

Day 770

Though it was a close call yesterday, I rise again, today to tend to my tireless guardian. These days are all much the same, filled with the hum of arcane energies and the clank of metal, a far cry from the vibrant life we once knew above.

She needed more than just fine tuning today. Her legs are her weakest attribute, I'm afraid, so unlike the unstoppable warrior Queen of legend. I fear that I have failed to pay true homage at least in this respect.

Day 772

The legs drain her energy the most. I must add some padding to my to recharge. The effort needed to right her after a fall on the copper pads is too strenuous for my old bones.

Day 801

The forging of my new guardian is nearing completion. Its frame stands tall in the corner of the workshop, a silent promise of the power it will soon wield. This one, I hope, will embody the swiftness of the great spear-wielding warrior I once knew. As I work, I can't help but reminisce about the old days, the camaraderie, and the shared laughter. A sharp contrast to the solitude that envelops me now.

Day 805

Imperium soldiers came today. The anti-life field worked and kept them out of my workshop. I had to convince them that my golems were merely decorative statues. They couldn't have opened the doors anyway, without knowing its name. Still, they took all of my resources, the spells to grant the golems movement included! I must start again from scratch. I fight despair.

Day 870

After much trial and error, I have recreated the spells and much of my research! This time I coded my notes to appear as religious musings, and the spells as hymns to the ridiculous Imperium gods. This might not trick the holy men, but it doesn't have to, so long as



it can fool a fool.

Day 905

Today, necessity compelled me to venture into town for supplies. My heart pounded with the fear that my true purpose might be uncovered. Soldiers questioned me.

Day 920?

In the far corner of my workshop lies the sketch of a third golem, an idea that nearly flickered out of existence when I awoke from an enlightened dream. This one, I contemplate, should withstand the thorns of my great Aunt's armor. And a protective side-aura dampening amulet, in case mine is taken by an overzealous soldier.

Day 933?

My thoughts are haunted by the notion that each hammer strike, while a step towards salvation, may also ring as a beacon to those who would see my work undone.

Day 940?

In the midst of my work, a somber thought does not leave the forefront of my mind for long - the loneliness that has become my constant companion. When I take a break and stare at the tapestries, it is Penla's eyes alone that seem to understand my need. A desire unheeded by my iron sentinels.

But I press on. There is much to be done. It is up to I, Atriel, the last of my kind, bearer of a legacy that must not perish. I ponder the possibilities in golemancy, new enchantments that might bring a semblance of life closer to these metal forms. Could there be a way to summon even a whisper of a soul, and imbue the helms with true life? Yet, with each experiment, I'm reminded of the fine line I tread between genius and madness.

Day 944?

I awoke, drenched in sweat, from a dream epiphany. The secret component to imbue the sentinels with life is me! I shall modify the spell to require a slice of my own flesh! It would be an honor