

Hi

You were the only one that seemed to give quite a damn about me. Thanks. And congratulations—you are also the only rational one who can think on their feet. This is why I'm leaving you with my belongings: you deserve them and need them. I'm going away forever. I really enjoyed your time even if you weren't the best looking. I've come to realize what I am and I now know what I must do. Of the group, you were the most competent. Your plans have put us in bad situations before, but that's okay—you've saved us more than hurt us. People make mistakes. You make very few. I sincerely hope nothing happens to you. I wish I could do more for the party but I can't—this is my last and final act. Hopefully you win the war and you get the elven crafts back to your parents.

Good luck and good-bye
Siobhan Magnus
PS I'm turning into a junkie

And I've kept this in for a while but—I realize that I made an error in the giant snake fight way back with Eddy. I could have killed the snake. He didn't have to die. I didn't want to say anything because I didn't want to get abandoned—you guys were the closest things I had to allies. And without your help I wouldn't have gotten so far and found out what I was. You guys are the reason this war can end well.

And for further information: I did my own research. The White was a dragon, much like the Blue and the Red, that had a loose affiliation with the others similar to the three. The White died fighting the Lich King at Moonwreck. Either the White tried to use the moon to crush the Lich King, or the Lich King tried to use the moon to crush the White. The Red is currently in an unknown location away from the Empire as the Archmage has wards to keep him out. The Green is kept hostage by the Elf Queen. The Black.. I have my theories. For the Black's sake, I will not name the suspect, but you most likely know who I am thinking of.

Perhaps get the circlet from the mercenaries and give it to the Blue so she can hand it to the Elf Queen or High Druid. We need all three factions to join the war against the Diabolist, Lich King, and Orc Lord. That's not all that it takes, I'm sure, but you need to start there.

I am the phylactery. I've been having visions—and these visions they.. they've revealed to me what I am. I house the soul of the Lich King. I am no hero, I'm simply someone who is doing the right thing. As far as you know, I've never existed. I'm no martyr—I'm a monster. The only way to stop the Lich King is the destruction of my body. Complete destruction. No one shall know who or what the phylactery was. If there was a way for me to survive, I would—I wish to assist further and make sure the job is done. But there isn't. The destruction of me is necessary.