



# The Sundering

## A Caravan Master's Tale

3rd Marpenoth 1485 DR

Father,


Bazriek Hammerstone has been defeated, the Black Ice Forge destroyed, and so I pray that the spread of the dread material will end. After we had made our way through forgotten tunnels and arrived in the Hall o' Black Ice, my companions attempted to parley with Bazriek but negotiations failed and the argument was to be won or lost by the strength of our weapon arms. It was a slaughter, one I will not soon forget. Even now, the heightened terror of that battle haunts me.

Having achieved our goal, we again split into smaller groups to better our chances of making it back out of the tunnels alive. We wandered tunnels unknown to us, though by my nose I was sure we made upward progress. That's when the zombies attacked. All were once Dwarves, though all life had left them and what was left over, can only be called an abomination. We cut them down even as a mysterious voice taunted us from the shadows. We could not tell if it was the wizard Pallidor, however it was clear my companions had been correct and some fell Necromancer was raising fallen Dwarven miners.

It was a close thing, but we escaped thanks to the stoutness of our shields, the potency of our craft, and the strength of arms. I can tell you I have never been so happy to see the Sun as I was once we escaped those accursed tunnels.

As we breathed the chilly air we caught sight of a small camp made up of a few pitiful fires and a smattering of circled wagons. It seemed merchants or travelers were taking refuge from the elements within the shelter of the Dwarven valley. Approaching they were at first very wary of us, but once my companions convinced them of our good intentions and our very real need to bind our wounds, the merchants opened their fires to us and we gratefully accepted.


...Continued



D&D Encounters ~ Legacy of the Crystal Shard

TWENTY SIDED STORE





They were merchants and travelers from Ten-Towns, all of them had been displaced by difficulties of some sort or another. They did confirm that Vaglish Gant, a Wizard my companions suspect as being part of the Arcane Brotherhood, was now Speaker in Bryn Shandar. They also told us more horrid tales of pirates upon Lac Dinneshere, using a battering ram made of Black Ice to destroy and loot fishing vessels.

Perhaps most alarming though, were the reports that the Cult of Auril had taken strong root in the small town of Bremen. Many of my companions have identified the Frost Maiden and her worshippers as the biggest threat to all of Icewind Dale and once they heard tell of Davick Fain, a merchant turned Priest of Auril, it was decided that an investigation was in order.

Ominously though, as we set down to camp for the night, we spied a large group of humans dressed as miners and they carried banners marked with the symbol of the Arcane Brotherhood! They began laying out the beginnings of a mining camp as we watched and an ill feeling went through us. What are these Arcane Brotherhood scoundrels doing in the Dwarven valley? Perhaps we will find out on the morrow.

~ Bzorne