STRAHD
using the parts I have them
SCAVENGE from the town below.

seventy-first Year
Training of the bride progresses slowly. She
shall live again to love. Hah love, the word
tastes like bitter-root in my mouth. Why is
LIVE EVIL writ backwards?
I wonder what I have wrought?
Is this what the Morning Lord
has sent me
to
do?

The lessons in etiquette and the
manners of a lady move slow
like the wheels of Eternity,
but soon she will be ready
to be presented
to Strahd.

I can feel the Morning Sord's light again.

He will be so pleased.

Vasilka.
She is beautiful.