

DIABLO

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Diablo

BLIZZARD ENTERTAINMENT

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Diablo I

Binding of the Three

Unknown

So it came to be that the Three Prime Evils were banished in spirit form to the mortal realm and after sowing chaos across the East for decades, they were hunted down by the cursed Order of the mortal Horadrim. The Horadrim used artifacts called Soulstones to contain the essence of Mephisto, the Lord of Hatred and his brother Baal, the Lord of Destruction. The youngest brother - Diablo, the Lord of Terror - escaped to the West.

Eventually the Horadrim captured Diablo within a Soulstone as well, and buried him under an ancient, forgotten Cathedral. There, the Lord of Terror sleeps and awaits the time of his rebirth. Know ye that he will seek a body of youth and power to possess - one that is innocent and easily controlled. He will then arise to free his Brothers and once more fan the flames of the Sin War...

Book of Blood

Unknown

...and so, locked beyond the gateway of blood, and past the hall of fires, Valor awaits for the hero of light to awaken...

Book of the Blind

Unknown

“I can see what you see not.
Vision milky, then eyes rot.
When you turn they will be gone,
Whispering their hidden song.
Then you see what cannot be,
Shadows move where light should be.
Out of darkness, out of mind,
Cast down into the Halls of the Blind.”

Dark Exile

Unknown

So it came to be that there was a great revolution within the Burning Hells known as the Dark Exile. The Lesser Evils overthrew the three Prime Evils and banished their spirit forms to the mortal realm. The Demons Belial (the Lord of Lies) and Azmodan (the Lord of Sin) fought to claim rulership of Hell during the absence of the Three Brothers. All of Hell polarized between the factions of Belial and Azmodan while the forces of the High Heavens continually battered upon the very gates of Hell.

Great Conflict

Unknown

Take heed and bear witness to the truths that lie herein, for they are the last legacy of the Horadrim. There is a war that rages on even now, beyond the fields that we know - between the Utopian Kingdoms of the High Heavens and the Chaotic Pits of the Burning Hells. This war is known as the Great Conflict, and it has raged and burned longer than any of the stars in the sky. Neither side ever gains sway for long as the forces of Light and Darkness constantly vie for control over all creation.

Journal: The End

Unknown

My time is quickly running out. I must record the ways to weaken the Demon, and then conceal that text, lest his minions find some way to use my knowledge to free their Lord. I hope that whoever finds this journal will seek the knowledge.”

Journal: The Meeting

Unknown

I have tried spells, threats, abjuration and bargaining with this foul creature — to no avail. My methods of enslaving Lesser Demons seem to have no effect on this fearsome beast.

Journal: The Tirade

Unknown

My home is slowly becoming corrupted by the vileness of this unwanted prisoner. The Crypts are full of Shadows that move just beyond the corners of my vision. The faint scrabble of claws dances at the edges of my hearing. They are searching, I think, for this journal.

Mythical Book

Unknown

“Beyond the hall of heroes lies the Chamber of Bone. Eternal death awaits any who would seek to steal the treasures secured within this room. So speaks the Lord of Terror, and so it is written.”

Sin War

Unknown

Many Demons traveled to the mortal realm in search of the Three Brothers. These Demons were followed to the mortal plane by Angels who hunted them throughout the vast cities of the East. The Angels allied themselves with a secretive order of mortal Magi named the Horadrim, who quickly became adept at hunting Demons. They also made many dark enemies in the underworlds.”

Steel Tome

Unknown

“The armories of Hell are home to the Warlord of Blood.
In his wake lay the mutilated bodies of thousands.
Angels and man alike have been cut down to
fulfill his endless sacrifices to the dark ones
who scream for one thing - blood.”

Tale of the Horadrim

Unknown

Take heed and bear witness to the truths that lie herein, for they are the last legacy of the Horadrim.

Nearly three hundred years ago, it came to be known that the three Prime Evils of the Burning Hells had mysteriously come to our world. The Three Brothers ravaged the lands of the East for decades, while humanity was left trembling in their wake. Our order - the Horadrim - was founded by a group of secretive Magi to hunt down and capture the three Evils once and for all.

The original Horadrim captured two of the Three within powerful artifacts known as Soulstones and buried them deep beneath the desolate Eastern sands. The third Evil escaped capture and fled to the West with many of the Horadrim in pursuit. The third Evil - known as Diablo, the Lord of Terror - was eventually captured, his essence set in a Soulstone and buried within this Labyrinth.

Be warned that the Soulstone must be kept from discovery by those not of the Faith. If Diablo were to be released, he would seek a body that is easily controlled as he would be very weak - perhaps that of an old man or a child.”

Tale of the Three

Archbishop Lazarus

“Glory and approbation to Diablo, Lord of Terror and Leader of the Three. My Lord spoke to me of his two brothers, Mephisto and Baal, who were banished to this world long ago. My Lord wishes to bide his time and harness his awesome power so that he may free his captive brothers from their tombs beneath the sands of the East. Once my Lord releases his brothers, The Sin War will once again know the fury of the Three.”

The Black King

Archbishop Lazarus

“Hail and sacrifice to Diablo, Lord of Terror and Destroyer of Souls. When I awoke my Master from his sleep, he attempted to possess a mortal’s form. Diablo attempted to claim the body of King Leoric, but my Master was too weak from his imprisonment. My Lord required a simple and innocent anchor to this world, and so found the boy Albrecht perfect for the task. While the good King Leoric was left maddened by Diablo’s unsuccessful possession, I kidnapped his son, Albrecht, and brought him before my Master. I now await Diablo’s call and pray that I will be rewarded when he at last emerges as the Lord of this world.”

The Realms Beyond

Archbishop Lazarus

“All praises to Diablo - Lord of Terror and Survivor of the Dark Exile. When he awakened from his long slumber, my Lord and Master spoke to me of secrets that few mortals know. He told me the Kingdoms of the High Heavens and the Pits of the Burning Hells engage in an eternal war. He revealed the powers that have brought this discord to the realms of Man. My Lord and Master has named the battle for this world and all who exist here the Sin War.”

Wages of Sin are War

Unknown

Take heed and bear witness to the truths that lie herein, for they are the last legacy of the Horadrim. When the eternal conflict between the High Heavens and the Burning Hells falls upon mortal soil, it is called the Sin War. Angels and Demons walk amongst humanity in disguise, fighting in secret, away from the prying eyes of mortals. Some daring, powerful mortals have even allied themselves with either side, and helped to dictate the course of the Sin War.

Diablo II

Horazon's Journal

Horazon

“Seekers of the Tomb of Tal Rasha will find it through the Portal. But know that the glowing glyphs recorded here in my Arcane Sanctuary are the signs of the six False Tombs. The missing Seventh Sign marks the Tomb of Tal Rasha... Of the Horadrim he might be called the foremost.

It was a shining - but brief - moment for the Mage Clans when they set aside their differences and worked together against the common enemy. The Horadrim relentlessly pursued the Three across the desolate Empires of the East, and even into the uncharted lands of the West, leaving the Archangel Tyrael's hands unblemished.

Presuming the Three to be vanquished, the Horadrim's unstable fellowship began to dissipate. Abandoning their sacred charge to safeguard the three Soulstones, the disparate Mage Clans began to squabble amongst each other over petty differences.

Their conflicts not only dissolved their brotherhood, but strengthened the Evils which they had buried beneath the cold earth.”

Moldy Tome

Unknown

“...And so it came to pass that the Countess, who once bathed in the rejuvenating blood of a hundred virgins, was buried alive... And her castle in which so many cruel deeds took place fell rapidly into ruin. Rising over the buried dungeons in that god-forsaken wilderness, a solitary tower, like some monument to Evil, is all that remains.

The Countess' fortune was believed to be divided among the clergy, although some say that more remains unfound, still buried alongside the rotting skulls that bear mute witness to the inhumanity of the human creature.”

Diablo III

A Love Letter

Solan

From the pages of Solan, exalted poet of Kehjistan: My love rises out of the oasis like a willow. Let me nourish her like a pool of cool water. Let me wind myself up her curves and hollows like fingers in ivy, and climb her shaded branches to taste of her fruit.

A Prisoner's Journal

Unknown

13th day of Lunasadh, 1263, Anno Kehjistani, The jailers burned runes into my flesh. They say all the torture and dark magic will turn us into demonic slaves for King Leoric. What foolish lies!

17th day of Lunasadh, Pain is terrible...I can't think...I'm so hungrrry.

20th day of Lunasadh, MMMmmMMMASTter I HunnGER
MASTER FeEEED ME.

-A Wretched Prisoner

A Servant's Journal

Kohin

My little Hakan has become so cruel...so paranoid in the last few weeks. I hear that he has ordered all of his staff to leave the city, or he will have them thrown from the walls. He cannot possibly mean me. I have cared for him since he was an infant!

-Servant Kohin

A Summoner's Journal

Dark Cultist

Maghda is a fool. I will raise an army of souls from these primitives and chain them to my invincible will.

Yes, with these heathens at my command, the kingdoms of the world shall bow to the might of...The Lord of Goats!

I may have to work on the title a bit more.

-Dark Cultist

Adenah's Jottings

Adenah the Curio Vendor

These cowardly farmers have been leaving the fields for days now, but I'm not about to follow them. My home is here, and a few angry goatmen won't change that.

-Adenah the Curio Vendor

Adria's Journal

Adria

Aidan came to me last night. I suspected what was lurking within his troubled heart. I consoled him as best I could. Regardless, wherever he's headed, Hell will surely follow in his wake. The shadows close in on Tristram once again. But, like Aidan, I'll be gone before they fall.

Adria's Journal

Adria

The first time I saw a witch, she burned. Father took me to the town square to see it. "Look," he said. "That is the face of evil." But she looked like any other woman, and burned like anything else. Then the flames engulfed her, her eyes found mine, and she laughed.

My father could never understand. He was born into privilege and wealth, and he spent every moment of his life trying to protect it. I was his flesh and blood, but he cared more about the names in books and the faces of the paintings on the walls than his living daughter.

Do you know what fear is? The fear of who you are, the fear of what your own blood would do if they knew what you were. No, you could never understand it. People look to you as a savior. Have you ever thought about the lives you've taken? They were fathers, lovers... daughters.

They asked me what I see when I look into the fire. I see a burning man. I see a burning witch. I see terror and a hunger that will consume everything. What hope do the works of men have against such all-consuming hunger? I gave myself to the flames.

My father burned. He screamed as the flames consumed him, and the smell was...sickly sweet. He had found me — for once in his life, he had noticed me — and when he saw that the flames did not touch me, he breathed one word. It was his last.

“Witch,” they called me. But I turned it against them. When their daughter had a child that needed to disappear, when there was a sickness that none of the healers could cure, who was it they pleaded with? When they needed me, the morality they flaunted in the daylight disappeared. As it always does.

The first time I heard him, his voice pierced my skull. It reminded me of the cold and haughty sound of my father, but it was more, a crush of thousands of voices. When I heard him, I saw the flames, and I knew fear.

It was a man who came to my bed that night, but when I looked into his eyes, I saw the other, though even he did not know at the time. I did not hear the man’s voice, no. I heard the other, the one that has been with me for all these years. I gave myself to him.

Leah was never my daughter. She was Diablo’s daughter in truth. I felt blessed to have given the product of my body to my master. He had no interest in me, but in the product of my womb, he found life again. I never flinched when I knew her purpose. Daughters are a cheap thing.

Adria's Note

Adria

Diablo will return. I have done what I can to ensure it. He always finds a way. In your heart of hearts, you know this.

An Abridged History of Caldeum

Abd al-Hazir

Most commoners know Caldeum by reputation if not direct experience. The trade city has existed for thousands of years, predating even the Mage Clan Wars. Its neutral stance throughout the following centuries saved it from the destruction that visited the nearby city of Viz-jun and life - along with trade - carried on.

The trade consortium council has always been the ruling body of Caldeum, but it gained additional strength after the fall of the Vizjerei. The councilmen saw opportunity in the rapidly growing Zakarum faith, and they allowed the fanatics to build their enormous cathedral, Saldencal, within the center of the city.

Not content to reign supreme in commerce and religion, the trade consortium council aspired to make Caldeum a nexus of learning as well. It proposed to unite the mage academics in a massive new structure - the Yshari Sanctum - which has remained a beacon of knowledge and advancement ever since.

Caldeum changed drastically in recent years when the Kurast nobles all but invaded the city. Soon after, their emperor, Hakan I, joined them and made Caldeum his capital. Though

his actions seemed audacious, he managed to bring further peace and prosperity to the city for the duration of his reign.

All was well under the new emperor until his untimely death forced the Zakarum priests to find a new heir for Kehjistan's throne. Through a series of elaborate rituals (undoubtedly a spectacle for their superstitious followers), they determined an impoverished infant in the north was Hakan I's spiritual successor.

After the Zakarum priests' rituals were complete, they employed a group of reckless mercenaries, the Iron Wolves, to retrieve the child. They dubbed him Hakan II and installed him on the throne despite his scant years. Caldeum has been in decline ever since, and I can see no reprieve in sight.

Andariel, the Maiden of Anguish

Deckard Cain

Andariel was the only female Evil. She aided the Lesser Evils for many years, but eventually she lost faith in their plots. Two decades ago, she chose to help Diablo during his resurgence and seized the Citadel of the Sightless Eye. Ultimately, she perished at the hands of brave heroes.

- Deckard Cain

Archangel Auriel, the Aspect of Hope

Selathiel

It is through the archangel Auriel that the power of hope flows into the fabric of creation. her eternal light illuminates even the darkest souls. With Malthael's departure, it falls to Auriel to hold the Angiris Council together. Should her light ever fade, all Heaven would fall to despair.

- Selathiel, Angiris Scribe

Archangel Imperius, the Aspect of Valor

Selathiel

Imperius, the archangel of Valor, is the greatest warrior in all of creation. He revels in war and combat and has led the hosts of Heaven to innumerable victories. With Malthael's absence, it is Imperius who now rules over the Angiris Council, seeking always to defend the High Heavens from any foe.

- Selathiel, Angiris Scribe

Archangel Ithereal, the Aspect of Fate

Selathiel

Knowledge of the future grants power over the present. For this reason, Itherael, the archangel of Fate, is a vital member of the Council. He alone possesses the ability to decipher the threads of destiny woven in the celestial Scroll of Fate. His boundless sight grants him perspective others cannot fully comprehend.

— Selathiel, Angiris Scribe

Archangel Malthael, the Aspect of Wisdom

Selathiel

Much uncertainty surrounds the archangel Malthael. Once the calm guiding hand of wisdom, he was lost to us the moment the Worldstone disappeared. Unable to fathom that catastrophic event, he abandoned Heaven. His departure created a colossal fracture within the council, one that, to this day, remains unrepaired.

- Selathiel, Angiris Scribe

Archangel Tyrael, the Aspect of Justice

Selathiel

Tyrael, the archangel of Justice, is a being of balance and integrity. His compassion for mankind has compromised his standing within the Angiris Council. He alone recognizes the nephalem's capacity to transcend their divided heritage and become the true champions of creation.

— Selathiel, Angiris Scribe

Azmodan, the Lord of Sin

Deckard Cain

The Valrous manuscript lists Azmodan as the best battlefield commander of all demons, having defeated the angels many times in the Eternal Conflict across Pandemonium and the Prime Evils in the demonic civil war. If the Lord of Sin ever assaults our realm, we truly have much to fear.

— Deckard Cain

Baal, the Lord of Destruction

Deckard Cain

Baal was the most brash and reckless of the Prime Evils. After the Dark Exile, he was contained within the Horadrim Tal Rasha and entombed. Centuries later, Diablo freed Baal, who then corrupted the Worldstone to devastating effect for the Barbarians who lived near Mount Arreat. The heroes killed Baal shortly afterwards.

— Deckard Cain

Battlefield Reports

Guard Kelvan

The men are losing hope. The demons' numbers seem endless. They come at all times, day or night, and no amount of casualties we inflict slows their advance. We need reinforcements. We need help.

— Guard Kelvan

Belial, the Lord of Lies

Deckard Cain

Belial, Lord of Lies, is the most elusive of the seven Evils and is a master of deceit. It is said that he manipulated Azmodan into revolt against the Prime Evils. This began the Burning Hells' civil war, which ended with the Dark Exile of the Prime Evils to our mortal realm.

—Deckard Cain

Blackened Journal

Unknown

Asheara is a good woman. She has to know that the emperor isn't the same sweet child she brought to Caldeum years ago. She has to act! If Caldeum falls, so do the trade routes, and people will start starving all over the world. We must tear Hakan from his throne!

Iron Wolf Swordsman

Bloodstained Letter

Brielle

My dearest Jonathan, I hope this letter finds you well and that life at Bastion's Keep is not too difficult. Arthur is growing up to be just like his father. I'm happy to hear you'll be back in time for his birthday, and I'll be praying every night for your safe return.

— Brielle

Burial Wishes

Marta

If you are reading this, my husband and I are both gone. We would like to be buried side by side, preferably in a sunny spot. Oh, and please don't bury my husband's sword with us. He won't need it anymore

— Marta

Cain's Old Journal

Deckard Cain

I can no longer deny the true nature of the evil that rises from the depths of the cathedral. It is almost too horrible to admit the truth of it. It is the dark Lord of Terror, Diablo himself, who plagues us.

The vile staff of Lazarus was brought to me today, confirming my suspicions. There is no longer any doubt that Lazarus kidnapped Albrecht and perhaps even freed Diablo from his ancient prison. Who knows what further treachery he has planned?

Command from Cultist Grand Inquisitor

Grand Inquisitor

I need more bodies! You think my summoners can just conjure up a demon whenever it pleases them? We must have blood — fresh blood, mind you — and human flesh to bolster our magic. I will be expecting a reply from you shortly.

Grand Inquisitor

Crumbling Journal

Unknown

My mother told me not to join the mages' army. I should have listened. In the morning they're sending the infantry against the Vizjerei. I don't know how we're supposed to survive. Maybe we're not. It's so beautiful here. Maybe if I hid in the trees, they wouldn't notice me.

— Mage Clan Soldier

Cultist Missive

Unknown

“He bade us find the favored children of Heaven and Hell and drain their blood. The children are few, and their strength is great. We take them unawares — unarmed or asleep — and open their veins. The blood flows into the temple, and our master smiles.”

Cultist Page

Unknown

Word has come that Adria has fallen, slain by the nephalem. Perhaps she has reunited with Maghda now, somewhere... There are few of us left who remember the power they once wielded—and the promises they made.

One thing that is still clear to me—whatever is left of Adria belongs to us. It is vital that we recover her possessions before anyone else can reach them. As soon as the nephalem is gone, we shall make our move.

