(This is Lux's notes-to-self, or, more accurately since Lux isn't literate, thoughts-to-self, so idk if it's a public-info chronicle, but it does give you an idea of what the internal monologue is like.)

Splendid, wondrous first time participating in being part of a real adventuring group rather than just hearing about it, marred only by having to discover what death feels like, twice. A price paid. What I have got in exchange is doubly worthwhile, though: many tales from these odd but compelling people.

One encounter in particular I simply must turn into a song, perhaps a metaphor for our dubious ability to understand one another and recognize one another's identities — maybe even a sonnet contemplating our capacity for essential or pure communication itself. In what circumstances can we be sure of another, and how do we react when we misapprehend? Perhaps with violence, even destruction. Hm. Yes, I will need to make this a part of my oeuvre.

As Sybil returned to the group, Beau called out "ARE YOU YOURSELF," and, thinking that he saw Sybil's head shake, almost immediately threw a boosted fire bolt to down his friend.

Many of the lines from the ensuing commotion are ridden with emotion and heartfelt candor. It is truly a beautiful work of art. Beau turned bright red at one point. Peerless theater.

> "WHAT THE FUCK"
> "YOU SHOOK YOUR HEAD!"
> "WHAT DO YOU **MEAN** I SHOOK MY HEAD"
>
> Evidently Sybil misheard a single syllable and it completely inverted the meaning of the sentence – delicious.
> "You were DOOM-WALKING at me!" (Note to self: use the phrase doom-walking. Evocative.)
> "Just because I am a necromancer–"
> "I'm **not** trying to stereotype necromancers… your clothing options are metaphysically spooky."
>
> And lo, a dénouement:
> "I apologize, I am sorry."
> "It's a learning experience."
>
> And, upon them hugging: "WHO SAID 'NOW KISS'???"

The real reactions among these people rival anything the great bards could create. I should take notes. Perhaps if I engaged a variety of people in some sort of … simulated experience, in which we merely pretended to be in such dramatic circumstances … but no, it would be much too complicated to run. It would be so difficult to get everyone to remember the rules; hubris, even.

But I forget myself. My main goal remains constant. I've heard and collected a variety of tales and names from these good folk.

Ashani, who saved my life most heroically right before being turned into an undead and slaying me. Whose devotion to both medicine as a healer, and death as a necromancer, leaves open the possibility of many a dramatization. Perhaps an epic play – a metaphor for how our entire society holds both life and death in its hands. We are, each of us, a multitude. Not just a dichotomy but a vast web of different impulses and powers. Ashani exemplifies this well.
Beau, whose family drama stirs the heart and suggests even more stories beneath the surface.
Copernicus, whose tale of heroics occupied us during our rest in the inn – during which I was able to employ my lute to great effect.
Huilotl, Obb, Scorching Ray, Asteer, and even, I suppose, perhaps the traveler we met in need of crystalline in exchange for herbs. And many others whose stories I may yet get to use. What great fortune it is that I have found such a band. May this continue. However, I wish I did not have to pass the threshold of life and death with such rapidity. Perhaps I will acquire some armor.