

Port Nyanzaru is an astonishing mix of bright colors and strange spices. How shocked the women back home would be to see the common wrap used for most clothing here. But enough gawking like a child. Duke Ravenguard expects success and we will give it to him.

We meet Corynn in the morning. She will have the information we need to find a guide. Hopefully she will be able to haggle for better prices in the souk, too. I don't fancy paying through the nose for the common gear we'll need to survive the jungle. Now to find a reputable inn and rest.

The Thundering Lizard was not the best choice in inns. The noise was intolerable, but they did mention something called a dinosaur race set for tomorrow afternoon.

Corynn is a delightfully scary woman built sturdier than some of the lads back at the lodge in Baldur's Gate. No nonsense, that one, but I find I enjoy her way of handling things. With her assistance, we've set up interviews with the most highly recommended guides in the city. I'm confident that we will have everything sorted and be on our way to the City of Night in no time

By the gods! Not only do they have dinosaur beasts of burden, but they also race them! It was quite the thrill to watch, but it was quite unfortunate that the young jockey was trampled and then eaten after being unseated on that last turn. According to the locals, it isn't a proper race unless there is some blood spilled.

We've settled on a reputable guide. Shago come highly recommended and is eager to return to Fort Beluarian. Under his direction, we've gathered all the supplies we'll need, including an oddly smelling paste they claim is some sort of insect repellent. Given the persistence of the flying nuisances, I would be willing to bear the unusual smell in return for a bite free day. Nothing will stop us from finding the city and claiming the Tide Jewels for the glory of the Duke. If it takes an extra week or two to deliver them while I study them, who's to say?

I've been warned not to drink the water we find without boiling it unless we catch and store it ourselves using their "rain catcher" devices. The sun is barely up and already the heat and humidity are unbearable. How do people live here?!

Shago procured a young triceratops to use as our beast of burden. Without him (or perhaps her?) it would be impossible to carry enough food and water for our party. At 500 gp, the price is steep, but I think well worth it. I, for one, do not fancy carrying such weight in this miserable environment.

The jungle is much darker than I expected. Very little light seeps through the canopy. This should make for interesting travel.

Blast our luck! No sooner so we start for Fort Beluarian than a monsoon hits the region. The torrential rain makes navigating impossible, and although I'm impatient to continue, Shago insists that to do so would be suicide. We've no choice but to wait out the storm.

During a lull in the rain, one of our porters ventured into the surrounding trees to relieve himself and did not return. We mounted a small search party and discovered one of the many dangers present in the region. We stumbled upon one of his shoes, with the foot still inside, near a very large, rather pretty plant Shago called a "man trap." It has a taste for human flesh. I've made note to avoid them like the plague.

The diversity of flora and fauna in the region is incredible, although a disproportionate number of them is intent on killing and eating us. We are only a day's travel from the Fort and once again, we have to stop and rest. One of our guards is already sick with exhaustion. It's a warning to the rest of us to drink water until we burst to stave off dehydration.

An hour into our rest, a strange moaning blanketed the camp. The locals panicked, but the guards remained firm as no less than four shambling corpses burst from the surrounding foliage. What do the blue triangles on their foreheads mean, I wonder? We lost another porter and one of the younger guards in the fight. They were given a proper burial.

Our arrival at Fort Beluarian was rather anticlimactic. It's well defended against the ever-present threat of the undead, but the commander of the fort, Blaze Liara Portyr, leaves something to be desired. She's an unpleasant woman unable to compromise to save her soul.

The Charter of Exploration was more expensive than we were led to believe, but if 50 gp ensures we remain unharrassed in our travels, so be it. But if that horrible woman thinks I'll willingly hand over half of our findings on her say so, she's going to be sorely disappointed. The Duke will hear of this. I'll make sure of it. We've also acquired our new guide, T'latzan, or Zan for short. We leave for Port Nyanzaru to restock in the morning.