It took time, but we have scoured every part of the Blood Marsh. We found most of what we expected, aside from Adria's journals. Perhaps it is fitting that her innermost thoughts will remain a mystery to us.

There is much that I do not understand within Adria's runes and spellbooks, though I have pored over their every page. I never realized how far her knowledge of magic extended beyond my own. This will be a trying task.

After hours of study, I grew weary of the pointless frustration and tossed Adria's books aside. As I cursed to myself, I became aware of a faint whispering in the shadows... Something had heard my anguish, and it responded.

I begged the voices in the shadows for a window into Adria's memories. If I learn from her example, I may find a way

forward for those of us who remain loyal. The nephalem destroyed our plans, but there could still be a chance...

The shadows have answered me. Old Tristram will return to what it once was—but only for a short time. I have until then to uncover the rest of the witch's secrets.

Deceivers' Orders

Belial

My exemplary servants,

Keep the witch alive until she talks. Pain will loose her tongue, but only to a point. Remember what happened with the vizier's assistant...? It was a pleasurable time, I admit, but the man had only incoherent babble and bloody strands of pus spilling from his lips by the end.

— Belial

Deckard Cain's Journal

Deckard Cain

We have come at last to Tristram's old Cathedral. This is where Diablo, Lord of Terror, first corrupted mankind. This is where I may finally find the answers I seek. Leah worries after my safety, but I believe information vital to defeating the last lords of the Burning Hells can be found here.

I wish that Leah could live a different life—a more normal life—but, alas, such is not her fate. When I pass, there is none but her to continue my work, and the future of this world hangs in the balance.

Deserter's Journal

Unknown

We are fighting a battle that was lost before it had even begun. To follow the Black King into a war against Westmarch was folly of the highest order. Each day only brings us closer to complete and utter defeat, but our commanders refuse to surrender.

It is decided. We will flee this doomed war. I had hoped to find solace in this decision, but it brings only more uncertainty. We will never see our homes again, and our names will be dishonored. But what choice do we have? Certain death in the service of a madman?

We found what was left of Raston yesterday. The wretched creatures of the bog seized us without warning. We are being punished by the gods. I would laugh if I had the energy. We fled the war to save ourselves, but it seems death already knew our names.

This cave has killed even more of us than the bog we sought to escape. We must leave at once. But to where? The only choice left to us is: where to die?

We are men without a country, shamed and cursed for fleeing an unjust war. We should have stayed and died with our honor intact. Instead we are slaughtered like pigs by beasts that feed on our remains. Death on the battlefield would have been far better than the fate we have chosen.

Despina's Journal

Villager Despina

Praise the powers that be! Griswold, bless his dear heart, risked everything to bring that dear boy home from the cathedral. Though he is troubled and moody now, I am certain it will pass and he will once again be the sweet Wirt we all love.

Diablo, the Lord of Terror

Deckard Cain

Diablo was the youngest of the Prime Evils, but I found him the most dangerous, for his power over terror left him incapable of feeling fear. Though he had easily possessed and corrupted many humans, Diablo's essence was finally trapped in a soulstone and banished to the unfathomable Abyss twenty years ago.

- Deckard Cain

Duriel, the Lord of Pain

Deckard Cain

Duriel is the twin of Andariel. I believe that they conspired together to assist Diablo in releasing Mephisto and Baal, though they had both supported the Lesser Evils in the past. The Lord of Pain was found guarding Baal's prison — the tomb of Tal Rasha — when he was slain by heroes.

— Deckard Cain

Eirena's Journal

Eirena

I felt no fear when they sealed the tomb before me, only a sense of peace as my mind drifted away into the darkness. It seems I opened my eyes only seconds later and beheld the chamber in ruins, half-buried in sand. I have left everything behind... Only hope guides me now.

— Eirena

Explorer's Log

Quentin Sharpe

Day 1. An inexplicable tide arose from nowhere, dashing our ship on the rocks, and now we are stranded. Could the old myths actually be true? Regardless, since our plan to study this infamous place was the talk of many, I am certain we'll be rescued before long. In the meantime, my research awaits.

Day 6. It is odd - I feel the island's malevolence weighing upon me, and hear screams on the wind-but no one has lived here for millennia. We've only been here days, but my crew has the look of men who have been stranded for months. I find myself contemplating the impossible: is this island truly evil, or am I going mad?

Day 23. Our lot is an unfortunate one. Some of us have been lost to madness, some have disappeared, and some have dropped dead for no apparent reason. And who or what is the crazed hermit with his bizarre rituals? When he attacked Smythe I was forced to kill him, yet I saw him this morning, alive. Terrifying.

Day... day... I no longer know what day it is. I am forced to admit that our plan was ill conceived at best. Being the last survivor, it falls to me to rid this world of that madman if it's the last thing I do. I have lost count of how many times I have already killed him; I can only pray that this time it takes.

Fall of the Barbarians

Deckard Cain

“I have been fortunate enough to learn much of the barbarians’ complicated history in my time. Yet the origins of these large, mighty warriors are hazy at best. Legend holds that they are the offspring of Bul-Kathos, an ancient who embodied their ideals of strength, bravery, and courage.”

“The Children of Bul-Kathos settled in the Northern Steppes, an area that is now known as the Dreadlands. Theirs was primarily a nomadic and tribal culture, though they had a few permanent settlements such as Sescheron and Harrogath. A group of revered former warriors known as the elder council ruled the barbarians.”

“The barbarians have always defended their lands in the north from trespassers. They believe that it is their sacred charge to guard Mount Arreat and the Worldstone within it from the outside world. Unfortunately, their battle prowess and tenacity have been misinterpreted as bloodthirst and territorial savagery by soldiers in Westmarch.”

“Twenty years ago, Baal was loosed upon the world. He besieged the barbarian capital of Sescheron and used treachery to access the Worldstone Chamber, circumventing the three

ancient guardians Talic, Madawc, and Korlic. In the end, he succeeded in corrupting the great artifact. Though Baal was slain by heroes, his damage was irreversible.”

“The Archangel Tyrael shattered the corrupted Worldstone to prevent the demons from using it. But the impact of the explosion destroyed Mount Arreat, leaving a massive crater in its wake. With nothing to protect, the barbarians grew aimless and divided. Now they are scattered through the north among the ruins of their long history.”

Farmer's Journal

Misguided Farmer

I'm not quite sure what all the fuss is about. Few farmers turn up dead, and everyone goes running for the hills. I've lived off these lands for twenty years, and I have not seen any bloodthirsty monsters running about. No reason I should leave a perfectly good harvest.

-Misguided Farmer

Fharzula

High Cleric

Awaken. Obey. Sacrifice.

Fuad's Journal

Fuad the Cannibal

Day four: We were crazed with starvation from three days with no food, but that is no excuse for what we have done...

Day seven: I cannot face what I have become...

Day ten: I hunger, but I am patient. Someone will come for me. And then I will feed again.

Fuad

Ghom's Log

Ghom

The human prisoners are panicking now? They must have noticed that fresh meat only comes after one of their number is dragged away, screaming... This will not hold. Slaughter the ones who starve themselves and feed them to their hungry friends. When those ones are fully stuffed... I will be ready to dine.

Gillian's Diary

Gillian

“Ogden and his wife have offered to let me and Grandmother continue to stay with them. I think we will now that the troubles are over.

I am still tormented by horrific nightmares. I keep hoping they will fade, but they seem to be getting stronger.

“To think I was once afraid of Adria. She is going to take me to Caldeum! I never thought to see it with my own eyes...

Thought it saddens me to leave Ogden and his wife, Adria assures me that she will find a cure for my nightmares.

Grand Maester's Journal

Grand Maester

Man is a flawed being. Time and again, we have seen good men give in to temptation. Though it is painful, I have found only one answer: we must cleanse the minds of our recruits so they will never fall prey to the corruption of the demons, or the blind self-righteousness of the angels.

— Grand Maester

Gravedigger's Log

Darris the Gravedigger

When King Leoric came to court, he brought many nobles with him. And nobles, oddly enough, want noble crypts. So I showed up with my shovel, thinking to make an easy profit by digging a few holes. Ha! There's no stopping their demands around here! Now I eat, sleep and breathe dirt, it seems..."

—Darris the Gravedigger

Guard's Orders

Unknown

Captain of the Guard, you are hereby ordered to send a band of your most loyal men to secure the Khasim Outpost. Control of the city hangs by a thread. The commoners are becoming restless, and it is imperative that we subdue them. Remain vigilant, for these may already be an outsider within our borders, looking to stir up trouble.

— (Illegible Signature)

Hermit's Ravings

Unknown

“I used to be one of them. Ordinary. Untouched. Until her voice came to me. Then I knew how I must serve. I must kill the one who threatens my mistress and the dark power that created her. I have been chosen!”

High Cleric's Journal

High Cleric

Rayeld has strayed. But I maintain hope, for there is no joy to be found that can compare to our worship. Very few grasp the transcendent relationship between the rituals and our goddess. I... I know my son has the true sight, and, one day, he will once again embrace our faith completely.

Rayeld's behavior is becoming more and more erratic. I think he actually believes our sacrifices cruel, but we are all simply instruments of Nereza in this life. I pray that he will come to understand how important they are, for the goddess must be fed or evil shall prevail. Perhaps tomorrow's ritual will open his eyes to the truth.

History of Kanai's Cube

Zoltun Kulle

The Cube was used by my Horadrim brothers in many of their most complex rituals. When its potential became clear, they began to fear its power, the fools. They hid it away, even from me, and created a less powerful implement, the Horadric Cube, which they used for many years.

I never stopped looking for Kanai's Cube. Finally, I learned that they had entrusted it to a secret society of Barbarians. The last of these, Kanai, died in Baal's invasion of Sescheron. His spirit guards it still, and he is unlikely to give it to me. But I know someone who can impress even the mighty Kanai.

Hunter's Journal

Iben Fahd

We are in agreement. Kulle the renegade must be stopped. He seeks to duplicate the power of the stones and wield it for his own ends. He is obsessed with the powers of Heaven and Hell. Drawing their attention will only bring doom to us all.

We set out in one week's time into the Desolate Sands to search for Kulle's hidden archives. None of us have any idea what to expect. How far has Kulle's madness driven him? How much power has he accumulated in his mad quest? I can only hope we are not too late...

We found Kulle's archives. They were strangely empty...at first. But Kulle laid traps everywhere. Each step harder than the next. It was foolish to expect otherwise. Kulle has prepared for many years for someone to come for him. Perhaps we are fools, and yet we must push on.

Try as we might, Kulle simply cannot be killed. His cursed body sustains him. He bleeds sand, and his laughter mocks us. There is only one course of action left to us. We will separate his body and his head, and hide the body within the shadow realm.

We will seal the shadow locks with vials of his blood in the desert under eternal guard. I can only hope that the world does not forget of Kulle's evil, and his blood remains undisturbed beneath the shifting sands.

Kulle mocks my every step. I try to shut him out, but his chattering is ceaseless. He takes joy in taunting me. I will not rise to the bait. I will not give in to him. I long for the silence that will come once I secure his head away.

Iron Wolf Captain's Journal

Iron Wolf Captain

Another sunset, and Alcarnus is still safe from the sudden madness that plagues Caldeum. Though we are seeing an influx of hooded pilgrims for some Zakarum holy day, the... demons out there are keeping their distance. I will double the guard at the gate. We must not be unprepared if our luck turns.

— Iron Wolf Captain

Izual's Descent

Archangel Itherael

The angel Izual was once Tyrael's lieutenant, but he was captured by the enemy after an ill-advised assault upon the Hellforge. Izual surrendered to demonic corruption and revealed the secrets of the soulstones to the Prime Evils. Tyrael claimed that Izual was slain years ago, but his replacement has never emerged from the Crystal Arch...

- Archangel Itherael

Journal of Hansen Haile, Captain

Captain Hansen Haile

Day 9: Young commander Calderos believes that the demonic scourge will flee before a bloody show of righteous force. He intends to lead a charge from our fortifications tomorrow. Calderos can commit suicide by stupidity if he wants, but I'll be damned if I send my lads with him.

Journal of Rayeld the Younger

Rayeld

I can barely contain myself. After so many years of studying, my time has finally come. Tomorrow I wield the sacrificial knife for the first time. I am certain the goddess Nereza will find me pure when she gazes into my soul and receives my offering.

Thank the goddess my father did not see. My hand shook, and I was sick to my stomach. During every other sacrifice I have witnessed, I only experienced the joy of the offering. But holding the knife, looking into their eyes as they die... for the first time, I doubt my faith.

My father knows, I can see it in his eyes. But now that I understand what our religion truly is, I cannot let it continue. If Nereza knows what is in my heart, then I am already damned, so I might as well do something worthwhile to earn it.

As I approached the sacrifice, knife in hand, I saw her pleading eyes. Until that moment, I was unsure whether I could really do it. With a clear conscience, I turned the blade on my father and freed the girl, who I now know as Sara. Fortunately, the worshippers were too stunned to stop our escape.

Nereza was no goddess, though I can't say what she was. She had human eyes, but her visage was more that of some hideous demon. And when I killed her, I felt that evil flow through me into the very island itself. Then, it... it took Sara.

Kala's Poem

Kala

When the desert sands silence their whispers in the night, and the thousand lights of the stars bleed into the darkness, I will find you in the void. My love will pour from me as words pour from my pen.

- Kala

Khazra Heads Wanted

New Tristram Official

“The local Khazra tribes have become a serious threat. They attack caravans and are moving into areas where they haven’t been seen before. We need you to take care of this problem for us. We’ll pay twenty-five gold pieces for every Khazra head you bring back.”

-New Tristram Official

Kingsport Bill

Unknown

“Wanted: one relic, scarlet, roughly the size of a man’s fist.

It was stolen two months past during a deplorable theft from the Merchants Guild Bank. Those apprehended were not in possession of the item. The relic is greatly missed by its rightful owner, who offers a reward for its safe return.”

Kulle's Journal

Kulle

Finally, I have unlocked the secret of the soulstones once given to the Horadrim by Tyrael. An impressive creation, to be sure, but one that I am certain can be duplicated. No, not just duplicated - improved upon. My soulstone will be made to contain the souls of many demons, or even angels!

Lachdanan's Scroll

Lachdanan

“My name is Lachdanan, and I am cursed. Once the captain of King Leoric’s army, I lived only to honor my land and my king. No man has a greater love for his king than I had for mine, even as I drove my blade through his dark and corrupted heart.”

“It was Lazarus - of that I am certain. He alone had the king’s ear and whispered dark and evil magics into it, instilling the notion of an imminent attack by Westmarch. Afraid to speak against the archbishop, the councilors nodded their empty heads in agreement and sent us off to die.”

“When we returned from our horrific defeat in Westmarch, my beloved king lost all pretense of sanity. He seethed with rage, spitting curses upon us as traitors. With great sorrow, I ran him through.”

“I will forever live in anguish for my last attempt to honor my king. As we lay him to rest in his burial chamber, he manifested as a hideous skeletal demon. Gorash and my other knights were overcome at once, but I fought on.”

“And now I wander, cursed by my once-beloved king. Evil gnaws at my bones, and I cannot risk putting my beloved

Tristram in danger should I fail to contain that which tears at me. I must venture down into the labyrinth to die alone.”

Larra's Diary

Larra

About a week has passed since the cultists found us. Mama told me to hide; I was always good at hiding. No one could ever find me because I would choose the places where no one wanted to look. Then they dragged my parents away... I can still hear them screaming.

Last of the Barbarians

Skular

Baal has invaded Sescheron, but we will fight until we are no more. For we are all that stands between him and our sacred Mountain — and I swear by the blood of Bul-Kathos, hell will pay dearly for each of our deaths.

Chief Elder Kanai was the best of us. He could have been the next Immortal King. None have come close to bringing the tribes together since Worusk, but Kanai could have been the one to change that with his indomitable spirit. Though as strong as three warriors, his true strength lay in his compassion.

We showed Baal and his army what it meant to fight true warriors, but when Kanai was killed it froze the spirits of our bloodied ranks. That was when the battle was lost, for he was truly our king.

Dren, the last of our seers, prophesied the darkness would soon pass. He was wrong. Mount Arreat exploded, and took our souls with it. Many of our dwindling number were lost that day to madness and worse. They are the Unclean.

The years wear on us all. Only a few still live, but we have made a good account of ourselves, killing all but the most vicious of the flesh eaters. To think they were once our kin... as long as even one of them still lives we are all shamed.

Lazarus's Grimoire

Archbishop Lazarus

“The time of my lord’s true awakening is at hand. That fool Leoric was only able to resist him because he did not yet possess his full power. With the queen dispatched as a traitor, I may now devote myself fully to preparing the boy for the presence of my master...”

Leah's Caldeum Journal

Leah

Part 8

Quest: Shadows in the Desert

Caldeum — everything Uncle Deckard left me leads to this place. It's strange; I first met him here when I was only a child... and now his loss feels heavier than ever. He was right about everything all along... We have to stop Belial before it's too late.

Part 9

The city has many secrets, and I still remember most of them. I can get into Caldeum through the sewers if I avoid the Imperial Guard. While I'm out, my friend has sworn to take down Maghda. It won't bring Uncle Deckard back, but we'll all be relieved when she's gone.

Part 10

After all this time, my mother is alive! I couldn't be happier, and yet it's still hard to accept that she never sent word to me or Uncle Deckard. She said that she wanted to keep me safe, but I just wish I'd known... Well, at least I have her now.

Part 11

My mother has been teaching me magic and how to control my power, but I feel like I'm constantly disappointing her. She says that I have a gift, but it doesn't feel that way. Maybe it will improve if I keep practicing. For now, we are getting closer to the Black Soulstone, and that's what really matters.

Part 12

We have the Black Soulstone at last, despite Zoltun Kulle's betrayal. I always knew he couldn't be trusted. Fortunately, we were able to defeat him and retrieve the stone. I learned that my mother had secretly bound the fallen Lords of Hell to it... I just wonder why she didn't tell me.

Leah's Journal

Leah

“Uncle Deckard gave me this ring before our first exploration of the ruins in the Festering Woods. He said that it would protect me, and for a time, it did. I always intended to return it to him”

“The dead rise again in the wake of the fallen star. Is it the mad king, Leoric, who birthed this curse, or does the humble village of Tristram somehow bring these ill omens on itself?”

Leah's Tristram Journal

Leah

“We’ve been under siege for six days now. Uncle Deckard is still missing. Captain Rumford and the others are losing hope. I tell them not to lose faith... but if help doesn’t arrive soon...”

“A miracle has happened! A hero, like one out of Uncle Deckard’s tales, appeared and saved us! I know in my heart that my uncle still lives and I pray that the hero will bring him home safely.”

