Note: The contents of this chronicle are not public knowledge until the end of the season.

Chronicle: Update

Journal Entry #1 Start of a new me

Day 28 of Third Moon. I talked with the blind man, and the Old man. I am not the same anymore. I am growing. I have been dealt a blow, not to my body but to my mind. I am not the same anymore. Mouse has been returned, my heart is lifted and i am glad. I took a day off, no work today, i didnt even do chores. What am i doing. Am i becoming useless? Lazy? The old man says im not. Old man says im healing. I Hate healing.

They have names… Ingrin, Two Twitch, Vakaan… Ugh i hat- This angering to me. Fuck this Journal.

Journal Entry #2
Day 30 of Thirdmoon. My eye has began to heal, i will begin to get the tattoo planned. I dont know who will do it. What is happening to me. I am thinking, i am talking, im talking about what im thinking, this isnt me, this is not… No… Im not Lambholt, I am Hrutr, Im not a slave to my anger. Lambholt was, I am different… Or am I…

Journal Entry #3
Day 6 of Fourthmoon. My eye has healed, while it will never fully be healed it doesnt bleed anymore. A week and i will get the tattoo. This is stupid, why do i write. No one sees this. What purpose is a journal to yourself. Yet i still write… I write knowing no one will read this. No one sees the stars in the day, but they still are out there… Fuck.

Mouse: Im glad you are safe. This life isn't for the sheepish… but you are here, that must mean you are brave, more brave than any other house mouse i have seen. Why do i find you weak, others don't, I see you as something else. Small, in need of protection, from predators.

Vakaan: You are blind, blind to the world, i am blind… to myself. This is not lambholt writing, this me… I teach you to fight, and you teach me to see, one of us is a master, yet why do i feel it isnt me.

Ingrin: Old man… You have lived longer than I. we play like old men but i am not, i laugh but i am not old. You have much to share, and you understand all that i give. I hate how you see right through me, right through my lies. Fuck you old man. I appriciate you.

Abigial: Starchild, you stand under the stars, in the morning sun, soaking the rays in like Vakaan, but you do it for beauty, not for Devotion. What are you, you are so obsessed with social appearance but you are formidable in combat, stabbing like an owl through the night, you are a side of life i have yet to understand, perhaps you teach me someday….

Fuck this Journal. This is my last entry. If not it will be burned

Journal Entry #4
Day 7 of Fourthmoon. I cant sleep. I stare at the ceiling, my legs are restless, my heart beats, what is this. I cant breathe, i cant sleep. I need to walk.
I walked for a long time. An hour, maybe 3. The sunrise hasnt happened yet. Im going to keep walking…

I walked until i couldnt, it was sunrise when i woke, a blanket on my back, I think the mouse found me. I dont know where they

sleep. I am growing weak. I am clueless of how i feel, I am Hrutr. Not Lambholt. The sunburns my skin, as it has many times before, but i do not feel resilient against it, i am changing, i am growing weak, i must strengthen myself again. But maybe not in the normal way… I am weak inside, but i must grow on the inside to become stronger.

This feels really goood, I think its a really cool identity crisis of who is he and how does he live life, what is he doing and why