



The Sundering

A Caravan Master's Tale

4th Marpenoth 1485 DR

Father,

Last I wrote, we had spied a large group o' human miners enter the Dwarven Valley from the South and it was clear they were led by agents o' the Aerean Brotherhood. At first light, my allies and I made our way towards them to parley, but negotiations quickly turned to an all out brawl once it was clear these humans had come to stake a claim on Dwarven lands! Indeed, they proclaimed that the Aerean Brotherhood now had dominion over all lands of Iezwind Dale: Ten Towns, Tribal, and Dwarven alike!


We sent them running like the curs they were, chasing the miners off of Battlehammer land. Though the victory rang true the situation in Ten Towns seems dire; the Aerean Brotherhood is consolidating power.

With heavy hearts, we set our course for Bremen, the settlement located on the far Western reaches of Iezwind Dale and the known home of Davick Fain, the man rumor said was the high priest of Auril's cult.

We traveled to Bremen as quickly as we could, though the weather once again raged with the fury of Auril's rising power. We were soon separated and all manner of beasts set against us: Bears, Winter Wolves, and Yetis. It was as if they were protecting the route to Bremen.

Upon our arrival, the presence of Auril's cult was quite clear as set on the outskirts of town were a trio of stakes with corpses tied to them; enemies of Auril left out in the cold to perish as Hengar was once sentenced to die.

...Continued



It was only with great wariness that we entered Bremen, seeking a warm hearth and news of Davick Fain. The Gods of righteousness were with us this day though, for though we were soon confronted violently by those who serve Auril, we prevailed and found a staunch ally in the Speaker of Bremen, a Dwarf by the name of Shalëscar.

Indeed, Shalëscar was increasingly alarmed by the turn towards violence and hoarding many the people of Bremen had been exhibiting. The old Dwarf pleaded with us to seek out Davick Fain, who had not been seen in town for a few days, and stop the violence by arresting the priest on charges of conspiracy and murder.

Shalëscar indicated that Davick had traveled into the West, to the lair of a local trapper known as Rycher, a rælusæ who had a talent for taming the beasts of Icewind Dale.

As I write this, we now prepare to make a journey into the bleak tundra of the West. However our hearts are shadowed for Shalëscar also spoke disconcerting rumors of an army of orcs, barbarians, and beasts gathering in the West, along the shores of the Sea of Moving Ice. In my bones I feel a great confrontation is brewing, one that will decide the future of the whole of Icewind Dale. May Moradin lend us strength.

~ Beornæ