“Uncle Deckard’s home—rescued from the clutches of the Skeleton King! I’m so glad. But the Skeleton King? I thought he was a folktale. The idea of mad King Leoric returning to torture this place... Hasn’t Tristram suffered enough?”

“I can hardly believe it, but the falling star... is a man! When Uncle Deckard realized this, he was crushed. I know he was hoping for something more... miraculous.”

“Uncle Deckard believes the key to unlocking the Stranger’s memory is reassembling his sword. I wish I could say this was another of Uncle’s crazy theories, but I can’t deny that these ominous events are starting to really scare me.”

“When we retrieved the Stranger’s second sword piece, Maghda found us. She’s always on our heels. Who is she? She claims to know my mother, but how could that be? Regardless, we must beat her to Wortham and the final piece of the sword.”

“Uncle Deckard is gone forever. I remember the wonderful times we had together, always off on another crazy quest. What will I do without him? He believed the Stranger was an angel, but he is only a man. I always knew they were just stories. Uncle Deckard died for those stories.”

Leah's Keep Journal

Leah

We've reached Bastion's Keep, but holding the Black Soulstone together takes up all of my time now. Sometimes I think of the wounded soldiers and their families outside... but then my concentration fails and the spells weaken. I must stay focused and trust my friend to save the keep and its people.

The days are hard. If it weren't for my mother standing beside me, I don't know what I'd do. She even watches the stone for a few hours each night so I can rest. Sometimes I dream I'm in New Tristram with Uncle Deckard again, and... it's hard to wake up after that.

Adria tells me that our friend has beaten back Azmodan's armies and the keep is safe now. I... I almost can't believe it. The essences within the soulstone grow angrier — fiercer. They're fighting against me every moment now, and their darkness creeps around the edges of my mind... I must remain strong.

I thought I was going to die when I saw the demons' rage escape from the soulstone. Tyrael and my friend fought them, but I couldn't help. It was like I was watching them through a

haze. What is the soulstone doing to me? Azmodan must die soon... Then I will be myself again.

Leoric's Journal

Leoric

“We have just arrived in Tristram, and I must say I’m a bit dismayed. This place is a backwater filled with serfs and an ancient, broken-down monastery, hardly fit for the king of Khanduras! I cannot fathom why Lazarus was so intent on this becoming our new seat of power.”

“A fetid, pallid malaise has fallen over the manor we now call home. Young Albrecht seems to be enjoying himself in our new home, however. Perhaps I am simply suffering from an imbalance of humors brought on by the recent change of clime.”

“I am convinced that some malevolent being is attempting to wrest control of my thoughts away from me. Voices direct me to horrendous acts, and there are times when I seem unable to control my body. Lazarus knows; this is certain. He looks at me strangely when he thinks me otherwise disposed.”

“Though my council begs me to reconsider, I will continue with the executions of those I find guilty of plotting against the kingdom. Perhaps they fear my eye will fall on them and discover their heinous, treasonous plans as well. Lazarus is the only one I can still trust.”

“I have finally rid myself of the dark influence seeking to subdue me, and now I see things as they truly are. This conspiracy among the insolent townsfolk to weaken me by stealing Albrecht away will not stand! Perhaps the heads of their women and children on pikes will bring them clarity...”

Lord Kertis's Journal

Lord Kertis

"I curse you, Saul! You sold me that piece of waterlogged land to build my castle on?! Well, I will have the last laugh, you dog! I will build my castle here, and it will be the grandest castle ever! Do you hear me, Saul? Ever!"

Lord Kertis

Lost Journal

Unknown

“I had heard the rumors, but I thought them just fancies of bored women... until I saw them dragging people through the streets today. Our own citizens! Has the world gone mad?!”

Lyndo's Journal

Lyndon

We have found the key to the ancient device, but I fear that these treasures will cost us our lives. At least my brother and I have made it this far, and we are still alive. Dare we use this machine?

— Lyndo

Maddening Questions

Unknown

I found more of the enigmatic portals. They are hidden yet everywhere. They call to me, but to set foot into them is to be drawn deeper into the mystery of the dungeons that lie beyond. I cannot think of anything else. I should find a way to close the portals, if only to save me from myself.

Maghda, Leader of the Coven

Maghda

When I joined the Coven, it was weak and idle. The leaders were content to do nothing, while the Prime Evils were imprisoned. I convinced another witch to help me poison them, and together we took control. She...left some years later, but I continued, bringing the Coven to glory under Lord Belial.

- Maghda

Malthael's Plan

Archangel Tyrael

Malthael is fundamentally altering the Black Soulstone. It will now pull in all the demonic essence from whatever plane of existence it finds itself in. But mankind is born of angel and demon alike. Every mortal save myself has demonic essence as an intrinsic part of their being. Losing that will rip their body and soul apart.

Archangel Tyrael

Melaina's Memory

Melaina the Enchantress

We trained believing that we would fight together, but Eirena was the one who was chosen, and we were the ones who must sacrifice to support her. Why her and not me? A selfish question, for I know that if she was asked, she would say yes. So I did.

Melaina the Enchantress

Mephisto, the Lord of Hatred

Deckard Cain

The evil of Mephisto, Lord of Hatred, was so pervasive that even after he had been defeated and entombed in a soulstone, his demonic essence oozed upwards into Travincal and corrupted the Zakarum priests. Though he fell to the same heroes who killed his brothers, I fear for us should he ever return.

— Deckard Cain

Mira's Letter to Haedrig

Mira

“My dearest Haedrig,

Do not feel despair, my love. You did everything you could. Our time together meant more than words can say, but in the end, fate is a cruel mistress. Your strength is needed to end the horrors that beset this world. My final wish is that you find your path.

Love always,

Mira”

Miser's Will

Gozek

To my sniveling offspring: if you are reading this, then I am dead and you have come to claim my fortune. Well, you still can't have it! I have set traps to stop you from even trying. So, enjoy the rest of your poor, miserable, and cowardly lives.

Gozek

Missive to Maghda

Belial

Maghda, this “hero” means to attack you in Alcarnus. If I were you, I would set a trap at the Khasim Outpost, but I am not you. For all I know, you wish to fail me again and force me to kill you. That would grieve me, though somehow...I think I could manage it.

- Belial

Maghda, such sad, sad tales have reached me of your truly abysmal failure to stop the enemy at the Khasim Outpost. But at least the enemy’s spy has been found. Once we eliminate her and her allies, this obnoxious little world will fall to me...and perhaps you, if you survive.

- Belial

Morgan's Journal

Guard Morgan

Transferring to Bastion's Keep is as dull as I imagined. The soldiers spend most of their time gambling. I guess this is what I should expect from this hollowed-out rock, a shadow of its former glory. Still, I am here to provide for Anna. I hope she is well. — Guard Morgan

The captain looked grim today. A messenger came in the middle of the night. They know something they aren't telling us. Maybe coming here was a bigger mistake than I thought...

The demons came at night, silent as death; the night watch was overrun in moments. Since then it's been an endless massacre. Those creatures... they're straight out of a nightmare. I don't think I'll be going home after all. I'm sorry, Anna... — Guard Morgan

Mysterious Journal

Vidian

Everything has changed. First Belial was thwarted in Caldeum — then Azmodan in Arreat Crater. Their deaths shook the Seven Hells, but they were merely the harbinger for the return of Diablo as the Prime Evil. Though his power was unmatched, he was defeated... and the Angel of Death followed. Who could have done this?

The rumors have traveled far, even to my lands. Humanity is regaining its power, and the nephalem are reborn... People say they have defeated Diablo and Malthael, and secured peace on Sanctuary. My brothers and sisters did not believe it... No mortal could do so much. But I would know more...

I was never the strongest of my kin, but I am the most relentless. I will find these heroes, even if it means scouring every corner of these miserable lands. It is clear the nephalem are drawn to danger, and if nothing else, that is what will bring us together.

I must make the proper arrangements before we meet. Everything shall be in order for my exalted guests. They are used to the company of angels and rulers, not my humble

pleasures, but oh, the things they are missing. I will show them just how attentive a host can be.

My followers have done well. I was no match for those I seek, but through my new regimen, I have gained strength and power. To think it was this simple all along! Perhaps my dear little friends will see me and know they are inferior? That their blood is thin compared to the richness that now flows in my veins? Or we could slice each other open and see who is the victor...

Necromancer's Log

Mehtan the Necromancer

Two decades ago, my mentor faced the forces of evil and emerged victorious. I cannot hope to surpass his achievements, but I will try to bring balance to the raging forces that threaten to tear the world asunder in these days. The spirits are restless near Caldeum, I must quiet them.

Never Ending Questions

Unknown

I can see it now. My brothers and sisters will be drawn to these places of power, and I cannot stop it. I can only hope that some of them will prove more adept than I and see the patterns clearly before the call takes them. Perhaps they will even discover why these dungeons exist. For me it is too late. I feel the call, and I know I must heed it, regardless of the cost.

New Tristram

Deckard Cain

“For many years, villagers were too afraid to settle near the ruins of the cursed town Tristram. But as time went by, adventurers arrived to loot the old cathedral, and their business was profitable enough that New Tristram sprang up to accommodate them. Fewer travelers visit now, though, and the town is mostly populated by craftsmen and farmers.”

—Deckard Cain

Notes of Urik the Seer

Urik the Seer

“Long I have labored to master the dark arts. Now I finally reap the rewards, for Maghda has acknowledged me! She promised me a special task that will bring endless glory to the Great One. I can hardly rest until she reveals it on the morrow!”

“Goatmen! All of my labors were for a bunch of rotten, stinking goatmen! Maghda claims that they will become our most valuable allies and that the task is one that she can entrust to no one but me, but I know my place. I am most bruisingly humbled.”

“Enslaving the goatmen was easier than I anticipated. My magic seemed to reignite the savagery deep within them, and they flocked to me in hordes. A few escaped — those who understood the fate of their people — but they are too weak to counter my spells. The Moon clan attacks at my command!”

Old Diary

Unknown

“There is chaos everywhere, and word in town is that Lachdanan killed the king! If only this is true, perhaps our days and nights of living in terror are behind us now.”

Old Tristram Journal

Villager Despina

“The rumors of torture and worse grow every day. What has happened to Tristram and its king? I once thought Leoric a great man, but it seems I was deceived. We all were. He sends our meager army against Westmarch on the morrow. What will become of us?”

—Villager Despina

On the Desolate Sands

Lysra

We, the Zakarum, have endeavoured to make Caldeum a city of mercy and salvation, but we have not yet been able to convince the emperors to change the ancient policy of exile. Prisoners convicted of treason are still sent to the Desolate Sands to die with nothing but the clothes on their backs.

In thousands of years of records, I cannot find a single account of a prisoner surviving exile to the Desolate Sands. The wastes are littered with bones that have been picked dry by the endlessly circling blood hawks or desperate lacuni. Those who die there meet their end without the sanctity of the Light.

The Zakarum scholar Brast wrote that the Desolate Sands were created after a mage-clan battle sent out explosive energies that devastated the entire area. But he doesn't account for the enormous skeletons... No one has ever identified them. Were they a lost race of giant beasts? Demons? Mythical dragons? We may never know.

— Lysra the Zakarum Archivist

Orders from Azmodan

Azmodan

Minions, Bastion's Keep has nearly fallen. Many of you have already gorged yourselves on blood and manflesh, but do not let your feasting delay you. I would have the keep and its commander in my possession before the next dawn. The rest of this world will fall soon after.

Minions, the imbecile who slew my brother, Belial, now means to aid the keep's beleaguered soldiers. He/She brings a girl with her who could undo us all. But I am not Belial; he was weak and cowered behind his disguises. Of course they failed him! We will seize our victory through bloodshed.

Minions, the men actually think that they can hide behind their paltry little walls! But they have only had a glimpse of the full host of Hell. We will see them drown in our tide of sin! The girl is still weak, and their "hero" will not expect us to attack from below. Send in the ravening beast.

Minions, my brothers grow impatient within the soulstone. Yes, I can hear them even down here. Their voices are so pitiful and small that they almost amuse me. Yet they are my prize, not the Nephalem's...or the girl's, for that matter. This is not her time. This... is the Age of Sin.

Minions, there is nothing I loathe more than failure. You know this well, but if any of you need a further lesson, I will have you delivered into the Circle of Wrath with great haste. The enemy is strong, but she cannot pass the demon gate. Secure it, or your lives will be forfeit.

Maiden of Lust! I have need of your... ample services. Drag yourself out of whatever carnal corner of the Burning Hells you lounge in, and bring your daughters with you. Be wary — the enemy has proven to be both cunning and strong. But the mortals have always been easy prey for you, have they not?

Orders from Maghda

Maghda

There is a new piece to the game, a girl named Leah. My spies tell me she is the child of the witch Adria, who is hiding in the deserts of Caldeum. Bring this news to the master at once.

-Maghda

Poltahr's Notes

Poltahr

I never thought I'd become a treasure hunter, but I also never thought my family's fortunes would sink so low. Yesterday I heard a nobleman asking about The Rygnar Idol — an artifact that belonged to the great mage Zoltun Kulle. If I can retrieve it, my family will never go hungry again.

— Poltahr

Priest's Contemplations

Verrall

“One of the men retrieved a strange artifact in his nets. It looked like a hilt of an ancient blade, but I know it must be more. The fisherman argued with me, but I convinced him to leave it in the safety of the chapel. A holy place for a holy relic.”

“When the church of Zakarum sent me here, I assumed that my village would be simple and untroubled. To be honest, I was relieved. Corruption has struck down many a greater man than I, and such a quiet place could've been my salvation. But everything changed when disaster struck the Tristram Cathedral.”

Proclamation from the Imperial Guard

Unknown

Attention, Subjects of Emperor Hakan II:

A trespasser has been sighted in the city sewers. Witnesses describe the suspect as a young woman in a crimson tunic. Reports indicate that she arrived in Caldeum recently along with a party of suspicious travelers. Any information leading to her immediate capture will be handsomely rewarded by His Eminence.

Queen Asylla's Journal

Queen Asylla

“Starved of the sun, I no longer know what day it is. I can hear the Warden, my husband, and that dog Lazarus discussing my fate. My life will be over soon, yet I fear more for my poor Albrecht's future in the wake of his father's madness. If only Aidan were here.”

-Queen Asylla

Raissa's Memory

Raissa the Enchantress

The Prophet asked each of us in turn, before he cast the spell of binding. Our lives for hers. If we declined, we could leave without any thought of shame. We each heard the question and answered the only way we could. Our cause was too important to not make that sacrifice.

Raissa the Enchantress

Reply from Cultist Grand Inquisitor

Grand Inquisitor

Of all the abominable stalling! In case it was not clear, I need the sacrifices now. I have heard enough of your idle complaints that the villagers have fled from the Highlands, leaving no one left to sacrifice. You'd best come up with something, or it's your hide we'll be flaying.

—Grand Inquisitor

Report from Wortham

Dark Cultist

Mistress, It is my pleasure to report that I have broken the prisoners from Wortham. Words have flowed from their mouths like blood from a wound! Our summoners can retrieve the weapon at your command, and the enemy shall be none the wiser.

-Dark Cultist

Researching the Khazra

Belard the Scholar

“My loutish companions have no curiosity about the Khazra; they are only interested in the bounty on their heads. But I am convinced the Khazra can be communicated with. It is dangerous, to be sure, but it is a risk I am willing to take.”

-Belard the Scholar

Revival

Zoltun Kulle

The nephalem, that fool, actually killed me. Of course this was not my first time stepping through that door, and I imagine it won't be my last. Fortunately, I am well prepared. Some would say that animating a constructed body with preserved memories is not truly coming back to life. I say those fools don't understand the sheer wonder of being Zoltun Kulle.

Scabbard of Talic the Defender

Vendel the Armorsmith

“This scabbard is a rare treasure. Its inscription reads, “Talic the Defender,” in archaic lettering. He was one of the ancients who guarded Mount Arreat until the shattering of the Worldstone, a true warrior who gave his life to spare the world from the dark fate it has fallen to now.”

Vendel the Armorsmith

Scoundrel's Journal

Lyndon

“After much searching, I have found a promising lead. A family near New Tristram has obtained a valuable relic, and poor fools that they are, they haven't the slightest idea what to do with it! I have some idea of what to do with their daughter, though... and through her, I'll get my prize.”

Sibyl's Memory

Sybil the Enchantress

The Prophet said I would not dream... but I did. At first, they were dreams of color, unsettling, and then I began to hear voices. They called for me, over and over, and then I woke.

Sybil the Enchantress

Testament of My Failure

Rayeld

Everyone is calling me a hero now. If they only knew. No hero does the things that I have, and for what? They think that I have freed them, but I have damned us all.

What I am about to do will torment me forever. But I have no choice. It is my fault, therefore I must set it right and do whatever it takes to keep this evil from spreading and poisoning the whole world.

The Angiris Council

Selathiel

The Angiris Council is comprised of the five archangels who hold dominion over the High Heavens. They determine the laws by which all angels must abide. Each of them embodies a pure aspect of creation: valor, justice, hope, fate and wisdom.

- Selathiel, Angiris Scribe

The Chamber of Faces

Iron Wolf Jarulf

The vault door is sealed by magic means. The stone faces upon the ground seem to have some reaction to our presence. We would investigate further, but our intrusion has woken something in these halls. We should not linger.

— Iron Wolf Jarulf

The Creation of Sanctuary

Archangel Auriel

I knew Inarius long ago - when he was still among the angels. But he grew weary of battling the demons after a time, and he began to secretly conspire with demons in order to forge a peace. The demoness Lilith became his greatest ally in the Hells, and many other demons and angels joined his cause.

- Archangel Auriel

The Crusaders

Abd al-Hazir

In the eastern kingdom of Kehjistan, I heard rumors of Zakarum warriors called crusaders. While the natives were most reticent, I was able to deduce that this order was founded two hundred years ago, just as Rakkis took his army of paladins west. But these crusaders went east on a very different mission.

My studies indicate that a high level cleric of the Zakarum named Akkhan began to sense the corruption that was eating away at the heart of his faith. He knew this corruption would eventually destroy his beloved church and that he must take action. After much prayer, Akkhan hit upon the idea of an order of crusaders.

Akkhan gathered the most devout, driven and martial Zakarum adherents. He taught them to channel the power of Light, in the same way that the newly founded paladins were being trained. But these recruits, these crusaders, were given insight into the primal powers of Zakarum, in a way no paladin ever was.

When the crusaders had learned all they could, Akkhan sent them out into the world, seeking a way to cleanse the corruption that coiled at the heart of the Zakarum faith. There

was no clear goal for them to pursue, and some clerics claimed it was a fool's errand, that they could never succeed. But these crusaders would not be deterred.

