

June, 18, 1789

When we arrived, the feast was already in progress, men and women were running around like rabid dogs. We chased them out, arresting the ones that were not able to vouch for themselves. I sent Huillism and five others to capture the Comte, while I entered the chamber beneath. I can not bring myself to describe what I saw there, save that we had entered a cesspool and it was Hell. God protect us.

Many devices of torture lay in many chambers. One of my men found a strange Nuremberg Virgin, which was locked. Fearing to find a fresh occupant, we smashed it open, but within we found only the stinking remains of some poor man long dead.

Comte Pfenclic gave up without a fight, smiling to us like if he had nothing to fear. Who is he to be able to ignore the Kings men? Someone that has been in charge for such atrocities shall tremble in fear. But he does not. That man does not seem to be able to express fear. I can still see his evil grin, as if it is burned into the back of my eyes.

It was a dark day when noble vermin such as Pfenclic did descend upon Pörry, and if God does not punish him for his sins, then the King surely will. It was with a just heart that I gave the order to burn the house and those who remained within, though the Comte did howl and scream as though his very soul was burning too. We then took him to the place that would be his new home. There he may rot.