The Sundering
A Caravan Master's Tale

30th Eleint 1485 DR

Father,

By Denir, Gond, Milil, and blessed Oghma I pray that these words reach your ancient eyes. I bid you good winter tidings from 'er broken Luskan. The stories remain true; the streets are naught but salty mud to stick to one's boots, attracting bilge rats aplenty, may the Gods protect me. However, as you taught me, gems are buried everywhere, and it seems Luskan has a few left to find.

Though the cold winds grow fierce and thick over the Ten Trail, winter has come months too early. We are to leave this day for the Ten Towns of Icewind Dale, by way of Huddlestone. The cargo is precious to those who Harp, although a number of other peddlers have secured a place in the caravan. The teams are stout and the sellswords aplenty, though I'd bet my beard a fair lot o' them are leaving broken bridges behind 'em, by the look in their eyes.

Once we start off for Bryn Shander, don't expect me to be writing until the thaw when the pass reopens but as I know Candlekeep needs ever more tomes. Be sure I'll be keeping track of the everyday happenings around Ten Towns and by the folk of Kelvin's Cairn. When next we meet and share drink in memory of Mother and all our fallen kin, I shall present you with my finished work, an account of the winter of the Iron Dwarf's Vengeance in Ice Wind Dale.

I ask that you send prayers for this ol' road hound for the journey will be more dangerous than in many a year. While I do have the stout axes of younger arms about me, there is truly an ill favored wind rising beyond the Spine of the World. The Frostmaiden's influence begins to wax and the talk about Luskan is full of dark words. Rumors of a Staff stolen from Waterdeep and the return of Bhaalspawn to Baldur's Gate remain the focus of much speculation. Against my better judgement, I shall prepare a sacrifice for the Frostmaiden on the morrow alongside Truesilver and Lathandar. Try not to judge your wandering progeny too harshly.

May Moradin keep you,
Beorne