The Crusaders swore an oath to dedicate their lives to the search. None believed that they would be the one to end the crusade by finding and cleansing the corruption. They believed the search enabled them, that the discipline of their life and journey was the true goal. The crusader was meant to find meaning in the quest itself.

Each and every crusader was a warrior of rare strength. They had mastered the power of Light, of weapon and shield, and of self. Each was sworn to live as a crusader and to die as one. Two hundred years ago, they took their apprentices and set out into the eastern swamplands. They were never heard from again. Until now.

Rumors swirl that the crusaders have returned, and that they mean to go to the west. But who are these tall, blond warriors? They look nothing like the crusaders who set out from Travincal two hundred years ago, and those who inhabit the ruins of that ancient city suspect trickery!

I recently met a returning crusader, and now I understand. Each crusader took an apprentice. When a crusader fell, his apprentice would take up his armor, his place in the order, and even his very name! When the first generation of crusaders fell, their own apprentices took up their identities. And so it has continued for two hundred years.

Of the original four hundred and twenty seven crusaders who disappeared into the east, three hundred and forty one return. Do they still seek the redemption of their faith? How will they react to the destruction of the city that birthed their crusade? Will they continue west to the lands of Westmarch? What does their return portend?

— Abd al-Hazir

The Dahlgur Oasis

Abd al-Hazir

Three centuries ago, a much smaller Caldeum depended upon small wells for its water. Then came the mysterious Dahlgur, offering Caldeum an oasis of unparalleled splendor located in an area previously thought to be desert, asking only that his name be permanently affixed to the land. Then, he vanished into the wastes.

— Abd al-Hazir

The Desert Aqueducts

Abd al-Hazir

The Caldeum aqueducts were created by order of the trade consortium council after the Dahlgur Oasis was discovered three centuries ago. Though Caldeum had been prosperous for many years, a reliable source of water allowed the city to grow even further. Luxurious public fountains were built to provide safe drinking water for everyone.

In recent days, the aqueducts have become dilapidated and infested with vermin. The Imperial Guard has done nothing, proclaiming that the aqueducts were in tolerable condition. But I have seen them with my own eyes, and I know the truth. Many wealthy families, including myself, now prefer well water for our homes.

— Abd al-Hazir

The Destiny of the Nephalem

Archangel Itherael

My scroll has shown me many things: beginnings, ends, and the endless chains of circumstance that bind them. I see no sunrise without seeing its sunset, no budding flower without its wilted ruin, no event without its appropriate and inevitable consequence. But there is one thing I cannot see: the nephalem.

Angels and demons are bound to their natures. Demons are given to chaos and deceit; angels to truth and order. That much is known. Some angels, like Inarius and Izual, have fallen, but the seed of goodness remains within them like a fading star in the lonely night. The nephalem alone have choice.

I know nothing of nephalem. My duties leave me no time to watch them, and I have no desire to follow Tyrael on his troubled path. But if the threads of fate should bring them here, how enlightening it would be! These creatures dwell outside the order... They cannot fathom the freedom they possess.

— Archangel Itherael

The Discovery of Sanctuary

Baal, Diablo, Mephisto

Mephisto

Cursed am I to lead an army of the blind. They do not perceive that the angels are fleeing this realm, and the ones they find are merely trapped or lost. A great change is upon us. Withdraw from the fields, my brothers. Some battles can only be won with words.

Baal

Enough of your idle speculation, Mephisto! I breached the fortress and saw it firsthand. The Worldstone is gone! The angels I killed knew nothing about it. But since you are so perceptive, maybe you remember who else has been missing: Lilith. We must find her, rip her limb from limb, take the Worldstone back!

Diablo

You are all deceived, my brothers. A new age has already begun. Can you not sense them? Ugly creatures, born in shadow, they feel terror, hatred, and the desire to destroy. Yes... but they are not ours yet. But they will open their world to us very soon. An invitation we cannot refuse.

The Drowned Temple

Alaric

The Worldstone has been changed. Our children are born weak and suffer short lives. The demon Nereza promised to restore their power but instead turned them into misshapen creatures and sent them to war against us. We may die, but not before she is sent back to the Burning Hells.

— Alaric

The Feared Hero

Dark Cultist

We camp, lying in wait for a hero of incredible prowess. My gut churns with the suspicions that we are simply fodder. I have heard tales of this hero wading through our ranks, slaughtering us as if we were children. I will not sleep again tonight, I fear.

— Dark Cultist

The Grand Maester's Proclamation

Grand Maester

The day of reckoning is at hand. We will rise from the ashes of Westmarch and lead mankind into the Light! We shall have recruits by the thousands — every citizen will be another templar added to the cause. Once cleansed by the inquisitors, they will become an unstoppable force!

The Great Weapon

Archangel Itherael

The Great Weapon was created in response to a siege on the Pandemonium Fortress by Kurekas, a demon lord who rode a monstrous siege beast. At great cost to ourselves, we channeled much energy into the Great Weapon, and succeeded in bringing down Kurekas and his mount. Upon his death, the demon was drawn inexplicably into the weapon, and it has been attacking us ever since.

— Archangel Itherael

The Hanging Tree

Tristram Magistrate

“The cold ground welcomes the foul bodies of these cruel men. They sought to prolong their lives through forbidden magic at great and cruel cost to others. Their evil fed on itself until it consumed them all and they found themselves at the end of a hangman’s rope.”

-Tristram Magistrate

The Highlands

Abd al-Hazir

“Though New Tristram and the fields surrounding it have been resettled over the years, the Highlands remain empty save for the crumbling ruins of Leoric’s old outposts. The king built more than one watchtower in his paranoia but now they cannot even ward away goatmen and wild beasts. A tragedy, really.

Abd al-Hazir

The History of Bastion's Keep

Deckard Cain

“Many centuries ago, King Korsikk built Bastion's Keep to “pen the barbarian threat” in the north. After years of military disasters, the frustrated king led a large army out of the fortress and into the north to conquer the barbarians once and for all. Not one of them came back.”

-Deckard Cain

The History of Pandemonium

Archangel Itherael

“Pandemonium is the alpha and the omega of the Eternal Conflict. It lies at the center of all things, linking between the realms of Heaven and Hell. Long ago, when the angels were young, the aspect of Wisdom found the Eye of Anu here. He named it the Worldstone and all of Heaven swore to protect it.”

“Pandemonium was destined to be our battlefield. It was formed in the chaos of the last struggle between the diamond warrior Anu and the Dragon, Tathamet. Now, eons of war have scarred every patch of ground. The cycle of victory and defeat is the foundation of our existence, and the essence of the Eternal Conflict.”

“As war raged through Pandemonium, the Aspect of Justice called for a fortress to be raised around the Worldstone. We built a shining citadel, but in time, it fell to the demons. It has since changed hands countless times, becoming a patchwork of angelic and demonic expression.”

“The Pandemonium Fortress housed the Worldstone for many years... until the angel Inarius and the demon Lilith stole it away. With its loss, there was nothing left to fight for, and the

fortress has been abandoned since. Our time in this land has drawn to an end for now.”

The History of Westmarch

Abd al-Hazir

Part 1

Westmarch originally grew from the efforts of the great general Rakkis to spread his religion beyond the realms of the east. Seized by the superstitions of the Zakarum faith, he drove his paladins relentlessly across the barbaric western lands, subduing the uncivilized tribes he found there. Ultimately, he became king of them all.

Despite his superstitious views, Rakkis ruled as a just and fair king who was much loved by his people. He was succeeded by his son Korsikk who attempted to eradicate the barbarian tribes of the north. The line of Rakkis was broken when Korsikk's son, Korelan, died with no heirs.

After Korelan's death, the crown passed to Justinian I through a somewhat convoluted interpretation of Zakarum scripture. Thus began the Justinian dynasty. Seen as usurpers by many, the Justinians suffered nearly constant challenges to their rule. Finally, during the reign of Justinian III, a full-fledged insurrection broke out in the outlying region of Cartolus.

The Cartolus Insurrection was led by a woman known only as Tyrra, who claimed to be descended from the Sons of Rakkis.

This uprising was immediately seen as a war of the common man against the nobles and their Zakarum strictures. During the very height of the conflict, Tyrra seized control of Westmarch and proclaimed herself empress.

Tyrra's newly established rule over Westmarch did nothing to quell the civil war, which continued until she was driven mad and eventually killed by the plague. Cornelius, grandson of Justinian III and slave to the Zakarum faith, used this opening to crush the rebels once and for all and become the new king.

The Zakarum Church always held an unhealthy sway in Westmarch, even after the ascension of rulers more interested in power than religion. When the true nature of the faith was finally exposed, however, it completely eroded any influence the church had over civil affairs. And rightly so, I might add.

Westmarch is currently ruled by Justinian IV. Originally thought to be a callow youth, Justinian came into his own in the years following his ascension to the throne. Rumors still abound about demonic activity surrounding his coronation, but I believe those are simply the product of overactive imaginations fueled by the ever-prevalent myths of the Zakarum.

Other

Countess Julia attempted to put down the Cartolus Insurrection with her own personal guard, in an attempt to impress Justinian III. The effort failed miserably, as her guard was slaughtered and the uprising spread. Only the countess's

enchanted cameo enabled her to survive this folly. It did not save her life, however, as King Justinian was so displeased, he had her tortured and then executed.

The Horrible Secret

Lady Victoria

The angels and their monsters are killing everyone! What will they do to me when they find out what I truly am? My mother and the demon attack she survived. It's ... it's all too horrible to contemplate.

The Imperial Guard's Orders

Captain of the Imperial Guard

The enemy has destroyed Alcarnus and most of the cultists.
The master commands us to capture more slaves immediately.
Go to the oasis and abduct the villagers. Kill any who resist.
That way, we shall both gain allies and destroy enemies.

— Captain of the Imperial Guard

The Khazra Massacre

Osman the Hunter

Everyone is dead. Belard, that damned fool, was killed, trying to communicate with the khazra. And then the cultists showed up. As soon as I saw them, I ran. I wanted no part in their dark magic. I heard the screams of my companions, but there was nothing I could do to help.

-Osman the Hunter

The King's Journal

Justinian IV

I am so weary. Why did you have to die, brother? I was never meant to be king. The nobles threaten revolt to bend me to their will. They will abandon me if I don't keep the peasants in their place. My position is hopeless.

I have come to realize my personal feelings are of no consequence. My people are dying, and they need their king. Our resistance starts today - and Lord Wynton, of all people, has provided the means. These reapers shall not have Westmarch! I swear my life on it!

The King's Note to Lord Wynton

Justinian IV

Lord Wynton, we are thrilled that you have located a surviving regiment of soldiers. With this new force, we can turn the tide and save our city. Your disagreements with the crown are well known, but we are glad you can put them aside in this dangerous time. Long live Westmarch!”

The Last of the Ancients

Kalmor

When I look upon our weakened offspring, I am filled with rage. Killing them is a mercy, but one I have been unable to extend to myself. I must seek another to do what I cannot, before the endless days drive me to madness.

Kalmor

The Last Stand of the Ancients

Edric

Our enemies are legion, but they will not take us without a fight. We must hold them here while the keys to the holy temple are hidden away from their leader, the fiend Nereza. Resolve must not falter, though we will surely die to the last man!

Edric

The Last Will of Khan Dakab

Khan Dakab

My life has been long. I have gathered much wealth around me. But gold has brought me nothing but pain, and I will not let the curse of my wealth fall on my family. This room shall hold my treasure for all eternity; none shall divine its secrets...

Khan Dakab

The Legend of Zei the Trickster

Abd al-Hazir

The people of Xiansai worship fifty-nine gods, but few are more revered than Zei, the exiled trickster god who travels the face of the world, disguised as a humble merchant. Tales of his adventures range from ingenious thefts and practical jokes to more... lurid exploits, none of which I am comfortable recording here.

— Abd al-Hazir

The Lost Warrior

Lost Angel

Something now inhabits the fortress. I am certain of it. Long have I gazed upon its scarred facade, dreaming of the safe haven its walls offer. But it has changed. The vacant terraces have turned cold. I am so desperate to escape the demons, but whatever is in the fortress may be worse...

— Lost Angel

The Musings of Sardar

Caliphate Sardar

The fools of the Trade Consortium are clueless that I siphon the public funds from their coffers. I will continue to hide my plunder here, where none can find it. One day soon I will claim my treasure and flee this desert hell for the greener pastures of the west.

Caliphate Sardar

The Path of Wisdom

Malthael

“I heard a sound, and did not know what it was. I sought wisdom in the chalice, but there was none. The sounds called to me, and I knew them... human souls. But where?”

“I brought myself to Sanctuary, where humans dwell. But the souls did not call me from that place. I searched the breadth of creation, always following the sound. Always the sound. And then, I understood – Pandemonium, where the Worldstone once rested...”

“The souls swirl and writhe. I now know the truth of mortals. All paths lead to death. Whatever their struggles, whatever their triumphs, they die. That is wisdom.”

“The souls of man show their potential for greatness. They can stand for good like any angel in Heaven. Or they can enact evil worthy of the lowest demon of Hell. The power of such a choice should not rest in the hearts of beings who are here for an instant, then flare and die.”

“The humans cannot be trusted. They are born of angel and demon, but demons pervert whatever they touch. The humans

are corrupt, and are not worthy of the choice between good and evil. Angels and demons do not choose, as it should be.”

“A nephalem trapped the Prime Evil in the Black Soulstone. This is the perfect moment to end the Eternal Conflict. The demons are easy prey – but the humans must be eliminated before they grow too strong. The soulstone is the perfect weapon. The Eternal Conflict will end.

The Plague Tunnels

Abd al-Hazir

The Repository of Bones, commonly called the Plague Tunnels, were originally used to bury Westmarch's indigent. However when the Great Pestilence struck, the city decided the tunnels would serve just as well for plague victims, lest Westmarch become overwhelmed by the ever-increasing piles of the dead.

— Abd al-Hazir

The Promises of Fezuul al-Kazaar

Abd al-Hazir

Fezuul al-Kazaar promised that he would lead his followers from sinful Caldeum to a lily-strewn paradise at the heart of the desert and that the journey would transform them beyond all recognition. Judging by the condition of the gnawed corpses found weeks later, Fezuul kept at least one of his promises.

— Abd al-Hazir

The Ravings of a Deranged Mind

Hamish Bode

I can hear them. The voices speak to me again! What? Death is coming? But I can't die! I can't! I am too important to have my life just thrown away. Please, tell me how I can avoid my fate. You want me to do what? Must I? Oh yes, yes, I will! I swear it. I will do anything.

Hamish Bode

The Seven Lords of Hell

Deckard Cain

It is with some reluctance that I write on the seven Lords of Hell, for they are the greatest of the demons, and even whispering their names seems to poison the air around me. They are divided into the Lesser Evils (Belial, Azmodan, Duriel, and Andariel) and the Prime Evils (Mephisto, Baal, and Diablo).

— Deckard Cain

The Skeleton King

Deckard Cain

“The Zakarum high priests in Kurast proclaimed Leoric king of Khanduras many years ago. He ruled well until Diablo’s influence drove him mad, and the loyal knight Lachdanan was forced to slay him. Afterward, Diablo himself raised Leoric from the dead as the Skeleton King until the monarch’s son Aidan vanquished him.”

— Deckard Cain

The Souls of Westmarch

Urzael

We must do everything in our power to slow the nephalem down so that the collection of souls is not interrupted. It is the key to Malthael's victory.

The Testament of Inarius

Inarius

They call me a hero. I slew demons beyond count. I won battle and broke sieges, but it availed me nothing. I know that this war can have no victor, only an eternity of revenge, pride, and hatred. Tyrael does not understand. He cannot see beyond the glory of battle. In time, he may, but that day is not yet here.

There must be others who seek a way out of the endless strife. Angels and demons who feel enslaved by our fate. I cannot be unique in all of creation. I know my path: I will find those disillusioned of the war, and lead them.

I was struck down in the third charge. I lay upon the ground only to wake in chains. I did not know that demons took prisoners. I babbled like a fool about my dreams of escaping this war. My captor freed me and said that we would meet again. Her name was Lilith, daughter of Mephisto.

Lilith is me, but of fire and flame. I could never have felt this way about a demon while I was mired in the endless war. The strain holds us prisoner to what we have been told to believe. She and I have made plans. We will bring others to our cause, and together, we will escape.

Those who follow us are strong in purpose and conviction, but we are only few. Yet, if we can obtain the power of the Worldstone, it will be enough. We will scale the Windshear slope, steal into the heart of the fortress, and be gone before anyone notices the stone's disappearance.

Can I truly love a demon? When I gave the Worldstone to Lilith, I knew I had been right to seek her all along. We have created a new world. We can live here in peace, away from war. I have named this world Sanctuary.

When I see Lilith sleeping at my side, I'm filled with dark thoughts. My sins are real, and I will surely pay for them. We live in peace for now, but it cannot last. They will come for me. But what of my great deeds? When I'm in torment, who will celebrate those? Who will remember Inarius?

The Testament of Rakkis

Rakkis

I have uncovered an obscure and ancient tome in whose pages is recorded an impossible tale: the secret history of a race called the nephalem — gods by another name — and their ruined civilization in the west. If this is true, how could all signs of these nephalem be lost but for the record in this single tome?

The nephalem were not gods but our own ancestors, gifted with long life, magic, and abilities far beyond ours. Yet they were still men. I wonder if these pages hold the key to unlock their powers once again?

I will bring the Light of Zakarum to the heathens. Here in the east, the power of Zakarum wanes, but in the west, it will rise, stronger and greater than ever. Yet I have another purpose. The lost nephalem city of Corvus lies in the west. I will find it.

We founded a settlement near the western sea. It will grow to be a great city in time. Now that my people are settled, I can begin my own search for the ruins of the nephalem city Corvus. The tome implied that it was near this very region.

We have begun searching the marsh for the ruins of Corvus. This stinking, festering swamp is punctuated by worn blocks

of stone. Perhaps these ancient sentinels are all that remain of the proud nephalem city? No, there is more to be found, I know it.

Last night, I found the ruined nephalem city. When I stepped into the buried catacombs, I felt a stirring in my blood. And then a wondrous thing: a dim light began to glow all around me, not cast by any torch. It was as though the very stones acknowledged my presence.

The nephalem had such a strong connection to the Light that it granted them powers far beyond our own. But I believe that, through the Light, they can be reborn in us. Thus, I have consecrated Westmarch, a shining beacon in the west. I have taken for my sigil the wolf of Corvus and proclaimed myself king.

A decade later, the power of the nephalem still escapes me. Something long ago stole it from them, and keeps it hidden, even today. I have found mention of an artifact called Worldstone, hidden in the Barbarian lands. Now that my son is born, I have rallied my banners to ride to war against them.

