



# The Sundering

## A Caravan Master's Tale

6th Marpenoth 1485 DR

Father,

Long have we traveled and our path has been most perilous. Never did I dream I would stand before such an assembled group of heroes and great leaders of leewind Dale. The Army of the North had been assembled to answer the threat of Auril's own gathering force of Orcs, beasts, Verbeegs, and barbarians.

Dane Stokely Silverstream himself charged us with aiding the assembled host during battle, while King Elkhardt of the Tribe of the Elk spoke of the glorious battle to come, but all the while it was the deposed Speaker of Bryn Shandar, Lady Duvessa Shang, which used her words and tact to wield a strategy together.

The Shaman of the Elk Tribe spoke of a powerful magic item, the Mirror we discovered within the Lair of Auril's High Priest, Davick Fain, and that this item would act as a pathway for my comrades to the Tower of Black Ice where it was said the Ice Witch dwelt.

As the Army of the North joined in battle with Auril's forces, my comrades would use the magic mirror to secretly travel to the Tower of Black Ice and defeat Hadrin, the Ice Witch, Chose of Auril the Frost Maiden.

A bold plan indeed! Thus did we travel back to the lair we had so recently cleared of goblins and more vicious monsters. Our group's Arcanists activated the mirror and we leaped through in teams. With a flash and a sudden icy pressure we were teleported far out to the West onto the Sea of Moving Ice!

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The Black Ice Tower was near, at the epicenter of a brewing polar vortex of terrible power, and so we struggled against the elements to reach it. Through colliding glaciers and splitting ice flows we scrambled to attain our goal and finally the tower like a talon of darkness split the sky before us.

Ferocious warriors and ores lingered near the ground floor led by the King Gunvald of the Bear Tribe, a once honorable man but now a slave to the Black Ice they all wore. Battle was joined and fiercely fought. The bottom level of the tower was a temple to Auril. Defeating King Gunvald, my companions destroyed an altar dedicated to the Frost Maid before making their way higher into the tower.

I write to you now as the last of them ascend, great concussions of power detonating above us and shaking the very tower. A cry has gone up that the undead wizard Akar Kessell has been discovered! May Moradin watch over us.

~ Borne