We left by a different route, but Zan insists it is the correct one. I believe that all creatures are larger here, and that holds especially true for the insects. A small swarm of giant wasps beset our party, stinging Jonah, my assistant. They were easily dispatched, but underscore the alien environment we travel through. Imagine seeing one of those outside a menagerie in Waterdeep. Not likely!

Within hours of being stung, Jonah developed a terrible case of the shakes. The poor fellow is disoriented, delirious, and a danger to himself and everyone around him. He's deathly pale and slowly freezing to death in the middle of the jungle. How I hate this place!

Zan is not a very good guide and we are well and truly lost. Let this be a lesson in proper hiring techniques in the future.

While bumbling in circles, we encountered the tattered remains of an encampment. Tents, broken equipment, and other odds and ends lay scattered in a large radius around an otherwise idyllic clearing. It wasn't long before we discovered the reason for beheading bodies before they are buried here.

A small horde of undead converged on us while we dithered in the clearing. These were fresher corpses, without the strange blue triangle marking of the earlier ones, and much harder to defeat. By the grace of our gods, we managed to do so, however, without further loss of life.

Jonah has finally kicked the shivering sickness. Thanks to all that I have my assistant back. He's asked about our real mission, and as it's an uncommonly quiet night, I see no reason not to recount the tale.

Captain Fisher of the pirate vessel the Wailing Rose came to possess the Tide Jewels through unclear means. It was long believed that his true base of operations lay somewhere in Chult, and it was always to Chult that he fled after battle. He and his crew disappeared shortly after pilfering the Duke's Father's fleet, using the Tide Jewels to make their escape from the port. It's our job to discover the fate of the Rose and her crew, recover the stolen goods, and claim the Tide Jewels for the glory of the Duke and Baldur's Gate.

No thanks to our guide, we managed to return to Port Nyanzaru without further incident. With Corynn's help once again, we're topping off our supplies and looking for a more reliable means of travel.

While in the souk, I chanced upon a puppet theatre regaling the crowd with tales of the great green dragon Needle and her bones. The tale ended with her death and the legend of her unclaimed treasure waiting for someone brave enough to claim it. I wonder just how much truth is in this legend and if it's worth pursuing after our job here is done.

We've booked passage on the Black Gull in an attempt to circumvent some of the issues we encountered in our overland trek. Captain Mull assures me that his ship is the fastest and safest in the Port.

Loading the ship took no time at all, and we're out with the tide and on schedule. We've medicine to reduce sea sickness, and things are looking up.

I spoke too soon. No sooner had we left the Port than we were accosted by the largest beast I've ever heard tell. The armored monstrosity calls itself Aramag and demands tribute lest he sink the ship and feast on those aboard. His price was fully one half of our material wealth, but once we heaved the sack of gold and gems overboard, he let us continue on our way unmolested.

It is a glorious, calm day at sea! The Captain and crew are on edge, but I choose to believe our fortune is finally shifting. Now if only we could do something about the deplorable meals on this boat, I'd be a happy man.

Since we have the time, I have been studying the available information on Chult and anything to do with the Tide Jewels. Based on my findings, I've put together what I believe is a reasonable map to the most probable location of Fisher's hideout. If we can locate that, we can certainly find the City of Night.

Shortly after lunch, we were beset by a terrible and fierce squall. It appeared out of nowhere with a clear blue sky to boot, and now the crew is convinced our entire expedition is cursed. Poppycock I say. We're bound to get the bad with the good. No sense in working ourselves into a lather over one or the other. Hopefully Mull has the sense to contain the rumors before it becomes a larger issue.

We were roused from a fitful sleep before dawn to the shout of “Pirates!” I barely had time to dawn my trews before we were hooked and boarded. I do believe the Captain overstated his proficiency in dangerous seas.

