

Fuldreis, the following letters are all the last correspondences that our team could recover. We have categorized them in chronological order. And, with your permission, after reviewing them we would like to hand them over to historians to document this dark time. We pray to the Six that you are safe. Let their ancient eyes watch over us in our time of need.

Entry One

69 Monsuna: *Note attached reads: We believe we know which diary this entry belongs to. We will attempt to find it and hope that a larger picture shows itself to us.*

The Chunaes are growing braver. The other day while out on patrol, we watched as a group of them *tried* to sneak away after being spotted next to one of our villages on the outskirts. The villagers didn't even know they were there. We didn't take chase. We saw no reason to. There were ten of us and four of them. A small scouting group, perhaps. That doesn't make me feel better. Especially when larger groups of them now occupy parts of our outskirts. Sometimes I wonder if letting them go was the wrong decision. The more of them dead, the better. Wasn't my call anyway.

Captain Vokzza believes that we should expand our patrol past our actual boundary and onto Chunaes territory. The others agree, but I'm skeptical. We do that, and those slithering fuckers won't think twice about declaring war. They already have the Conclave on their side. I think the others are thinking the same. On a good day, none of us would give a fiery fuck about going to war with them. But it just so happens that the one species whose poison is lethal to dragon-kin decided to become our neighbors.

It's true, ain't it? All those rumors about the Chunaes trying to exterminate us? One of my brothers in arms made a good point, "have any Chunaes friends?" None of us did. I'm a warrior. I didn't really care much about history. It was history. But I hear the others talk about how the Chunaes coming to the north, under the guise that they needed to be on the coast. If that was true, they would've made a deal with the Great Stags. I guess I can't blame them there. Those hooved beasts scare the shit out of me with their magic. It doesn't matter, though. I guess none of this really does. It'll either be war in a few days, or the Chunaes will back up and be content with what they have.

As I write this, I realized I don't even know what they want. Land, yea. But why and why did we deny it? It's just land? If we wanted more, then we could just expand northward. Or maybe not. Not all dragons like the cold. And the only reason most of us stick around is because of the proximity to the Six Divines. Fuck, have I wanted to

see that place, see them! Everybody else has their gods, but we have Gods! Our Gods stand before us, guide us. What does Sun do besides sit on his ass in the south?

Alright. One entry down. Ma said to keep writing so that I can have something added to The Traces. I don't really care much about that, just want to see her smile again. We're about to go on patrol. Maybe see if we can track down that scouting group.

- *Diwnik*

Entry Two

69 Beaxos - Chunae Poison Study

69 Beaxos, I can't bother to remember the day. But another has been lost to the Chunae poison. As far as my research has gone, I can't really tell why this is. One of my assistants volunteered to inject themselves with some poison we managed to get our hands on, a wolf Phaizarn. Nothing happened to them. We also tested it on a Kreol prisoner. Nothing happened to them either. We tried it on an amphiptere, but it died the next day.

Poison only affects dragon-kin.

I have studied it, and I am growing close to my wit's end. I know how it spreads at best. A Chunae's bite infects the individual, and from there, the poison seeks out white blood cells, infecting them. This takes a few hours. After the poison and white blood cells are merged, the immune system begins to fail.

Observation leads to my understanding that the poison targets T cells, infecting them and rendering them useless. At first, I believed that the infected T Cells fail to trigger the B Cells into developing the necessary plasma cells, but that is not so. In fact, the T Cells still trigger the B Cells, but it activates the T cells into killing the unaffected cells as if they were the invaders. I am still attempting to learn what happens to the bone marrow and the cells that originate, if they are infected as well or if the poison targets it next. My hypothesis is that they continue to produce but are unable to mature in the thymus like usual due to being destroyed.

All of this leads to a shut-down immune system that has a 100% kill rate. More studies and test subjects are needed for further research.

- *Doctor Aneirin'fiel Adari*

Entry Three

69 Celesow: *Found in an abandoned tent. The regiment is officially 'missing.' We believe otherwise.*

They wish for us to fight with them. For us to lay down our lives and give our last breath when they have condemned so many of our sisters and brothers. The hubris of dragons is interesting. They preach about chivalry and what it means to have honor. They declare and give themselves titles as if their actions are righteous. They are not. I have watched those who look up to the dragons meet a fiery death. Those who I have been raised by and with, brought to their knees, and their last sounds are of them screaming.

They take away our loved ones and then command us to fight. No, they don't command. Command is far too nice of a word. They expect it. For who wouldn't want to forfeit their lives in the name of the mighty dragons? Not I. Not those I know. No more. I refuse to fight for a cause that would have rather seen me drowned if I had been born with the inability to shift. That's what it all revolves around, a pitiful defect that could affect even the royals. If my brother or sister had been born with this form, then they would be safe. They would be honored and respected. But they weren't, and so instead, they were killed.

The anger I feel will not vanish. It will not dissipate because a few higher-ups wish it to be so. The dragons will fall to their knees, and I will aid those who want for such thing to be so. I will stand behind them with a superior smile because that is what they deserve.

House Dragon has shown us that it is not where you are born or what you believe in your heart that makes you a dragon. It is the form.

I am here to say that I will show them all why they are wrong. I do this for my family. For village. For revenge.

- Raznith Haezo

A sloppily written note lies at the bottom of the letter reading: "We have attempted to locate the man in question as he might have been a leak. At this time, we have been unable to find him. The search is no longer ongoing."