Years on, the barbarians remain unconquered and I am a man grown old and frail. My life has seen the founding of Westmarch and the discovery of the nephalem ruins, but still the deeper secrets elude me. I leave the task to my son, in whose blood shall carry forth the line of nephalem kings.

The Writings of Lilith

Lilith

My father is content to fight the same battles and the same foes while everything turns to ashes. Though his victories might last a day, or a year, or a hundred years, the war will never be won so long as he and his brothers lead. There is an end to it, but fools like my father are too blind to see it.

I took a prisoner in the battle, an angel whose light was dimming. I brought him to my lair for my amusement. But he surprised me. My touch seemed to breathe life into him. He raved like a madman about how he wished to escape the war. Perhaps I have found someone I can use.

The angel I captured, Inarius, is in love with me. I can feel the intensity of his desire. I told him that we must liberate the Worldstone, and then we can be together. We will create something never imagined by those mired in the Eternal Conflict. A new world.

Inarius and I stole the Worldstone, and now we have a group of renegades to follow us. I have created a new world where we can live in peace. A place of infinite possibilities. Inarius believes that escape is enough. In time, I will show him that even victory is possible. But first, I will give him children.

— Lilith

They Never Listen

Zoltun Kulle

They never listen. The small minds that surround me ignore my greatness — and then kill me! First the Horadrim, those plodding fools. Then the nephalem! Imagine if that one had listened? We would have angels and demons for servants. We'd be riding them like horses. Perhaps I am being unkind. It's not that their minds are so small, it's just that mine is so large.

Tomb Robber's Journal

Tomb Robber

We were so sure we could beat whatever traps the ancients had laid for the tomb robbers, but the dead bodies of my friends testify to the folly of our arrogance. I will be dead soon as well. Our greed was our downfall...

-Tomb Robber

Torn Letter

King Leoric

Chancellor Eamon, it is of the utmost importance that we secure my manor from the traitorous rabble in Tristram. The caves to the east are too close to my land! They must be blocked — completely obstructed. I believe the archbishop Lazarus has magically bound some arachnids of late. They may serve us well...

His Majesty, King Leoric

Torn Letter's Response

Chancellor Eamon

Royal Guard,

With great pain, I must admit that our king is no longer able to separate reason from madness. He orders the caverns to be filled with the archbishop's monstrous creations and will hear nothing else. Perhaps the legendary ancients themselves once dwelled there... but now we must desecrate their ruins.

Chancellor Eamon

Traveler's Journal

Theren the Traveler

“While exploring a cave with hopes of finding hidden treasure, I came upon a most grisly sight - a heap of dead bodies. Unbelievably, as I was searching them for any items of value, they began to rise! I must tell them of this in New Tristram before it's too late.

-Theren the Traveler

Tristram Fields

Abd al-Hazir

“The Tristram Fields are fair lands, fertile and temperate. Superstitious farmers kept away from them for quite a while after the fall of Old Tristram, but time has persuaded them to abandon these ridiculous notions and take up the hoe and plow once more. Now they supply crops to both New Tristram and Wortham.”

-Abd al-Hazir

Urzael's Journal

Urzael

After years of my pleading, the Angiris Council has finally agreed to send me in search of Malthael. I will not fail in this, as my master's presence is sorely needed in the High Heavens. Owing to Malthael's growing fascination with the humans, Tyrael has suggested I begin my search on Sanctuary

I did not find Malthael on Sanctuary. But I did find humans, far too many of them. They murder and cheat one another while allowing their brothers to starve. If their true power is ever released we are all doomed. They have a choice between good and evil, and they overwhelmingly choose evil.

I grew disgusted by humanity during my time on Sanctuary. When at last I found Malthael, I was not surprised to learn that he felt the same way. We will cleanse creation of the scourge that is humankind, and when we are finished, the tragic mistake of Inarius will be gone.

Urzael's Trap

Urzael

“Nephalem, I knew the greed that infects your kind would not let you pass this chest by. And now, you shall suffer for it.”

Vidian, Lord of Envy

Archangel Tyrael

“Vidian was always an...unusual demon. I only beheld him once, as he would seldom obey the will of his master, Azmodan. But on that occasion, he was only too ready to bring disorder to the angelic host. When he first appeared, we did not know of his insidious threat, and focused our attacks on his mightier brethren. It did not take long before the angels themselves were beginning to turn on each other, and question their leaders. By the time we figured out what had happened, the battle was lost, and it was too late.”

Villager's Journal

Villager Gordon

The king has gone mad, executing anyone his paranoid eye falls on! None of us are safe.

-Villager Gordon

Wandering Tinker's Diary

Rina the Tinker

We should have known. The farmers left over a fortnight ago, and yet we stayed. Last night, we heard the beasts creeping closer. My husband left to investigate, and I haven't seen him since... All I have left are the things we made together. Hopefully they are of more use to someone else.

Rina the Tinker

Warrior's Rest

Edric

Alaric says that our people can survive the coming battle, but I saw the truth in his eyes. Why did he order me to guard the Beacon of Honor? Those shambling things are slaughtering my people in the forest above, and there is nothing I can do to stop it!

Edric

Warriv's Journal

Warriv

“I return to Khanduras after twenty years, the burden of countless failures and tragedies heaped upon my shoulders. Am I being punished for helping that stranger hunt the Dark Wanderer? I always thought Deckard Cain half a madman, but perhaps...he was right. Perhaps he can banish the shadow hanging over my life.”

-Warriv

Yet More Questions

Unknown

The portals defied my attempts to shut them, but that no longer matters. There is something about these dungeons, a pattern that I can't quite see. But I feel it. Constantly. I am continually rebuffed in my attempts to best them, but it is only a matter of time. And these messages. Who or what is the Alliance of the Dying Sun? What is their purpose?

Zoltun Kulle

Adria

Murderer. Torturer. Monster. These were the titles bestowed upon Zoltun Kulle by the Horadrim. Though it cost them dearly, they killed the wizard for his crimes against nature and sealed his broken corpse within a shadow realm. It seems they were afraid he might return.

Diablo IV

A Letter from Lorath to Donan

Lorath

A parchment sealed with a cryptic rune

This letter between two Horadrim is written in a script that you cannot decipher.

A Personal Journal

Unknown

Written by a monk of the Orbei Monastery in a thin, hasty hand.

More trouble today. The Abbot caught me trying to get into the inner cloister. I just wanted to clean! He started yelling at me! Asked what I was doing with the forbidden texts and if I had any idea the knowledge I was messing with. I don't think the books are even that interesting! It's a bunch of nonsense about summoning and greater evils. Now a book about the Snake Gods of Hawezar, THAT would be interesting.

A Record of My Journey Pt. I

Curate Symon

A man has come to our small town. Many people pass through, but there is something different about this one. Something... enigmatic. Father Dymus has warned me against him, but the swordsman has invited me to journey with him. 'There are places filled with knowledge,' he says. I mean to find them. We will make camp at the Decaying Farmstead, east of here.

Abandoned Journal

Unknown

Mother Anica says the Light delivered us to these mines. She says... she says we were sent to do good work, to deliver good materials to the fine folk at Kor Valar. She says it's part of the Father's grand design.

(sigh) I'm faithful, truly I am. But to say this is the Father's work? Oh ho, I hear strange noises. I catch whiffs of a foul odor. And the structures?

We've found sharp wooden poles scattered throughout the tunnels. Obviously handmade, but not by us. Who made them? Hmm, why? And what is this place exactly?

Abandoned Journal

Unknown

Do you hear it? The howling? The hideous howling? I no longer know whether that horrific sound is in the air or in my head. My mind will not be still since I've come to this place.

So many have disappeared, taken down into the earth by ... something ... never to be seen again. Is that the fate awaiting me? I am drawn to it, and have no will to resist.

Acrid Caverns

Aldir

Mayor, the blasting is getting us more gold, for certain. Every time we think it's done, "boom," we blast and find a new vein. But we keep hitting those pockets of poison, and the deeper we go, the worse they get. We lost two more men just this week. After this next clearing, we need to shut this down.

-Foreman Aldir

Adventurer's Note

Julianus

Merrik, I know you hate snakes, but there's gold to be made. I need you to go search the ruins for a book called "Compendium Maleficarum." If you find it, I've got a buyer who'll pay a king's ransom and you'll never have to see another snake for as long as you live.

-Julianus

Aldara's Journal

Aldara

Hiding amongst these heretics is a necessity, now that I've been chased off from Wejinhani by those nosy Elders. Once I'm back on my feet, I'll head to Zarbinzet and start things all over again.

Unlike that weak-hearted brother of mine, I have no qualms with using it to gain some gold by stalling their symptoms. Even if they will carry the taint of it forever, what do I care? Everyone dies eventually.

Ammuit Acolyte's Journal

Unknown

We have been buried alive for weeks. Whatever collapsed the entry tunnel continues to circle us, shaking the walls as it passes again and again.

The other students say it is a demon wyrm, sent by the Vizjerei to destroy us, but no one truly knows.

Our instructors keep the creature at bay, but their powers fade every day...while Headmaster Tetharat remains locked in the restricted archive.

He swore that he would "buy us more time."

Aneta's Letter

Aneta

I'm sorry I wasn't able to say goodbye. The chorus of voices called to me, and I had to answer.

I asked Gulyas to return my mother's body to Zarbinzet. She only protested a little.

I don't know how to thank you enough. You protected me, a girl you barely knew, from danger so many times.

I promise not to waste this chance you've given me. I know it's not much, but I want you to take this as a keepsake. Truly, thank you.

Anonymous Letter

Unknown

A few scraps of parchment, charred around the edges

Honorable Crusaders of Zakarum - Our neighbor Eriman is the witch you seek. With this act of good faith, we beg for your mercy. Let this be an end to the burnings.

Archivist's Journal: Volume I

Unknown

Our new recruits are proving themselves strong. I have grown fond of one, Knight Soliana Coste. Her devotion to the faith could cast even the darkest shadow of doubt from anyone's mind.

It's easy to talk to her about those I left for the calling of the Light. She had to leave her family too, a son...

Archivist's Journal: Volume II

Unknown

We received the order. Our company has been called away on a mission for the Light. I know that, like the others who have been called to serve, we will not return.

We have already given everything to the Church. Must we give up our lives as well...?

Archivist's Journal: Volume III

Unknown

I tried to convince Soliana to leave with me. I told her that her son would rather grow up with a mother, and we could start over, away from this frozen wasteland.

She refused. Soliana said to run would be to abandon the Light, and a better world for her son. Perhaps, she's right...

Bandit Note

Unknown

Greghor, need a word with you. Fence says the math doesn't add up right. Says she saw you skulking around the reserves last night. Says we're short two boxes of the good stuff.

No need to worry. I know you'll make it right. And I know you'll come tell me exactly how. I'd hate to let you go. The wargs like you, my friend. But they like fresh meat too. Think on that.

Bandit's Notes

Unknown

Gold. Jewels. Relics. If it shines, bag it up. Burial fields haunted by old magic, so keep watch for the dead and follow Jaym's orders.

If Jaym is killed, Junpo and Kala are in charge.

Battered Journal

Unknown

(grunt) I can't eat any more, but they won't stop feeding us. Fruit and honey. Bread and wine. I try to resist, but they force it down my throat. Everything hurts.

Bill of Mortality

Unknown

Bill of Mortality: In the year of the Light 1318 Anno Kehjistani, we have buried 92 souls on these hallowed grounds.

Abortive and Stillborn: 7. Bleeding Wounds: 4. Childbed: 2.
Executed: 15. Frostbitten: 6. Old Age: 1. Removal of Blood: 54.
Starvation: 3.

Blood-Smeared Ledger

Unknown

Brought in three more. I'm closer [illegible] gaining his favor.
[illegible] hates me, but they don't understand. [illegible] way to
protect my home.

Blood-Soaked Paper

Unknown

Rivers of crimson to open the door at the bottom of these tunnels. Our sacrifice shall be rewarded. Salvation is within our grasp. All hail the Unholy Mother and her divine plan.

Blood-spattered Prayer Book

Unknown

What sweet music calls me. A hymn so soft, so sorrowful. On the waves, amongst the crags.

It is nothing of nature, that is certain. Seven of us go on the morrow to kill the thing that sings it. But it breaks my heart to know that tune will never linger on the coast again.

Spirits, guide my hand. Keep my blade away from the creature, let a different sword slay it.

Blood-Speckled Journal Entry

Unknown

They have surrounded us. I'm sure not what or who summoned the demons here, but they overwhelmed us in the mine in mere moments. I tried to run, but stumbled over loose rocks. Now my cursed leg is broken.

I can hear the echoes of other people still alive, but I can't see them. I suppose it doesn't matter. As long as the demons can't see me, I'm safe.

Blood-stained Page

Elias

Should your neighbor raise their hand against you, strike it from their wrist. For as the strong shall endure the chaos to come, the weak shall be devoured.

Blood-streaked Diary

Unknown

Same dream as always. Serpent eyes in the darkness. Shadow slithering through the grass. I shed the skin from this old dying form. Then I am adorned in scales. Free from pain.

In the scales are reflected faces I know. Villagers who scorned me. Cursed me. Laughed at me. Tongues flick in the darkness. Hear their words in my thoughts.

Each life is a sacrifice for us. Each life is a scale for your rebirth.

I awaken, and a snake is at my feet. Waiting.

Blood-written Sermon

Unknown

Agony is the divine catalyst! Thy bones shall crack as they lengthen and twist. Thy flesh, rent asunder to be molded anew. Fur, fang, hoof, and horn!

Drink thee now of the blood and bile. As Humanity bleeds away, let Hell take its place!

Al'Diabolos! Dul'Mephistos! Tor'Baalos!

Bloodstained Confession

Unknown

Here I stand in the sight of Heaven and renounce the Light from my heart. Wretched, I was born of sin... and to sin I commit my soul.

Accept my blood, O Lord of Hatred, and guide me as thy servant... into the darkness, eternal.

Bloodstained Journal

Unknown

This is my fault. I awoke this morning to the screams of the other hunters being torn apart outside the lodge. I thought it was another animal attack, but then I saw Artair as a bear dragging away one of the hunters. The other druids were with him.

Artair promised he would stop corrupting the animals, so I let him go. I never should have trusted him. I told the other hunters what was happening in the caves. Now I must find my friend and kill him.

Bloodstained Parchment

Unknown

... blood is the ideal medium for inscribing the runes. The circle will remain dormant until activated, at which point all the energy stored in the blood ink will be channeled into the spell.

It is a crude means of transport, especially compared to stone waypoints which can be used time and time again. But for destinations across planes, no better solution has been configured. See the index for related magical studies...

Bloodstained Scrap of Paper

Pomuk Zlicek

My name is Pomuk Zlicek. I write this as I bleed out my last among the corrupted tombs of those who might have been my brothers. I have hunted these wretched creatures for as long as I've been able to wield a knife against them.

They feed on blood and grow strong in numbers. I have chased them into this nest and been caught in a trap.

Their leader can raise the dead and I fear for all who wander unknowingly into these crypts. If you have the skill, hunt them down. Do not let my death be for naught.

Bloody Condemnation

Bishop Nilcar

May you forever be shunned by the Light.

Like rabid mongrels, you will turn on your masters and all around you.

May your righteous hunger consume you for all eternity.

May the darkness in your heart spread like blood from an open wound amongst your kin until you are surrounded by that which you find most vile.

Bloody Parchment

Lord Avitus

I killed for my faith, burned and tortured. When I died in that forsaken place, it was without the grace of the Light.

Their path to salvation led me only into darkness. Now it is blood that gives me purpose. I will drink the life of this world... forever.

Brecht's Journal

Brecht

I told Aldara I wouldn't go along with this scheme anymore.
She used the amulet on me, her own brother! She's killed me...

Burned Parchment

Unknown

A burned, half legible parchment

I saw a serpent coiling in the fires of the Eternal Conflict...saw my corpse, and from my mouth crawled Hatred...the weak made strong...

Tears of blood rained on a desert jewel...Hell was torn asunder...a spear of light, piercing Hatred's heart...a wise man with seven arms...a fog of lies...plagues of every name...

I saw a child give birth to a mother, as Hatred's sun set and that of Terror and Destruction dawned.

Caretaker's Memoirs

Unknown

For forty-three years, I have swept the floors, lit the candles, and welcomed the faithful here to the tomb of our Saint Ilenora. May she rest in the Father's glory.

But the faithful have stopped coming. I hear their horses thunder by on the road to Scosglen, charging headlong into the wild to serve the Father.

The lucky few may earn a tomb of their own ' and perhaps an old monk to care for them while the world forgets their names.

Cathedral Bounty

Unknown

Attention, Noble Hunters of Scosglen!

By our Father's divine authority, the Cathedral of Light offers GOLD in exchange for pelts of Bear, Wolf, Quillrat, and Warg. These dangerous predators must be quelled for the safety of your families and the prosperity of Scosglen.

To submit your claims, report to the Quartermaster of Cerrigar.

Cathedral Orders

Watch Commander Antje

We have received more reports of undead prowling the north. The glenfolk say these creatures are the work of a necromancer. As the locals tell it, a healer named Tomas turned to profane arts after his family succumbed to illness. It could be just a legend. However, it warrants further investigation. If this fiend is real, we must destroy him.

Go forth, Knights Penitent, and show the unbelievers that we can cleanse this land of evil.

Blessed be the Light,
Watch Commander Antje

Charred Journal

Unknown

The Cathedral of Light ordered us to cleanse Fort Eridu. At first, I thought this was a mistake. There wasn't anything in the old fort, but we started to lose our men. We found them torn apart and barely recognizable.

Death was granted for a lucky few, the other rose as shambling corpses. The trail of bodies led us to the demon infestation in the lower reaches.

No wonder this fort was left to rot. It's sitting on cursed ground. I won't lose any more knights. Tomorrow, I'm ordering my regiment to destroy this vile building and hopefully seal these demons inside. I pray they never escape.

Chieftain's Orders

Chieftain Lohri

Elder Janna,

A family of wasps has crept their way into a cave in the highlands. The wasps are harmless enough, but the locals have written to me in a panic. To think such tiny creatures could sow sheer chaos with their coming.

You are strong in the language of swarms. You know the rhythms of their dances. Go to the highlands. Guide this brood from the cave and shepherd them home where they belong.

Chieftain Lohri

Child's Journal

Unknown

12th: That pup I found is getting big. She'll make a fine hound. Pa says I can keep her if I train her right. I'll name her Fang.

15th: Today Fang killed a deer. Thrice her size. We feasted.

17th: Fang won't stop challenging bears. Pa said she's unnatural. Tried to put her down. He never keeps his promises. I'll hide her here in the lodge. She was meant to be a hound. It's in her blood. I'll show him when she's bigger. Then he'll see.

