

Entry 1:

The blue slaad has infected me with its chaos phage - it's only a matter of time before I turn. My spellbook seems to have been jettisoned from the tower along with most of my other books and possessions during the crash.

Entry 2:

I was distracted dreading my own transformation when one of my apprentices turned into a nothic. The signs were all there... hallucinations, paranoia, clammy skin, hair loss, but we didn't want to believe it. I've resorted to using the arcane telescope briefly each day. I feel as though I have little time left. There must be a way out of this god forsaken glacier. I've given up looking for the spellbook. If anyone finds it, they'll only have one piece of the Rite of the Arcane Octad. The Spire of Iriolarthas will remain protected.

Entry 3:

I'm nearly convinced there's no way out of the glacier. I've lost one eye, so I'm feeling trepidation about trying the telescope again... but what choice do I have? The nothics will eat me alive if I leave the tower. The magen seem to be able to keep them away for now.