Day the First

As the Morning Lord bids me so do I follow. The Abbey of St. Markovia in Krezk has lo these many years lain desolate by the evil Strahd, who by his own hand, slayed the blessed Saint who gave the Abbey its name and hallowed its ground. I will restore it to its previous glory and purpose. A place of healing and hope.

To do this I must win the villagers’ trust. They cower in fear in the village over which the Abbey looms. So fearful are they of Strahd and his wolves that they dare not venture beyond the village walls. The walls of mist might just as well be made of brick and mortar as it imprisons them thusly.

Day the Thirtieth

I have taken the guise of a mortal, pleasing and young, and gone among the villagers. Though they seem to harbor suspicion about my purpose and origin, they want to help. Certain am I that I can win their confidence to aid me in restoring this sanctuary they need so.

Fifteenth Day of the Third Month

the Third Year!

While there is much left to do to recapture the former glory of this place, it is once more serving the village. They come to the doors—those ill of limb and mind and I tend to them as a shepherd would his flock. Light is returning to Barovia and in my heart I feel at peace.
Second Day of the Sixth Month
   the Sixth Year

Today a sickly brood of inbred lepers appeared at our doors seeking salvation - they call themselves by the family name Belview. Though there is little of beauty or good one can see upon them we will offer what we can to rid them of their dreadful infirmities.

Twenty-Second Day of the Tenth Month
   the Eighth Year

The Belviews are much improved. Their physical deformities have vanished under our soothing balms and salves. They are grateful and follow after me like dogs waiting to please. Still, they brandish such defects which go beyond what cures and treatments I can find in the Abbey’s texts, or from my own Lord’s guidance.

I am determined to make them whole again, and to bring them into the light.

Eighth Day of Fourth Month
   the Tenth Year

I know not what more can be done to help these woeful creatures, but I must. I shall not be defeated. They cannot undo all that I have worked and strived to accomplish here.

Ninth Day of the Eighth Month
   the Fifteenth Year

Their idea of what perfection means does not match mine. They have strange ideas of what it means to be human. They beg me to give them the eyes of a cat, wings to fly, the strength of a mule, the guile of a snake... I pity them. I am sure their desire for bestial traits cannot lead to salvation. But if it persuades them to follow, then let it be so. I will yield to these mad desires, and hope it helps.

First Day of the Second Month...
   the Sixteenth Year

My first experiments have been abysmal failures - the results fatal. Yet they beg. And plead. How do I go on? How can I stop now? How can I stop when the next might be success.

We are so close...
Fifteenth Day of the Ninth Month  
the Seventeenth Year

I am at my wit’s end.

First Day of the First Month  
the Twenty-Fifth Year

Today a Barovian lord named Vasili Von Holtz visited the Abbey. His outward appearance was pleasing enough, but I sensed something sinister about his person, like a blade that penetrates to my depth.

It stains like an ink that I cannot shake. His purpose, at first, was not clear, but he tells me that he has come to help. From whence he comes or why, I know not. Tonight he tells me he will reveal more as we sup.

Third Day of the Fourth Month  
.......... the...... Twenty-Fifth Year

Little did I know that when Vasili arrived he would bring me the knowledge that would help me satisfy the needs of these pitiful creature who torment my soul. He brings “forbidden” LORE from the “Amber Temple.” This has solved the fatal dilemma of transformation that has eluded me thus far. We have found the way to satisfy what they have asked. There is much work to do.

Twelfth Day of the Fifth Month  
the Thirtieth Year

They are happy as mongrelfolk. If insanity brings them happiness, we should all be insane.
Nineteenth Day, the Tenth Month, Fifty-Fifth Year  
Two of these mongrelfolk now serve me as guards - Otto and Zygfrek. These are two of my most impressive creations thus far. I am proud, as a father must feel.

Sixth Day, Sixth Month. Sixty-Sixth Year  
I should have known. How foolish have I been?! Or maybe I did know, but refused to believe so. Vasili has revealed himself to be the devil Strahd! What is to be done? It would be futile to attempt to slay such an immortal creature. The ancient curse upon this land protects him. He can never truly die - at least not in Barovia.

Seventh Day of the Third Month  
the Sixty-Seventh Year  
I can only see one way of curing this poor soul - reunification with his last love. He speaks so fondly and wistfully of her. I am certain this way lies salvation for all of us. This will end Barovia’s curse.

Fourteenth Day of the Sixth Month  
the Sixty-Sixth Year  
There is more to this monster than meets the eye. At supper tonight Strahd unburdened himself, and lamented the curse that has followed him through the centuries. He wants nothing more than to escape Barovia. Despite myself I feel the pangs of sympathy and the urge to help him find release, and peace. I have taken it upon myself to find a cure for his malaise and set him free of this torment.

Seventy-first Year  
Training of the bride progresses slowly. She shall live again to love. Hah, love, the word tastes like bitter-root in my mouth. Why is LIVE EVIL writ backwards? Is this what the Morning Lord has sent me to do?

??? Day ??? Month of.....SEVENTIETH YEAR  
The Belviews languish in the madhouse as I toil on creating a golem BRIDE for STRAHD using the parts I have them SCAVENGE from the town below.
The lessons in etiquette and the manners of a lady move slow like the wheels of Eternity, but soon she will be ready to be presented to Strahd.

Two days and three nights later, the Belviews languish in the madhouse as I toil on creating a golem BRIDE for STRAHD using the parts I have them SCAVENGE from the town below.

Vasilka. She is beautiful. He will be so pleased. I can feel the Morning Lord's light again.