

Entry 1

I am both nervous and eager to start my journey. We have set sail from Baldur's Gate and plan to make landfall at Refuge Bay. I have been assigned to assist the team of archaeologists as the healer. They say the jungles of Chult are full of giant reptiles and undead, may Chauntea guide me. The team has their sights set on an archaeological site that was once the fortress of one of the bara, or magical guardians, of Mezro. Apparently the Flaming Fist have not found it yet and we are hoping to be the first. Supposedly this bara was so powerful that his fortress was carried around on the backs of a dozen massive turtles. That will surely be a sight to see.

Entry 2

The fortress has apparently mostly sunken into the swamp - lovely. The land here is sick, I can feel it. Now they're telling me that legends say that the turtles that once carried this fortress were undead. Whoever this bara was, I'm not sure he was on the right path for a holy man. We have found an entrance through one of the towers that protrudes above the swamp. We make our descent tomorrow at dawn. Chauntea guide me.

Entry 3

Everything has fallen apart. We should have known there would be traps left behind. I didn't even see who triggered it. All of sudden we were all in chains that magically appeared from the stone floor. After hours of being trapped we thought we would starve to death, but that would have been merciful. A sentient flower, similar to a yellow orchid, slowly crept towards us from the entrance. This was no gentle flower. I watched as it cracked open the skulls of my party members, leaving bulbs in their heads. I watched all five of them fall before it turned to me. When it was upon me, I cried out for the mercy of Chauntea and the plant stopped. It gently stroked me with its leaves before climbing back out to the swamp.

To my horror, after several hours, my friends arose with lifeless eyes and ripped themselves from the chains with no indication of pain for their lost limbs. They left me to my lonesome only to return carrying moss and a slain lizard. The yellow flower was with them and laid the food before me as if beckoning me to eat.

The yellow flower returned daily to bring me food. Over time I began to learn to communicate with it. The flower impressed images into my mind of my form changing shape into that of a small animal. I focused on these hopeful thoughts until one day it actually happened.

Entry 4

The flower is my friend. The swamp is my home. The flower wants to be stronger - wants my help. I want to help it. I find mushrooms and make salves for it. We are making progress. I discovered a maze room in the fortress, but cannot open the door at the end. The orbs must be the key, but the flower wants to keep me safe from danger. The flower is my friend.

Entry 5

The zabou spores helps flower grow strong. I am growing strong too. I can now move vines and spores with my mind to feed. Flower must grow stronger. I want to be a flower too but flower says no. Flower must grow stronger first.