The pirates were surprisingly civilized. There was none of the barbaric behavior I was led to expect from such an encounter. We showed them our Charter of Exploration, handed over the requested fee, and they left without fuss or loss of life. The whole episode was eerily reminiscent of our encounter with Aramag, truth be told. I can't help but wonder how many more tolls or tithes we'll be forced to pay out of our dwindling funds before this is over.



For reasons unknown, Captain Mull has decided to cut dangerously close to the shoreline. When asked about this rather strange decision, he directed me to look over the side of the ship. I was most suspicious and took extra precautions to prevent an accident while I did so.

On the ocean side of the vessel, the water appeared calm at first glance. The longer I watched, the more something disturbed me. Eventually, the whole of it resolved into swirling sharks, circling the ship, and strangely haunting glimpses of bloated humanoids reaching for the ship as it passed. Mull calls them Drowned Ones, and they're to be avoided at all costs. It's one more thing to add to the list of things to watch out for.

We've arrived at the point on my map marked Shilku Bay. If I thought the Captain and crew were nervous before, I was sadly mistaken. On arrival, you could cut the tension with a butter knife.

The Captain refuses to get closer to the shore, so we will have to load our supplies into the row boats if we want to reach the shore. The porters are all aflutter with rumors of marauding bands of small saurials they call Kobolds and their larger cousins the savage tribes of Lizardfolk. Both sound exceedingly dangerous, if the scuttlebutt is true, but we've come too far to turn back now. We will press onwards and keep a sharp lookout for danger.

We set up camp within sight of the ship to make sure the Captain honors his promise to wait for our return. Not an hour after sunset, the sky to the East bloomed with a sinister red glow followed by a bone shaking rumble that scattered our supplies and people up and down the shore. The source of the disturbance became readily apparent when two flaming chunks of rock the size of small houses sailed through the air towards our camp. One of them splashed harmlessly into the center of the Bay. The other, however, clipped the ship moored just outside the Bay, setting it ablaze. I can still hear the screams and cries of the crew as it sunk below the waterline. No one made it to shore.

With the sinking of the ship, our only means of return is to trek through the jungle. As we have to enter the jungle, either way, we are going to search for the City of Night along the way.

Despite our luck thus far, I hold out hope that the lost city is named for the dark, obsidian rocks so prevalent in the area and not for some more sinister purpose.

We encountered our first sign of unfriendly natives around mid-afternoon. The poor soul was lashed to one of the larger trees and left for the insects and undead to feast on. His death was neither quick nor easy. I pray that a proper burial gives some rest to his soul.

We awoke once again to the cries of an alarm ringing through camp. Thinking it to be more undead, I hastily grabbed an abandoned machete and barreled out of my tent with a renewed sense of purpose. I would not allow the restless dead to interfere with our mission when we were so close to completing it.

But it was not the undead. Not this time. This time it was a strange, blue mist hovering close to ground level and advancing on our camp with an almost intelligent purpose. Tormond, our trap expert, waded into the mist to meet it head-on with no apparent ill effect. He'll be watched to ensure there are no side effects.

Tormond has developed a sort of madness after the events of last night. One moment he's fine, the next he gibbers and groans and speaks to things no one else can see. I'm inclined to dismiss these rants and meaningless, but I've learned that the jungle will surprise you at every turn, so I'll pay as much heed to the man as possible.

We stopped for lunch in a small clearing blissfully devoid of hungry flora only to attract the attention of a larger menace with the smoke from our campfire. A red dragon of indeterminate size and age flew over our camp to survey the strangers in its domain. Two of our porters ran away in a panic. I don't believe we, or anyone else, will ever see them alive again.

I am finally starting to understand the jungle. During our travel, we chanced upon a small lake, no more than a large pond, really, and decided to stop and fill some of our empty water containers for boiling later. As we did so, I happened to look around to find Tormond edging towards the forest, gesturing excitedly at a shadowy figure just inside the tree line.