Chronicles of the New Horadrim, Part One

Lorath

The rebirth of the Horadric Order is up to the few of us who remain.

Forgive my familiarity as I write. Harsh words better tell the tale of hard times.

Maybe the end of those times nears. Our leader, the archangel Tyrael, led us to this vault before setting off on a task of his own. He's entrusted me to lead in his place.

Chronicles of the New Horadrim, Part Three

Lorath

Between the three of us, it almost feels like the Order of old. I have high hopes for this one.

The youngest member of the Order is Elias. He's a mage of great talent and potential, and hopefully the first of many to join us. I'm still learning the ins and outs of teaching. But he has the intuition and drive to excel, regardless.

Chronicles of the New Horadrim, Part Two

Lorath

He challenges my perspective in a way few have. We've made solid discoveries in the short time we've spent together; I suspect many more to come.

The mage Donan has proved to be a wonderful addition to our Order. The man has knowledge in spades. Any topic, even the most mundane, becomes profound in his care.

Concealed Letter

Unknown

Is it me, or do the people here all have a strange look in their eyes? I know we were going to stay a few more days, but something feels off and I don't like the way they're looking at me.

Meet you on the north road out of town up to Menestad.

Creased Invitation

Unknown

Brothers and sisters of the Triune! You are hereby called upon to witness the unveiling of a new weapon in our fight to win Sanctuary.

In a feat of necromantic expertise, our members have patched together a fearsome warrior, sculpted from the bodies of fallen legends. The Cathedral boasts of their angel—we now have a contender.

He shall slumber until called upon. On the next blood moon, gather at the Altar and awaken him with us!

Crumbling Leaflet

Unknown

People of Kehjistan! Faithful Children of Akarat! For too long,
the Vile Priestess Hadar and her devils have burned our crops!
Razed our homes! Crucified our loved ones!

They serve not Akarat, but the Lord of Hatred himself! NO
MORE! On the first dawn of the New Moon, join us at the
Stronghold gates! We will banish this evil together, and live in
the Light once again!

Crumpled Journal Page

Unknown

We had another attack this morning. The other hunters think there's sickness making the game aggressive, but I have my doubts. The attacks are increasing at an unnatural rate.

I tracked the trail of blood back to this cave. I hid and watched as a bear transformed into one of the druids from around these hills. I found evidence they are performing rituals and corrupting the animals.

I will talk to their leader, Artair. He's a good friend and will listen to reason.

Crumpled Paper

Anno Kehjistani

1166 Anno Kehjistani

To the “Scholars” at the Caldeum Palace Library:

Five moons ago I requested a manuscript, “Necromancy: On the Transfiguration of Souls by Calum the Elder.” It was only yesterday I received your letter of rejection.

You call my work “dangerous.” “Unethical.” “Blasphemous.” Ha! You are too blinded by the charade you call piety to see the truth. I’m charting new territory on the frontier of the magical unknown. My research will proceed, with or without you...

Crumpled Paper

Unknown

Ancestors, hear my prayer. These walls protect all who came before me. These walls will protect all who come after me. Lend me the strength of my fathers. Lend me the wisdom of my mothers. Lend me the bravery of my siblings.

Ancestors, lend me the power to resist evil in all its forms, and to shepherd my family to another day. Wind favor us all. Wind favor us all.

Crumpled Warning

Unknown

Once there was glory here, the resting place of warrior queen Luban and her shield bearers. But in the time since Lilith swept through Loch Raeth, darkness has stirred within the tomb, vomiting hungry ghouls into the light.

Beware this place, unwary traveler, if you mean to keep the flesh on your bones.

Crusader's Letter

Unknown

To my bold, beloved fool. I pray this letter finds you in Zarbinzet before you depart. I can't stand the thought of you tramping through the swamp without my voice in your pocket, nagging you along.

You will be the one to find the tomb of Akarat, I know it in my bones. Let the Light be your guide... and our love be your courage.

Cultist Prayer Book

Unknown

Cultist Prayer Book: I am not sure if our prisoners should be praised or pitied. They will have the honor to mate with our lords. The virile offspring should allow us the power we need to take back the camp from these heretics.

However, I do not envy them the process that will surely be deadly. Service demands sacrifice.

Cultist Writings

Unknown

Every few years we play host to migrants determined to join our settlement. And every few years I must preach the laws of the swamp.

All things in the swamp must be earned. Nothing is free. Nothing is given or gifted. And to our god we pay the ultimate tithe.

It is by the will of our god that our village has long remained safe.

We do not see her, though her children multiply in the swamp, circling us, feeding off us when it suits them.

Damaged Journal

Unknown

We have held out against the damned Wolves for three days. They're more stubborn than we gave 'em credit for, and we're about out of water.

Our brothers won't be back for a fortnight, and without water or food we won't survive waiting for 'em.

I told Zulak we should have rejoined the main caravan and now here we are, about to be another victory to grow the legend of the Iron Wolves.

Defector's Note

Unknown

I never thought I'd be throwing my lot in with this rabble, but here I am. Maybe I can organize these bandits into something that resembles an effective unit. At least effective enough to allow me an escape when the Church eventually finds us.

Devotional

Unknown

Our queen has fallen. The cowardly ran, but the truly faithful have come to this sacred place.

The pond in here radiates with magic. We will turn these powerful waters red with blood spilt to honor her. We pray Queen Mohlon will hear our call and answer, and thus be reborn.

Discarded Journal

Unknown

They did not believe me. Or perhaps, could not believe me. The sores that began on the Great Tree spread to Finalaya's hands this morning, and tonight they march relentlessly into her ears and nostrils.

She has tended the tree for three generations, and though I tend the health of this clan, she would not be dissuaded, would not be convinced that the Great Tree could bring her harm. Finalaya will not speak at the gathering tonight. I only wish they would heed me... and hold no gathering at all.

Drafted Letter

Marlowe

Shayle, you've done the work of angels. The Great Hall looks magnificent.

But I must pass on a request from the man of the house. He wants all the banners taken down, restitched in gold. You know how Donan is. Wants to give his boy a proper coming of age, a ceremony fit for kings.

I know you've worked to the bone. But the day isn't far off. Think of the feast we'll have when the hunt is done!

- Marlowe. Steward, Eldhaime Keep

Dropped Journal

Unknown

I hear the cannibals at night. Howling in the streets. Killing.
Feasting.

Heard whispers they take some people to the prisons. Must be a
lie.

Why would these monsters keep anyone alive?

Dusty Slip of Parchment

Garan

Work Order û Deliver to Mason

Head of the house wants a hole in the cellar bricked up. Passage runs higher and wider than other hallways in the keep. Eh, must've been around much longer.

Limestone. Quarter shipment. Two hands should cover it. One good day's work.

I, uh, should mention, you're the second crew we've asked. First backed out after they saw the hole. I won't deny, the damn thing raises the hackles. But Donan's offering twice your rate to keep this quick and quiet.

What say you?

Elias' Research Notes, Part 1

Elias

I have come to Rathma's temple again, hoping to solve what Lorath refuses to face.

Instead, the temple is empty and Rathma, I hear, is dead. A victim of his father's harebrained ambitions, no doubt.

Elias' Research Notes, Part 2

Elias

In these halls, he has left all the history of Sanctuary, from its strange beginnings and through all its turmoil. All the destruction wrought, and lives lost, it all lives here.

The ill-fated meeting of Lilith and Inarius, the birth of their children, and the coming of Heaven and Hell.

Elias' Research Notes, Part 3

Elias

I forget that Rathma and Sanctuary both have two parents:
Inarius and Lilith.

But humanity repulsed him and when Lilith took our side, he
cast her into the void.

But she can...be summoned back...

Elias' Research Notes, Part 4

Elias

Rathma did not know how Lilith may be freed from her prison. That knowledge is held by the Tree of Whispers.

It demands a price: my head at my death. But who knows when that death will come. In all likelihood, too soon. But I will not be shackled. I will not be stopped.

Embossed Leather Belt

Unknown

Jalal has left these woods. The forest is filled with endless howling. Woe to us all. Cinch this belt tight against the creatures of the night.

Eriman's Plea

Eriman

My neighbors, I beg you, the burnings must stop. The Zakarum are not ridding the land of heretics, they are destroying the people who have loved and protected you for generations.

It is we, the witches of the swamp, who hold the darkness at bay. Burning us will bring no Light to Hawezar.

Excavation Log

Unknown

Catalogue of artifacts unearthed at the dig site in Kehjistan:

- 3 statues of Tor'Baalos in different poses
- 7 tablets, etched over with old summoning incantations
- 1 bas relief on a crumbling, collapsed wall
- 3 altars bearing decayed cloths
- 8 ceremonial daggers in the traditional style

Ahhh, Tor'Baalos...or some say Baal. How magnificent to find that worship of you has stretched back so many centuries! The discovery of these artifacts is monumental. We will keep them safe at our own temple while we continue our research.

Excerpt from the Chronicles of the New Horadrim

Lorath

The rebirth of the Horadric Order is up to the few of us who remain.

Forgive my familiarity as I write. Harsh words better tell the tale of hard times.

Maybe the end of those times nears. Our leader, the archangel Tyrael, led us to this vault before setting off on a task of his own. He's entrusted me to lead in his place.

Excerpt from the Chronicles of the New Horadrim

Lorath

He challenges my perspective in a way few have. We've made solid discoveries in the short time we've spent together; I suspect many more to come.

The mage Donan has proved to be a wonderful addition to our Order. The man has knowledge in spades. Any topic, even the most mundane, becomes profound in his care.

Excerpt from the Chronicles of the New Horadrim

Lorath

Between the three of us, it almost feels like the Order of old. I have high hopes for this one.

The youngest member of the Order is Elias. He's a mage of great talent and potential, and hopefully the first of many to join us. I'm still learning the ins and outs of teaching. But he has the intuition and drive to excel, regardless.

Experiment Log

Unknown

Experiment Log: Experiment Number 7

Raised another undead today. Excellent specimen. Technique improving. Full mobility this time. Directed it to move a scroll. Scroll ended up in torn pieces. Must work on fine control of fingers and hands.

Peers in the Clans might sniff at use of necromancy. But undead labor is cheap. (Free!) Library too valuable to let rot. But too expensive to hire mercenaries. If studies go well, who knows what gems I might discover here.

Faded Journal Page

Unknown

Faded Page from a Journal

The Cathedral of Light has forsaken us! Our people starve and struggle, succumbing to the dangers of the swamp. Yesterday, my brother died, poisoned, after being bitten by a snake.

Every letter and plea have gone unanswered by them. I gave them everything, but now all they shall have is my hatred.

I know they will come for me. Let them. We will have an army of the living and dead waiting for them.

Faded Letter

Unknown

Hakan,

We see the barrels of food wheeled in and hear the music from your halls. The people around you starve and scavenge as you relish in our supplies.

Soon you will learn there is much more to fear in this world than hunger and plague.

This place will turn as poisonous as you are.

Faded Letter

Brother Kozena

Brother Mevren, Orders have come down: we're closing the tower for good. I warned them that building atop the old Zakarum crypt was trouble. You should have seen how many priests they brought in to keep the dead at bay. All that work to maintain some backwater foothold.

Just a few more days of this farce. They're sealing up the passageways to the crypt. Then I'll see you in Eldhaime.

Light's Blessings, Brother Kozena

Faolan's Confession

Faolan

Starving... no matter how many rabbits Deirdre brings. I look at her throat, I smell her blood, and—all I see is red... Stop, stop, STOP! I have to fight it! Spirits of old, ghosts of my kin, give me strength... Don't let me change.

Festering Scripture

Unknown

The locals come to trespass in the temple of our god.

They scream and resist and fight us.

But our god has been in this temple longer than their families have had names.

And those who come will be sacrificed. That is our way.

Formal Request

Unknown

Captain Batai. It has been four days since Guulrahn called the Onyx Watch to their aid, yet still, we hold our posts. We, the undersigned officers, request your leave to march on the capital at once.

Let no one say that the Onyx Watch lacked the courage to fight for the Steppes.

Frozen Journal

Lagmir

We always knew something was under the ice, but we thought we could fend off whatever was in the tunnels. Yesterday I found my daughter, Calla, crying. She told me she saw monsters in the caves and begged for us to leave. I told her nothing would drive us from our home.

I left afterwards to hunt. When I returned, I had to push through raging winds and heavy snow to reach the village. I found the guards first; they were encased in ice. The monsters my daughter warned me about had overrun the town.

I snuck past them to find Calla, but it's too late. My daughter is frozen like the others. There isn't a soul left alive here. Why didn't I listen to her?

Genbar's Journal

Genbar

Today, Master Elias called at my door. I had trouble with my words, so I showed him my carvings. He said he could see my pain in them. The pain of a lonely man who had learned to hate the world, and yet...

Our Mother, Lilith, found me beautiful. He said there are others like me as well, and together, we will build the new world.

Gospel of the Mother

Elias

In the mountains, the Mother and I saw a village. The people, cold and hungry, prayed to a Light that would give them no warmth.

But in her presence, a new fire was stoked in their hearts. They would never go hungry or feel cold again.

She took me to an ancient battlefield, where thousands of our kind died at the hands of angel and demon. "Never again will we suffer so," she proclaimed.

And in her eyes I saw a new world, a paradise where we will live free from the tyranny of the Heavens and Hell. Ours, if we have the strength to make it so.

The Mother sat with me at the fire and opened my mind to secret knowledge. Taught me the true names of all demons, through which they can be controlled.

Once, we were the lambs and demons were the wolves, but no more. We, the weak, will be made strong. We, the chosen, will become the wolves.

The whole of human knowledge shall be shared among the children of Lilith, and no secret shall be kept from them. And the liars and learned thieves of the world shall perish in their regret.

Graverobber's Journal

Unknown

It took a few bottles, but the good Sir Trystan is with us. He says to leave the smaller crypts. Just common soldiers in those. Take iron tools and go for the big tombs, that's where the gold will be.

Akarat forgive and watch over us. Give us full bellies tonight.

Handwritten Note

Unknown

Here's what you're after. I even drew you a picture so if you come back with the wrong thing, you're losing another finger.

Handwritten personal journal

Unknown

More trouble today. The Abbot caught me trying to get into the inner cloister. I just wanted to clean! He started yelling at me! Asked what I was doing with the forbidden texts and if I had any idea the knowledge I was messing with.

I don't think the books are even that interesting! It's a bunch of nonsense about summoning and greater evils. Now a book about the Snake Gods of Hawezar, THAT would be interesting.

Hastily Written Note

Orlah

Damned woman! Liar! I'm trapped in here by her ancestor's magic and the undead. Whatever treasure that you were told you would find in these halls is a lie.

The relic is a curse. My own greed has cost my friends their lives and soon mine. If you're reading this note, then it's too late. You will share this tomb with the rest of us.

- Orlah

Hastily Written Note

Bakira

Leyrana. Got the coin, but it messed up my head. I saw worms digging in people's hearts. Their secrets, their scars. So easy to slice where the coin showed me... Had to stop it. I'm sorry.

Hidden Letter

Unknown

Is it me, or do the people here all have a strange look in their eyes? I know we were going to stay a few more days, but something feels off and I don't like the way they're looking at me.

Meet you on the north road out of town up to Menestad.

Hidden Oasis

Unknown

Inscription on Brass Decanter

May the cool waters fill this vessel to the brim and never run dry.

May the cool waters wet your parched lips and fill your belly.

May the cool waters ripen the grape to make the wine you desire.

May the cool waters cleanse you of the sand of the desert.

High Priestess' Missive

High Priestess Chesna

High Priest Clouse, I will be returning with another catch in two days. Prepare a cage. This one is in its prime, and will need extra care to contain.

Have you seen? Folks are moving into our town, into our houses. I saw smoke coming from my own chimney last week. The disgrace of it all!

We've kept our army caged long enough. The Mother's blessings have seen us through till now. She will see us through the retaking of our land. Our time nears.

-High Priestess Chesna

Holy Order

Mother Prava

BY THE HOLY ORDER OF OUR REVEREND MOTHER PRAVA

The heathens that call themselves Horadrim, and all who associate with them, are hereby denounced by the Cathedral of Light as HERETICS. These deceivers crept through the gates of Hell and committed blasphemies that revealed the true nature of their wicked souls.

Any information on the whereabouts of these heretics must be reported immediately to your superiors. Reverend Mother Prava's blessings await any who can capture them, dead or alive.

Hunter's Journal

Unknown

We have caught four stags, six does, ten quill rats, three rabbits, and are on the trail of what could be three large bears. Some do not want to tempt fate by hunting such fearsome creatures. I say, when will we have this chance again?

Inquisitor's Ledger, Chapter 1

Unknown

They hide behind their kindness. Witches live among them!
They only play at welcoming us, and all the while they work
toward dark ends...

Inquisitor's Ledger, Chapter 2

Unknown

You cannot throw a stone without hitting an accomplice of the Witches of Hawezar! None will renounce this hateful faith, even with the clarity of pain.

Inquisitor's Ledger, Chapter 3

Unknown

Only fire can purge this grand corruption, cauterizing the wound... The whole town will be boiled in the pits if their vile witches will not show themselves!

Inquisitor's Ledger, Chapter 4

Unknown

The screams have summoned the witch! This Eriman claims he wants to protect these people, but his sins damned them all. His pyre will be the first if we are to save this wicked place.

Interrogation Journal

Unknown

The vile bloodsuckers are only capable of lies... unless properly motivated. We have many useful tools to inflict pain upon these soulless beasts.

Their screams, harsh and howling, eventually become like a song of truth. It is a blessing to be able to end their suffering and send their demented souls back to Hell.

Iron Tunnels

Lord Azhak, Lady Aniya

In the name of our Father the Angel Inarius, I, Lady Aniya of Kyovashad, hereby entrust the mines (and all land, ores, and other materials enclosed therein) located to the north of Nostrava, unto Lord Azhak of Gea Kul for the price of five hundred thousand gold pieces.

On the sole condition that the constructed cobblestone walls at the bottommost depths of the mine never be disturbed, nor removed, nor inquired into, from now until the end of time.

-Here signed,

Lady Aniya

Lord Azhak

Journal Entry

Unknown

This might very well be my last journal. The Knights Penitent have fallen. I hid and listened to the screams as they were torn and devoured by the creatures. I didn't want to end up like the others, nothing but a blood splatter on the floor.

The city walls that kept us safe have trapped us in with them. I pray the Cathedral sends reinforcements soon and will have mercy when they know of my cowardice.

The sounds have stopped. I'm going to try to escape.

Journal Entry

Unknown

It is bitter, the parting between Uzara and I. I lay her to rest here knowing no one will avenge her, for they all believe she died for some great cause.