Entry Four

70 Monsuna: *A note in the beginning reads: "Parts of the letter are illegible due to the circumstances of how we found it. Crumpled in the tight grip of a man some ways from camp. Died from a Chunaae bite."*

My Dear Zai,

My beautiful and amazing and talented Zai, I won't be able to keep that promise I made you. The one where I said I'll meet you under our favorite winterberry tree. As I lay here, I think of all the things that I will miss, like your voice and how you would fiddle with your dress when nervous. How you twirl your auburn hair and ... **[illegible writing]** ... ase forgive me. I beg of you too. There was nothing more I wanted than to be back in your arms. To smell your lilac scent. To fly with you.

I would describe my scenery to you if I thought it would make this letter a bit more bearable. I know how much you loved nature and discovering everything about it. How you would guess what tree I was describing while you covered your eyes. You would pout when I told you that you were right, but you saw that you were wrong. I never told you, but I did it on purpose. Your pout made your eyes glisten.

It will not be long now. The poison has rendered me all but immobile. I can still feel my ... **[illegible writing]** ... hurts so much. They never tell you how much it will hurt. The bite alone is excruciating. Those damn beasts have the sharpest of teeth. And they're like basilisks, able to slither under you and quick enough on the lunge to render any maneuverability useless. I saw one of them glide, a beautiful sight if ... **[illegible writing]** ... right on the neck. Hell of a place to be bitten. They always said that it'll start off slow. They weren't lying. I thought I was fine. ... **[illegible writing]** ...

I just want to see your face one last time. I want to hear your voice and hold your hand. I want to kiss your growing belly and whisper words to our daughter. Regardless of what you think, I swear it'll be a girl. I felt the ... this pains me. Not just the poison but writing this and knowing what will never be. You have never heard me cry. I'm sure if you were here now it would ... **[illegible writing]** ...

Zai, I love you. I ... **[illegible writing]** ...

Please. I beg of you, live with the knowledge that I am there. With the knowledge that I have never loved someone like I loved you. ... **[illegible writing]** ...

Your beloved,

Denriz Zo

Entry Five

70 Smoten: *A hastily written note by Chieftain Ranorik Draco to Commander Vokzza who is on the front lines. The letter was never sent and was recovered by a spy before abandoning Chilis.*

I regret to inform you that - Fuck the pleasantries. They're not coming, Vokzza. The reinforcements that you requested don't exist. As you struggle to maintain the north, we are struggling to keep the west and south. It's these blasted griffins. The Chunaes are focusing their attack on the north, but a few of them glide with the griffins. I'm not surprised. They've been trying to exterminate us since the first wars.

Retreat ... fuck! Retreat! The Sanctuary is lost. Let the Six Divines protect themselves; we must defend our own. Draconis preserve me. But we can't keep doing this. Fighting on multiple fronts. While your side is being decimated by the poison of these foul beasts, the villages are being burned down, and the griffins have the numbers. A more united front, it makes me sick. And the phoenix claims to be neutral, but I see those flaming bastards flying overhead. No one will come to our aid. Pegasus and Great Stag are fighting their own war against the damn snakes. This was coordinated. I refuse to believe otherwise.

I have heard nothing back from House Bear. I fear that the last of their villages have fallen, and they are ... How did this happen? How did all of this ... Vokzza, retreat. Please, my friend. Your family is here. Come back to them. There's no need to waste more blood. I am writing up the surrender pap ... Just come back.

Entry Six

70 Smoten: *A note in the beginning reads: "Written in broken Mîmwîck. We have translated best we could, some parts may seem nonsensical." Another note underneath it reads: "Broken Mîmwîck my arse. An amp speaks more fluently."*

They gone! They all gone! I last one. I saw death and blood and oh Mauve protect me. So much blood. Last time I saw that much blood sacrifice to Six Divines - oh holy Aliranth shield me. They came middle of night. And there were birds, flying overhead with wings of fire. So beautiful but they killed all them. All but the fire dragon ... me. I lived. I ran. Coward.

Note reads: the next part was a bunch of expletives we believe. I didn't bother translating that ... didn't know how to spell half of them anyway.

I think I bit. Everything got shaky and foggy and I swear I heard ji'od (*Note reads: We believe this is their shortened version of mother.*) but she dead. Dead long ago. Dead before this hell became life. Life ain't life. Life and war now all the same. Dead. All of us dead. I'm dead. Do cowards go on? I gonna burn? My hand shaky. Ji'od always told me I was too shaky to hold a sword. But shifting was hard. Shifting was hard! We tried. We saw great birds and the lions with wings and we tried to shift. Too hard. Too much pain. I lived because I'm fire and I a coward. Fire dragons immune to fire birds and so I got away. But the others no shift.

My heart. I think I got bit. I don't remember. Memory foggy and hard. Ji'od told me I was forgetful. Couldn't remember what my name was if it was inked on my hand. I want my ji'od. And my bed. I want to sleep. I'm scared. I don't like silence. In silence they come for me. They grab me and make me do bad things. Tell me to do bad things. Make me feel bad. Make me feel like I dead. I don't wanna go. I want my bed. I -

- Unknown

One last note reads at the bottom: "The message cuts off here. We don't know for sure, but the closest body to the note was found in a river. It's unknown if they died by the hands of another or themselves."

Entry Seven

70 Celesow: *A distress letter sent ahead by a messenger amphiptere.*

Chillis has fallen. Surrounding villages destroyed. Ambushed. Chuna. Griffin. Phoenix. Fate of royal family unknown. Last seen in The Maw, Chuna has taken it. Reinforcements needed immediately. Guards preparing to rush enemy combatants. Will attempt successful recovery and evacuation of the royal family.

Six Divines, guide our souls.

The Chuna have won.