To my surprise, one of the porters I'd written off was leaning against the thick trunk of a tree, watching us approach. His eyes were glassy and distant as though in shock. It wasn't until the we were close enough to see the vines that penetrated his body and moved him like a puppet that we understood he was truly lost to us. The fight was short and we buried him where he fell.

Our tracker, Kenneth, found signs of a small band of lizardfolk in the area. Half-eaten carcasses and gnawed bones litter the jungle floor while decaying corpses swing from the occasional tree like obscene wind chimes. Kenneth claims all of these things are common practices among the savage races of Chult, meant to warn travelers and mark territory.

I consider myself warned. Unfortunately, there is no way around this territorial display with an active volcano to our east and impenetrable mountains to our west. The guards are on high alert. I will pray for our safe passage, although it will do no good. I do not believe the gods can hear us in this gods-forsaken land.



Lizardfolk be damned. We found the City of Night! It is breathtaking.

The structures are made of the volcanic stone and glass that is so plentiful in this area. The stone is polished to such a high shine that it reflects all light, making it look as though a thousand stars are trapped in each wall. Beautiful does not begin to describe this city.

The buildings surround a central, stepped pyramid. Vines cover most of the structures, but some of them are surprisingly free of the encroaching jungle's clutches. Although the fate of the Rose and her crew remain shrouded in mystery, the Tide Jewels are within our grasp!

Kenneth was right. We are most certainly in Lizardfolk territory. The attack was too coordinated to be spontaneous. They knew we were here and waited until we were distracted to attack. That speaks of a level of intelligence and cunning I'd not thought to attribute to the savages.

The remaining porters scattered when our guide was captured, torn apart, and eaten during the attack. Fortunately, the mercenaries we hired to guard our expedition were able to exterminate the threat with minimal losses. Jonah, Tormond, Kenneth, and myself and three guards are all that remain of our once robust group.

After a quick vote, we're all in agreement. We will make a quick search of the central pyramid before attempting to make our way back to civilization.

It was surprisingly easy to gain entry to the pyramid. The relief paintings on the walls are vivid and untouched by the heat and humidity of the surrounding jungle. While odd, it's not overly alarming. What is more concerning are the fleeting glimpses of the restless spirits that pull at our clothes and make our torches gutter in a supernatural breeze.

I'm not sure the jewels are worth it.

In an attempt to decipher a section of writing on the wall, Jonah was overcome with an odd look and an uncontrollable fit. He's shown no more signs of convulsions, but his manner of speech and the speed with which he responds to questions has me concerned. It's as if he's been possessed by the spirits of this place, but it's like no possession I've ever heard of. He's made no threats and has been generally pleasant, if a bit creepy. He's happy just watching the rest of us work. I don't know what to make of it, but it's definitely no longer my assistant.

Time passes oddly in the pyramid. I cannot tell if we've been here for hours or for days. I caught Jonah issuing orders to thin air just before our last meal. The cant of his speech suggests time at sea and I wonder if he was overcome by a member of the Rose's crew.

We've hit a small snag in our exploration. We lost two more guards to an unexpected double trap in one of the corridors. We are all exhausted, and with that comes mistakes. We did overcome the traps, however, only to grind to a stop at what appears to be a dead end. The layout of this pyramid makes no sane or logical sense.

Kenneth and Tormond are missing. The remaining guard and I rounded a corner and when we looked back, they were gone. Jonah joined us a few moments later, and I suspect he is responsible for their disappearance. Both the guard and I agree that the continued exploration is not worth our lives. Our only goal is to find our way out of the pyramid to take our chances in the jungle.

We triggered one last trap on our way to freedom. Two wickedly sharp blades swung down and cut the guard into three pieces as I ran for the small slice of daylight visible in the perpetual gloom. I can hear Jonah laughing, his slow, steady footsteps dogging my every move.

I don't know how, but I found the pirate scoundrels that robbed us at sea and have convinced them to return me to Fort Beluarian. I leave it in the hands of the Duke to decide what to do with what little information we managed to gather.

Either way, I'll not be returning.