I did not want her to join the Zakarum knights. I have seen what their corruption has done firsthand, I know that there is no quiet or blessed end for them.

There is no body in her crypt. Somewhere in the desert is a body, nameless, alone, claimed by monsters or bandits. I am so sorry, sister, and so angry at your passing.

Journal of Zoltun Kulle, Entry 1

Zoltun Kulle

Today, we begin the work, and when it is done, we will have changed the world. The Loom will be our masterpiece. I write this not out of arrogance, but surety of purpose.

Matter is proportionally mutable to the energy expended; a candle may turn a book to ash, but it will never turn a mountain to sea. With the Loom, such limitations are meaningless. All may become all.

Rather fitting that today, of all days, the Horadrim should send a courier to beg for aid. While they play at fighting the Viz-Jaq'taar's war, I create wonders.

Journal of Zoltun Kulle, Entry 3

Zoltun Kulle

A demon slipped past our wards. I can see it as I write this: a red mist, wreathing the Loom. Suckling on it. It grows with each moment.

A demon. A thing of ether and feeling. And not even that. It shimmers in the light; it can barely maintain its form.

And yet...we cannot remove it. No matter what we try, it only grows. Like a suppurated wound.

Ayuzhan refuses to accept it...but our dream is ending.

Journal of Zoltun Kulle, Entry 4

Zoltun Kulle

The demon has metastasized. It spreads through the siphons, into the healds. The constructs turn on one-another. Within a month, the Loom will be unrecognizable.

This... This is the fate of humankind. Where even the weakest demon roams, we stagnate.

The Horadrim were right. Pompous ostriches all. But they were right.

Journal of Zoltun Kulle, Entry 5

Zoltun Kulle

My dearest friend, you refused to listen to reason, so I decided for us both.

The Loom is dead. You will find the tunnels collapsed, the siphons broken, and the runes scoured. To rebuild it without me would take a lifetime.

I hope you realize your mistake. I hope you abandon this dream, as I have. I hope you join the Horadrim with me. And if none of that comes to pass, I hope you live well.

-Zoltun

Journal Page

Unknown

The old Zakarum church is supposed to be empty, but I heard bells tolling. They call to me, splitting open my dreams. A call that demanded an answer. I must release them.

This holy place reeks of seawater and rot. I'm going to drown in it. There's no escape. It's hard to think when the ringing of those damn bells fills my head.

Journal Page

Unknown

Mother told me not to go, but the Cathedral refused to tell us anything about Father. What I found was much worse than I expected. The Knights Penitent are either dead or roaming the halls as monstrosities. I've watched them for days until I found one that had my father's limp.

I approached and pleaded with him to come home. The creature that had been my father attacked me, and I stabbed him to escape. I couldn't see anything left of my father in the monster's eyes, only pain and rage. Mother was right. I never should have come here.

Journal Page

Unknown

Forgive me, Father Inarius, for I have sinned.

I have tasted human blood. Gorged myself on it. Taken lives to do it. Damnedest of all, I enjoy it every time, hating myself all the while. I pray in the moments I still have clarity. But these moments slip from me like water through a sieve.

I've killed too many...I can live no longer. Tonight, I seal myself in this cave so that I might harm no others.

In the name of the Light.

Journal Page

Unknown

They took us... (breathes) escaped spider webs and ran...
(breathes) can't see, too dark... (cries) Julius headless, but still...
(cries) can hear them getting closer.

Journal Page

Volanis

We were sent here as punishment. Our options were remain in the corridor and starve, or pass through one of the portals and take our chances with what lurks on the other side. Dezin went through when we were first put here three days ago.

Nicos couldn't take the hunger and went through a portal just yesterday. I've found moss and some rodents, but I don't think it'll last me long. I don't want to go through a portal. I don't know what's on the other side. At least here there are no demons. At least here ... I'm alive.

Journal Page

Unknown

Now, Abd al-Hazir mentioned this place being infested with vermin. Tomorrow I shall see what time has done to this place.

Finally, my latest discovery tracing the path of the legendary Abd al-Hazir; the Caldeum Aqueducts. With the city closed, I didn't think I'd be able to gain entry.

Piecing together the location of an entrance outside the city was difficult, but luckily persistence paid off. And with a generous donation to those Iron Wolves, I am ready to continue my journey.

Journal Page

Volanis

Charinus,

We've finally opened the tomb! Thousands of properly embalmed corpses, housed in stone coffins, undisturbed by soil.

Living hosts succumb within days. But these bodies are hardier. Multiple colonies of fly demons can thrive in them for months. Our work here is secure. Baal smiles upon us!

-Volanis

Journal Page

Unknown

They won't believe me. No matter how many people I tell and beg for help, nobody will accept that I saw monsters in those ruins! Cowards! I won't let these monsters slaughter my family.

At dawn, my brother and I will head into the tunnels and take out their leader ourselves. If I survive, I'll carry the monster's head through the streets.

Journal Page

Unknown

I tried to run, but the cultists still found me. They dragged us from our home and put us here to be collected for the sacrifices. When the knights arrived, everyone celebrated; a few wept for joy that their prayers to the Light had been answered.

But I see no light in their eyes and still hear the screams at night. I'm terrified to face the end, but I know we will not leave here alive.

Journal Page

Unknown

This was easy money. Making my way across the delta was a little bit tricky, but I've had tougher.

Now I just need to find this "cursed" pool, collect a flask full, and get back to the witch to grab my coin. Easy gold.

Kemir's Stockpile

Kemir

Should've cut and run when I had the chance. Like the others did. The smart ones. Everything they said about Kemir is true. Mad as a viper.

Why did I follow her into this damn mine? She wants to die here. Said it herself. A glorious last stand. And still I went along with it like a whipped dog.

Should've cut and run when I had the chance.

Knight Commander's Log

Unknown

After a month's voyage on the Twin Seas, our ship has run aground on the night of our return to Scosglen. The keepers of Hope's Light apparently failed to tend the beacon. Their singular duty.

This incompetence has cost the Father a ship and endangered the lives of my knights.

I will be leading a shore party to find those responsible, bind them to the beacon, and set them alight.

Knight Vigo's Log

Vigo

7th: Lost a month's wages tonight. Unbelievable.

10th: A woman came to the mines. Gave me a wealth charm. Crazy, but it worked.

11th: Daughter showed up. Relentless. Something about a demon. Already reported it, but she won't give it up.

Going to keep watch at the mine. Light knows she'll break in if I don't.

Knight's Journal

Unknown

Something feels wrong. The commanders are being quiet on what exactly we're doing here, but the Zakarum were completely corrupted so there is nothing "good" in this place.

The church should have razed this unholy den long ago.

May the Light preserve us.

Large Scroll

Unknown

ALL HUNTERS BEWARE! TURN BACK IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE!

A new beast nests in these caves. They are man-shaped, bearing fur and massive horns. If you see one:

Do not approach.

Do not engage.

Do not attack.

Turn back and leave as quietly as you can.

Once noticed and hunted by these beasts, you are beyond saving. Let the corpses here speak for themselves.

LIGHT GO WITH YOU.

Last Chronicle of Paladin Lord Carthas

Unknown

A small moldy tome with a ribbon marking the final journal entry.

I will become maggot food if I don't-

The last fortnight passed with alarming swiftness. The tomb resists every effort to sanctify it. So we stay.

A hateful frenzy has taken the garrison. Last night, I heard a ghastly commotion, the shouting of a furious mob. Today, I woke to find the Watch Commander hanged. But why, I cannot unravel. Nobody remembers committing the deed.

I thought Mephisto slain. But whatever of him remains in Sankekur's body has trapped us. I lose hope of ever leaving.

Last Entry

Unknown

(grunt) I can't eat any more, but they won't stop feeding us. Fruit and honey. Bread and wine. I try to resist, but they force it down my throat. Everything hurts.

Ledger of Tithes Received

Unknown

Old couple by the rocks: Paid in full

Family on the creek: Missing half, send patrol

Hermit by the bridge: Paid up at last, after some convincing

Woodcarver south of the grove: Still won't budge. He's courting a girl in Wejinhani - maybe she'll listen to reason.

Ledger Page

Unknown

The accused has been convicted of trying to steal our holy relic. She claims to be merely a grave robber, trying to make an easy coin. But our denomination knows the hand of evil when we see it.

Still, she must be tested. We will bury her. If she is still alive when we dig her up, we will know darkness favors her and can proceed with the execution.

Verdict: Dead. She is saved and joins the Light.

Letter from Benen

Benen

Fergus, I send this letter from a far shore you will never see.
Little makes me happier knowing so.

The bottle consumed you long ago. Took what little sense
washed around that head of yours.

I couldn't stand it no more. The whinging. The pissing about.

I leave Marowen, my home, to be free of you. Free of your
misfortune.

I wash my hands of you.

Letter from Bottle

Unknown

Padrig, I know this may never reach you, but I couldn't live with myself if I didn't try.

The Drowned are closing in, and I fear I will never see you nor your mother again. Enclosed is an amulet passed down from my father.

Stay strong, and know that I am and always will be proud of you. No distance could ever change that.

Take care of your mum.

-Dad

Letter to Brenna

Deirdre

Ma... Faolan has been cursed. I've tried every charm and druid's trick I can think of, but today, I had to chain him to the floor. He'll soon become a beast, same as the others.

He's so scared, Ma, I can't let him face it alone... Whatever happens, I hope you'll understand.

- your Deirdre

Letter to Exalted Lazira

Munaz

Your highness. We have come to the grotto as instructed. Your fears have been proven correct. A horrible corruption, both of the spirit and of the flesh, has infiltrated this once tranquil space. The garrison has encountered corpses that walk and wail, as well as other forms of demonic creatures too terrible to describe.

We are down to only a few men; the rest now shamble the sands like empty human husks hungry for a taste of life. A life I can feel slowly draining away.

I have sent a runner to dispatch this note, I pray he makes it out alive.

-Your Captain, Munaz

Letter

Edeljen

Helda, I'm sorry I left so quickly. Father said such awful things, I couldn't bear it. Don't fret over me. I'm safe. I fled to the ruins we thought deserted and was shocked to find there a group of kind folk who offered me food and lodging.

I hope you'll come too. I'll admit I was scared at first. Hard living has made them...strange looking. But they feed me quite generously. For once I have some fat on my bones in this frigid wasteland!

-Love, Edeljen

Letter

Davan

Dearest daughter,

My ancestor's call rang clear. If I give my life to free him from his salt prison, he can protect our people. Protect you. In the end, it is no choice at all.

Letter: Weep not for my death, as it is something I give freely and joyfully. I watched my grandchildren grow. I end my life with a smile, knowing they will be free from the horrors we survived.

-Your loving father, Davan

Lost Journal

Elodin

Tracked and observed the madmen at Yngovani. While it does appear the cultists have learned to live among the snakemen, they don't seem to cooperate in any way other than a mutually parasitic relationship.

If the cultists are directing the snakemen somehow, I still can't see it. Perhaps they're nurturing them in some way? (sigh) I'm going inside the lair to have a closer look.

-Elodin of Backwater

Malnok Cliffs

Lagmir

We always knew something was under the ice, but we thought we could fend off whatever was in the tunnels. Yesterday I found my daughter, Calla, crying. She told me she saw monsters in the caves and begged for us to leave. I told her nothing would drive us from our home.

I left afterwards to hunt. When I returned, I had to push through raging winds and heavy snow to reach the village. I found the guards first; they were encased in ice. The monsters my daughter warned me about had overrun the town.

I snuck past them to find Calla, but it's too late. My daughter is frozen like the others. There isn't a soul left alive here. Why didn't I listen to her?

Manifestations of the Prime Evils

Lorath

The Prime Evils may be subdued, but they can never be ended. Even from their home in the Hells, they can still influence our world, walk it unseen.

When weakened, they've been known to take the forms of strange animals: a one-eyed owl, a wingless bat, or a wounded wolf.

Medical Notes

Rashta

Subject 23: The Plague of Alcarnus was born from the dead of this city. Like all of the corpses here, 23's tissue appears flush with the demonic aether... (laughs) still alive, in a sense, after decades of decay.

If this "vitality" can be distilled, oh, I may have found more than a cure.

Merchant's Letter

Unknown

Thank you so much for helping Genbar. Times are hard for his stone-carving, but he is too stubborn to move his family and too proud to take charity. Give him a deal and I will pay the difference.

Message from the Abbot

Abbot

Lorath Nahr, how bizarre it is to hear from you. Your charming apprentice arrived just this morning with equally disturbing news, but he made no mention of you. Am I to assume you did not send him? Please join us at Orbei as soon as you are able.

Mine Foreman Logbook

Unknown

Ore extraction has ground nearly to a complete halt! I cannot get the workers to venture further into the mines, or even dig where they are at this point. I don't blame them. We haven't been paid in weeks. Yet the Trade Commission still demands their quotas.

I long for the days of my father's Caldeum, when the Commission did the bidding of the people instead of the other way around. I am at a loss as to what to do. I haven't seen daylight in more days than I care to count. Sometimes, it feels like this mine may become my grave.

Monk's Journal

Unknown

Further research confirms my suspicions: Orbei was built atop a pre-existing structure. Based on existing records, this hidden corner of the monastery is somehow connected to the Zakarum Inquisition.

Decades ago, they came to this region and forced the locals into submission. Those who did not embrace the faith were likely tortured and buried. If so, the structure beneath us might be the remnants of the local's settlement. Or their tomb.

I will know soon enough. I have found a way inside. To embody the Zakarum's true tenets, we cannot hide from this dark chapter in our history.

Mystic's Journal

Unknown

This foreigner dares bring his army to this sacred place! Long have we endured their ignorance and false faith, meddling with powers beyond their understanding.

Now they will bear the weight of that folly for eternity.

Nekhi's Confession

Nekhi

The Triune promised a future beyond suffering. We knew only hunger after Mother and Father passed.

I joined the Triune to guarantee our future. Our happiness. Yet, I return to only ash and despair.

I go to them now, offering my body to the pools as our ancestors did. I hope to feel even a fraction of the suffering I caused before I am gone.

May your bracelets return here, too, so that I may hold you again in the plains beyond.

Note

Talmu

Please turn back. We have tracked the undead to these woods. They attacked our camp a few nights ago. I awoke to the cries of other loggers being dragged away into the night.

We followed the blood and limbs back here. I can hear the screams of the unlucky ones still alive. I can't leave them...but I doubt I'll make it out of these woods.

-Talmu

Note

Sister Asja

Sister Daneka,

A deeply corrupted heretic will be joining your other wards on the morrow. A group of Knights Penitent will deliver him directly to you. You must comply with their every order.

Read the following carefully. Do not approach the prisoner. Do not speak with him. Do not even listen to him. This is of the utmost importance. Lesser wardens have been deceived by his trickery. I'm sure you've heard the rumors. Let's avoid another incident.

Light be with you.

Sister Asja

Notes on Looters' Hand Drawn Map

Unknown

No treasure down this hallway.

Beginning to think coming to Alcarnus was a waste of time.

Old Crinkled Letter

Commander Finbar

Captain Rakin, I have new orders for you. Abandon your post, effective immediately. We need extra swords at the borders of Guulhan. I know you and your soldiers must be eager to see the sunlight again.

As for your current duties, seal up the prison. I know the stories. Let them rot in their cages and darkness. If they wanted to be treated like humans, they wouldn't have lived like animals. Perhaps we will teach them a lesson that they'll carry into the next life.

-Regards, Commander Finbar

Orbei Scholar's Notes

Unknown

In all my years exploring the Steppes, I have never encountered this ruin. It seems to have simply “emerged” out of the basin. I cannot guess why yet.

The Ancients carved deep into the salt of this area, we assume, for its protective qualities.

A structure like this could have held powerful evil at bay, or perhaps kept it locked inside.

Ornate Triune Letter

Unknown

A new age is upon us, brothers and sisters. Gone are the days of our blind supplication to the Three.

The Horned Mother has returned, and it is in her shadow that we now walk. From her hand we will sup true power. We will be reborn, not as the servants of uncaring masters, but as favored children.

Go forth and spread the word. Offer blood in the Mother's honor. Embrace the birthright that is ours.

Oyuun's Journals

Oyuun

Each day, the hunger grows like a fire inside me, demanding to be sated. I tried to hold out, but all they offer us is human flesh. In these moments, I hold onto the hope that at least Zolaya made it out. But I fear soon the hunger will win out, and I will have no choice but to give in.

Oyuun's Letter

Oyuun

Dearest,

Death comes for this hellhole we call home. There was a pale stranger, Elias, he called himself, skulking about the kitchen halls today.

When he saw me, he approached to ask about the prison warden. I directed him to the palace guard. Only hours later, and the servants are whispering about some disaster at the dungeons. It can only be him.

I have an awful feeling. Will you meet me tonight at the teahouse? I could use a warm cup. And your company.

-Yours always, Oyuun

Paladin Squire's Journal, Part One

Unknown

Our souls have fled ever forward, seeking sanctuary from evil.
It pursues us, relentless in its hunt.

And so we have come to rest here, damned, bereft of life and
hope, and we have built a sanctuary where there was none.

Paladin Squire's Journal, Part Two

Unknown

Safety and sanctuary we did seek here in this most cursed of places. But evil endures, so the sages say unto us. So have we seen and heard.

Here we seek shelter, oh Light, and here we find none, and yet still we turn to thee.

Please... please...

Parchment

Unknown

In memory of Grand Mage Emerus.

I met him decades ago. It was he who rejected my application to the Sanctum. He called me power-hungry, reckless. And I was.

That rejection was a gift. It put me on my path, pushed me to seek bolder mentors. I now have the power I once sought.

When we took the Sanctum, I killed him myself. Raised him from the dead. Now he serves my every whim. A fitting legacy for a fool.

Patriarch's Den

Patriarch

I communed with the benefactor again, and he showed me a gilded city all my own, folded in emerald fire. A kingly crown studded with unknowable wisdom. Unblinking eyes that gaze everywhere at once. This is who I will become.

“Of flesh you will escape, and so the price of flesh you must pay. Be it yours or another’s,” he said. What a small bargain for such a grand destiny.

Piece of Parchment

Unknown

What have we done? The madness! The sheer madness! We fought against each other with such zeal. For what purpose? Now...the creatures have overtaken us. Nature bid her time well. We are now like carrion to them.

Tissue paper to be torn through. Once I was a warrior fighting for a cause I can barely remember. Now...I am maggot food.

Prava's Decree

Reverend Mother Prava

The Horadrim have used their dark magics to bear a great evil into our world.

Commit their wicked souls to the Father and retrieve the soulstone.

Ragged Piece of Cloth

Unknown

...the buzzing...the incessant buzzing. Constantly. Everywhere.
In my ears. In my head. Then the stench...putrid. Foul. Cloying.
Corrupt...

