

*The depths of Ilmurea have tested our resolve and strength beyond measure. What was meant to be a simple reconnaissance mission has turned into a desperate flight for survival. I write this entry from a cramped alcove, hidden amidst the ancient ruins, my heart pounding with the fear of being discovered.*

*We were sent to Ilmurea to uncover the secrets buried within its ancient serpentfolk city, to map its halls and retrieve artifacts of lost lore. For days, we navigated the labyrinthine corridors, marveling at the eerie beauty and deciphering the forgotten language of these ancient ruins. The serpentfolk, however, are far from extinct. Our intrusion was noted, and we soon found ourselves being hunted.*

*We lost Kressle and Taldor first, their screams cut short as the necromantic magic enveloped them. Their lifeless eyes now followed us, animated by the very force that ended their lives. I cannot forget the sight of their cold, dead faces, twisted by the serpentfolk necromancer's will.*

*They captured me and Eando shortly after and threw us in a dark hole with only the skeletons of those who came before us as company. At least these didn't come to life.*

*I would not have managed to escape, wouldn't Eando used up the last bit of magic to distract our jailors when they came in to undoubtedly serve us poisoned gruel.*

*At first, it was mere whispers and shadows that stalked us, but soon, the true horror revealed itself. A serpentfolk necromancer of immense power, clothed in tattered robes adorned with skulls and bones, began his relentless pursuit of mine.*

*The necromancer commanded dozens of undead, twisted and corrupted by his dark magic. Without my weapons and armor, my attempts to fight back were futile; for every undead I destroyed, two more would rise. The corridors echoed with my cries, and the stench of decay filled the air.*

For hours now, I've been running, hiding, praying to any god who might listen. The necromancer's minions are tireless, their hollow eyes searching the darkness. Each moment of rest is stolen, every breath a risk.

My meager supplies I scavenged along the way are dwindling. My strength wanes. But I must survive. The knowledge we've gathered cannot be lost. The world above must know the dangers lurking beneath. The Pathfinder Society must be warned and a rescue mission to save Eando must be sent.

Should anyone find this note, know that I did not die in vain. Know that Ilmurea harbors a darkness deeper than any shadow, and hibernating ancient serpentfolk whose power defies comprehension. Flee this place and carry my words to those who can bring light to these forsaken depths.

May the gods have mercy on my soul.

The necromancer's gaze found me. My time is short. I feel his magic pulling at my soul, corrupting my thoughts. I will not let him have the satisfaction of turning me into one of his puppets.

If anyone finds this, destroy it. Do not let him learn of our secrets. Tell the Society. Warn them. They must reign in their pursuit of secrets they will not be able to control.