

My story begins with fortune and ends in dread. Please let this serve as a warning and perhaps insight to those seeking knowledge. I write these words with a heavy heart and look forward to my end and dream of a better world.

For I was chosen at a young age among the druids to begin my training as a wizard apprentice at the Amber Temple and eventually become one of the few honored wizards protecting the secrets of the Amber Temple.

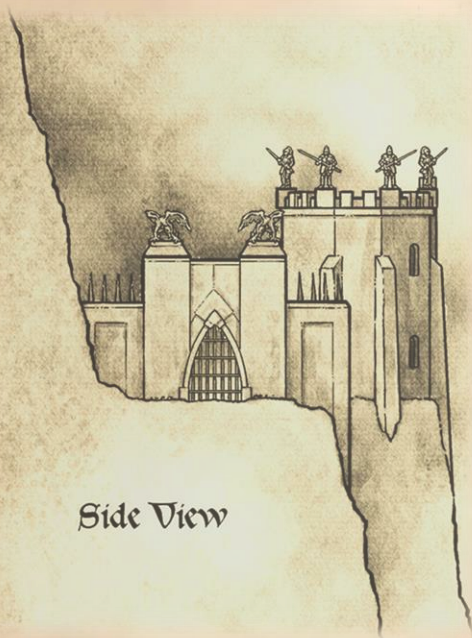
Upon entering my apprenticeship, I choose the study of illusion and architecture. The Amber Temple contained all the great architectural works of the Ursari Stonemasons over the centuries. I was an apprentice working on the renovation of Lord of Barovia, Count von Hapsburg's Castle, and helped in the design of the chapel which was a new addition.



My master told me many stories of the great castle, which was first built by the Ursari stonemasons for the first King of Barovia. He shared with me a story about the first Ursari stonemasons who constructed the walls by quarrying stones from within the large stone pillar the castle sits upon.

My master believed the pillar was hollow and a secret passage led from the base of the pillar into the catacombs beneath the castle. I never knew if the story was true, as my master told me many interesting stories and myths from times long forgotten.





Side View

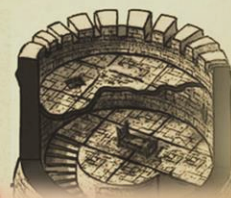
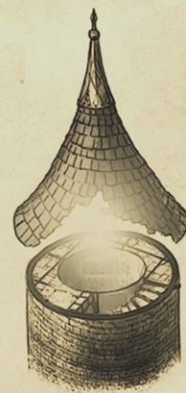
When the Great War fell upon our lands, my tasks turn to aid in the design and construction of the Gates of Tsolenka. The war ended and a shadow fell upon the land. First our Lord, Count von Hapsburg fell and in time so did Lord Argynvost.

The Amber Temple was desecrated by the Dark Lord Strahd. He murdered each of the wizards and tortured many for secrets and knowledge of the Amber Temple, yet none of the wizards relented and would rather die than reveal the secrets. The Dark Lord granted their wish and murdered each one, including my master.

I hid in the Architect's Room when the Dark Lord came. He found me, but his attention was on the model of the castle. He never looked at me but spoke his dark words asking if I was the architect who designed the castle. My words could barely escape, as my lips quivered in fear, I told him I was the apprentice architect, for my master is among the dead wizards.

The Dark Lord continued, his voice was hollow as he gazed in wonderment over the castle model, "construct for me the highest spire and design plans as I instruct, you shall be spared. The new castle will be called Ravenloft!"

SPIRES OF RAVENLOFT



He left me to my work as he instructed, which included many secret doors and rooms. When I was finished, I was to turn my plans over to Rahadin, the Dark Lord's chamberlain who was tasked with having the renovations completed. I did as instruct, but I fear the Dark Lord will not let me live, for I know all the secrets of Ravenloft. I shall return to my home among the druids, who have fled into the forests and seek solace from the Dark Lord.

If anyone finds this journal, I made a copy of the plans of Ravenloft and have hidden them under the model of the castle. I can only hope they may fall under kind eyes who wish to return our land to the peace it once had.

Artimus



RAVENLOFT SPIRE

SPIRE TO REACH 360 FEET
THE HIGHEST IN BAROVIA