There is no escape. Am I dead already? Is this hell? Who knows?
Would it be so different than life in Sanctuary?

Ragged Piece of Parchment

Unknown

We were prepared to face demons, fortified against the denizens of Hell itself. What we found was infinitely more horrifying. The creatures we encountered... I assume they were human at one time... but now...

Now they were like ravenous animals... hungry for flesh. Hot, steaming flesh, consumed straight from the bones of the still living! We fled, but I can feel them in pursuit. Hungry for more...

Ravaged Journal

Unknown

For days, the scent has lingered. At first, it troubled me.

Rotting flesh, the smell and the sound of corpse-flies ever present.

But there is a sweetness to it, and alongside the buzzing of flies I hear the croon of an older thing.

A god that demands flesh. That rewards its consumption.

Research Log

Unknown

Life Amongst the Fallen, Week 4

I dedicated this week of my research to the making of Fallen demons' weapons. I summoned a fine specimen, the shaman Maliak, to guide me through the process.

It showed me, with enthusiasm, how they drain, skin, and dress their victims' bodies. From human heads they fashion their shamanic staves, which hone their power to breathe new life into slain comrades...

Scavenger's Journal

Unknown

Ran hard and fast from my old crew. They wanted to set up shop in Wejinhani and I want out. I can't live in the swamp. I can't stay and I can't leave without money.

Found these warrens by accident, but what a treasure. I can sell everything I find and leave. But there's someone else'more than one person'here. Hunting for something. And I think if they find me, it won't go well.

Scavenger's Journal

Unknown

I have been called to repentance. To this shrine in the center of an uncivilized swamp to make right what I have done wrong. But the swamp, like my past, is restless, angry, and full of whispers.

I go to bed with its voice in my ear, reciting the litany of my sins. It says to me that my repentance means little. That in my heart I feel no remorse. That in the end there will be no absolution. Please...please...I must have absolution...

Scholar's Journal

Unknown

I was so excited when I walked into the Sacristy that day. Finally, my turn to enter the Archive and explore the knowledge of darkness. Now, I'd give anything to forget what I've learned.

Scorched Demands

Watch Commander Antje

We've captured your scumbag warden and her team of enforcers. They abused, tortured, and degraded us for decades. You're lucky they're still alive.

And they'll stay that way, in exchange for one thing: freedom. Open the gates and let us out. For each day our demand goes unanswered, another prison guard dies.

Thirty-two remain. You have one moon, chieftains of Scosglen. Use it wisely.

Scorched Page

Unknown

The roots of the Great Oak parted, and Vasily emerged from his rest. Barefoot, he stood before his druids, his voice clear as a winter wind...

“From angel and devil were you born, as was the whole of nature. You alone may grow strong. But join yourself to nature, and neither angel nor devil may rule you.”

Scrap of Paper

Unknown

I have come to these caves to be in service for my master. He has promised me both life and blood, resilience as the world crumbles. I crave such stability, such...STRENGTH.

I was born weak into a world that has no tolerance for it, and I continue to be weak to feed my master.

But I know that one day soon I will be reborn anew, his equal and his ally and his kin. This day will come. This day will come!

Scrap of Paper

Unknown

They brought Eriman today. Either the luck of the Zakarum is truly something, or someone finally gave him up. Can't ask what this means for those of us being held prisoner now. It isn't for us to question Akarat's will... or so they say.

It was supposed to be me on the pyre tonight, but they're eager to learn if Eriman truly is the witch they've been hunting. I can only hope his is the last flesh that burns.

Scrap of Paper

Unknown

Something in the fort has followed us inside these awful tunnels. Or been here for long ages and is now newly woken.

I thought to flee—to abandon my fellow crusaders, to think for myself for once. It will no doubt spell my doom.

I can smell death in the air. It will come for me soon.

Scrap of Paper

Elshir

Rasav, last warning. Quit pissin' outside the latrine. Reeks bad enough for us, but you know how it riles the snaky bastards. No chance we're finding that ritual tome without 'em. If you ruin it now, after we've slogged all over Sanctuary and back, all 'cause you couldn't be bothered to step outside, well. The tribe will want answers.

Think of the morrow. Untold power, bountiful flesh. We'll crush every other clan in the Steppes. We can have it all—or I can kill you. You choose.

Elshir

Scrap of Paper

Unknown

HERE LIES ROWAN

NEGLECTED BY A FOOLISH PRIEST

My dear child. I'm so sorry. I should've been a better shepherd. I should never have shunned you.

I tracked you here. Found your corpse. Wept, grieved. My heart stopped when your eyes opened. But it wasn't life that moved you.

The unholy beasts that dwell here raised your body with a magic so foul.

I killed them. I had to kill you. But I tried to give you a death more painless than your first. Wherever your soul is now, may the Light protect you the way I couldn't, my child.

Sealed Letter

Unknown

This is working out better than expected. Those rats we took on a while back are definitely pulling their weight. Eh, let's hope their people don't come looking for them.

With this extra muscle, we can make a move on the oasis. Maybe put the Iron Dogs on their heels a bit.

Shipwrecked Mariner's Log

Unknown

Good that we wrecked here, I suppose. Managed to make it to these caves without the dead on the shore paying too much notice. From the looks of it, we aren't the first ones to wash up here.

Some of the others want to head further in, see if maybe there's something to be found. I don't like it. We need to get to Ked Bardu and let them know we've lost the idol.

Shredded Orders

High Captain Tsartu

To Captain Batai of the Onyx Watch,

Guulrahn is under attack by the Tyrant Brol. Your Lord Overseer commands that you muster the Onyx Watch and ride at once to defend our capital.

I need not remind you of our Lord's opinion of cowards. Those who fail to join in our victory shall be judged in due course.

- High Captain Tsartu, Guulrahni Royal Guard

Silver Scroll

Que-Hegan Sankekur

Rejoice, my loyal servants,

Word of your deeds has stirred the hearts of the faithful. Our enemies in Kehjistan assailed you with lies and blades alike, but never once did your devotion waver. Now peace has come to this land plagued by conflict and evil.

For your selfless and holy triumph, it is my honor to sanctify you in the Light. You are absolved of what was done to protect the faith and bring wisdom to the ignorant. Henceforth, you will be known as Saint Omath, Saint Aniya, and Saint Sehruz.

Forevermore you will shine as beacons of the Zakarum.

Que-Hegan Sankekur

Sister Octavia's Letter

Sister Octavia

Dear friend, I do not know how much longer my shaking hand will hold a quill, so I shall be brief. I believe the demon we thought we slew in the sewers was able to escape death by using me as its next host.

Please, come to me in Kvera's cellar if you can. You're the only one I can trust to help. My life is in your hands.

Soggy Letter

Unknown

Dear Brother,

I'm calling in a family favor. We've got a spider problem on the farm, and the wife will have my head if I don't see to it. I reckon there's a nest somewhere abouts.

Round up those idiot cousins of ours and bring a jug of rotgut. I won't do this sober.

Soot-stained Letter

Garan

We managed to capture one of the abominations. The ugly brute laid waste to half the garrison before we got it in the cage. The next time the Cathedral visits, we'll have something to welcome them.

I locked it in the main chamber, and when they arrive, we'll see how their holiness protects them from the darkest parts of Sanctuary.

- Garan

Specimen Notes

Unknown

Short fangs. Young. Freshly turned. An easy kill.

Further south than the others. They are spreading.

Strange Journal

Tal Rasha

...The Prime Evils may be subdued, but they can never be ended. Even from their home in the Hells, they can still influence our world, walk it unseen. When weakened, they've been known to take the forms of strange animals: a one-eyed owl, a wingless bat, or a wounded wolf...

Survivor's Journal

Unknown

Kalib took the last of the warriors out to face the flesh-eaters. The rest of us will try to shore up our defenses here. I am loath to spill cursed blood here amidst the bones of our ancestors.

But I shall...

Tale of Oldstones

Unknown

'Twas once a farmer lived in the muck,
Sowed a sacred field to change his luck,
Never once asked the land its blessing,
Oh nature's wrath was quite distressing,
From his seeds sprouted dust and hunger,
Beast and root tore his house asunder,
So it is even now we must bleed,
To right the wrong of that farmer's greed.

Tattered Map

Unknown

Gates still locked. Sentries at walls, don't bother. Cave entrance here, here, and here. Tunnels must lead under the city'not sure where they let out. Snakes here. And here. And here. Watch for snakes!

Tattered Missive

Unknown

In memory of Bishop Felweigh and her Knights. Someone must remember us.

We were ousted from Braestaig. We took hostages and retreated to a cave in the hills. But it's all gone wrong.

Tell our story. Let it be known we died in sacrifice to the Light.

The prisoners spoke their heathen tongue and invoked the savage spirits of the wood. All was chaos. We were swarmed. Everyone, the glenfolk too. They died first, tied down. The Knights soon after. I'm ashamed to say I hid.

Tattered Page

Unknown

A tattered page from a captain's log
Our ship, The Wicked Mary, was thrown against the rocks by
the storm. We've abandoned the sinking ship and taken shelter
in this cave until it passes.

The crew is worried. They swear something more than a storm
threw us off course. A few say they saw somebody watching us
as the rowboats landed. I told them that fear is a trickster, and
it must have been shapes in the rain.

I need them to focus on survival, not superstitions. It doesn't
help that every sailor tells tales about these beaches. Legends
say that it was once a hideout of the merciless Captain Murador
and his crew. They say even in death he still guards these
shores. I pray that he stays only a story.

Tattered Zakarum Missive

Heirophant Harsa

Cantor Adiya,

Stop writing to me about the cave-ins and do as I told you previously! Dispose of the bodies in the tunnels. Give the families some coin to temper their anger.

We need only a bit more stone to complete Omath's Stronghold, and your squeamishness will not jeopardize that. If you see this through, you can leave the mine to the locals and return to civilization. Or must I find another cantor who has the stomach for it?

Akarat give you strength,

Heirophant Harsa

The Birth of Hell

Abbot of Orbei

Lo, the Great Beast Tathamet was struck down and its blackened husk sank below the abyss. There, it smoldered and festered, and from the ruin of its Seven Heads were born Seven Great Evils. Three Primes and Four Lessers. Enemies of all creation.

The Orbei Monastery, Part 1

Abbot of Orbei

Commissioned during the Time of Troubles, the Orbei Archive once served to codify heresies for the Inquisition. Since then, the Archive has expanded to the study of all evils, restricted to only the most devout Scholars of Zakarum.

The Orbei Monastery, Part 2

Abbot of Orbei

Critics rightly fear the dangers of our scholarship, but ignorance of evil offers little protection from it. Our insights have proven invaluable to Paladins, Horadrim, and Angels alike in the fight against the darkness.

Timeworn Letter

Unknown

Minu,

I have heard what is transpiring in the labyrinth. Three summoners driven mad by this Grinning One, as it is called. My daughter, why do you persist in trying to break the demon? You have nothing to prove. You are more the Vizjerei than I was at your age. There is wisdom in knowing when to move on.

Seal the demon and its minions away. Return to the clan.
Please.

I am asking as your father. Do not make me command it as the grand summoner.

Timue's Journal

Timue

Taissa came today and I asked why she was away for so long. Years...we argued years ago and she didn't come back.

She said she was here two weeks ago. I don't remember.

I remember the swamp men. They danced with me. Taissa says they didn't. She says—I must write it all down.

I must remember. Even if there are wrong things. False things. There is Taissa. I must remember.

To the Penitent

Prava

The end nears, pilgrim. Look into yourself. Find your faith. Feel how it fills the void within you. Remember you are nothing without faith. Hold fast to the Light, and remember.

To the Searcher

Prava

Look around at the mountains towering over you. Feel how small you are. Embrace humility. Accept your place in worship to the Father, for he has shown us the way.

To the Sinner

Prava

Hark, creature of darkness, for you have wandered beyond the reach of the Light. Lift your sins. Breathe deep the cold air. The path to redemption lies before you, if you have the faith to walk it.

To the Sufferer

Prava

Feel the sting of your wounds. Let the ice into your bones.
Welcome your pain, for the agony of the flesh is the first
cleansing of the soul. Make your faith stronger than any hurt.

Torn Notebook Page

Unknown

Notes from the pale demonologist:

- Summon larvae into the vessel's stomach. They will lay the grounds for the nest.

-Try to keep the vessel alive. Living flesh is better fuel for manifesting the demon.

-Flies are a sign the possession has taken hold. The vessel can be unbound at this point, and the demon bent to your will through binding rituals.

Didn't believe him at first. Actually works, quite effectively.

Torn Paper

Unknown

They said the Aldurwood was the last patch of old growth in Scosglen that was free from corruption. They said Aldur himself, though he is gone from the flesh, watches over the forest in spirit.

So they said. I had hoped to find the secret that preserved the health of these woods. Imagine my despair when the trees themselves chased me out amidst the howling of some half-human beast.

If corruption has taken root even here, then all hope is lost for the forests of Scosglen.

Torn Parchment

Unknown

We hid among the corpses. The rotten ones that even the Tyrant and his monsters deemed unworthy of eating. The herbs Khulun gave us helped. Dulled my mind. Put my stomach at ease.

Mercifully, I can't remember much. Only a thumping noise as the cannibals pulled the cart through the streets. Then the trickle of water when they dumped us into the old canals.

It reeks of death down here. But it seems safe. A paradise compared to the streets. Tomorrow we will explore deeper into the canals. See if there might be a way out.

Torn Tome Pages

Unknown

The trees themselves seem to whisper a warning of this place. Long ago, Astaroth's demons ravaged the land and left a bloody wake.

Astaroth is gone now, but his shadow persists. There are still things here, dark things that hunger. Only death awaits in these woods.

Triune Decree

Unknown

You are hereby chosen by Magnus Elias. Ancient knowledge lies within the lands around Mt. Civo, hidden away by the Triune of old. Seek out these caches of power and unearth their secrets.

Those who return to the Magnus with tribute in hand will earn more than his favor—they will earn the favor of our Mother.

Triune Missive

Unknown

So comes your rite of passage, loyal supplicant.

Journey to the hallowed place in the heart of fire. With unwavering hands, return the three relics to their rightful place. Then will come the glorious arbiter to judge your soul.

The worthy will have their eyes pried open to glimpse realms unseen. The unworthy will have their eyes burned out to live in darkness.

Undelivered Letter

Unknown

Commander Anara,

We need to make some changes. We've got too many prisoners and not enough Wolves. Personally, I think we need to start executing some of this rabble.

If those cultists and knights ever decide to stop hating each other and work together, we could be in for trouble. Send swords. Or I'll bring the axe.

Unsent Letter Addressed to the Zakarum Church

Carthas

I was there when Sankekur fell. I felt Mephisto's magic clawing at my mind. Even today, when I remember that moment, I am unsure if the anger I feel comes from him or me.

But that does not hinder my faith. Remember, brothers and sisters, the Light won that day. We rallied. We defeated a Prime Evil. And what's more, we did it together.

The darkness will never extinguish the Light. It is our duty to ensure that. The day we discovered the corruption within our faith was the day we began anew.

It was the day I knew I was truly fighting for the Light.

Unsent Letter

Edmunt

Pa,

Is it true what they say? An angel walks among men? The Knights march to Kor Valar. If I were two years older, I'd have passed my trials and I'd be marching with them.

Instead, I stay. A skeleton crew will guard the fort until the Knights can return. You'd be proud. No more polishing shields for me. They gave me a sword. Though I doubt it will ever see battle.

I'll write soon.

Edmunt

Vani's Journal

Vani

Our work in the old ruins is done. We have reached into Hell itself and grasped power, just as Mother showed us.

We will offer tribute in thanks. Tonight and ever after, we will honor her.

Vardok's Note

Vardok

Rutkah,

We raid for flesh at the new moon. Go to the cells and gather. If the new ones are weak, feed them to the maggots.

We need more meat.

-Vardok

Vigo's Report

Vigo

Reverend Mother, I received a report of a potential demon sighting. Horned woman near Yelesna mines.

Performed routine inspection. Nothing yet.

Sent in priest and escort of Knights. Will report in when we find something.

Villager's Journal

Unknown

I hear the cannibals at night. Howling in the streets. Killing.
Feasting.

Heard whispers they take some people to the prisons. Must be a
lie.

Why would these monsters keep anyone alive?

Villager's Journal

Unknown

These bandits will not leave well enough alone.

We have lived peacefully in these swamps for as long as anyone can remember.

But now violence comes into its heart and it means to rob our god.

They don't believe us when we say the swamp always—
ALWAYS—extracts a price.

Vizjerei Journal Page

Vizjerei

Day Three:

Our research suggests that a powerful entity is bound to the artifact. Whether by choice or against its will is yet to be seen. The other mages report hearing its whispers in the halls— attempts to poison our hearts with fear and suspicion.

As a precaution, we have placed wards around our sleeping chambers, and we have agreed to only examine the artifact in groups. No one is to act alone.

Research continues tomorrow. It should not take long to bend the entity to our will.

War Chief's Journal

Unknown

It disgusts me to know they eat our dead. We eat Black Locust root before battle now. If we survive, the healers give us leaf to try and halt the poison.

But if Brol's abominations take us, well, the meal they make of us will be their last.

Watchman's Log

Unknown

The cannibals took twelve more of us this week, but Elder Davan has finally gone to the mines. He will free the Ancient Spirit and we will claim its power. No one will threaten Qara Yisu again.

Waterlogged Missive

Unknown

To the Healer in Wejinhani:

I've a young man in my care who's been bitten by a spider. His parents died just last week, bearing similar bites. The venom took them in mere hours... but something slows it in him. He's been clinging on for days.

Symptoms: Fever, cold sweat, wheezing breath. Odd little bumps that sometimes move beneath the skin. Won't take food or water.

The strangest one of all: other spiders won't leave the poor lad alone. What draws them to the bite? Please, send help.

Worn Journal

Unknown

Whatever protected me from this demon-born blight has waned. The sores on the back of my hands weep and something eats at the back of my eyes. Like the rest of my clan, I will lose this battle and succumb to this disease.

It was proudful to think the earth protected me so that I could save my people. It was a curse. Forced to watch, helpless, as all that I love died.

But this is not...will not...be the end. The earth would not let it be so.

Zoological Survey

Unknown

A Zoological Survey of the Ghoha Fortress

I have been among the ruins of the Ghoha Fortress for nigh on eleven days now. The creatures here are diverse, though I hesitate to call them animals.

Monsters seems a more accurate term, and what monstrosities they are! I have encountered a great snake-like thing from the waist down, but from the waist up: a woman! Or like a woman I suppose.

She'd bitten my left arm and the swelling—well. A matter for when I reach town. The encyclopedia will be sensational if I continue recording these discoveries.