

# The Sundering

## A Caravan Master's Tale

— 26th Eleasias 1485 DR —

Father,

I lift a tumbler o' Firebeards famous Firebrandy in your honor and in thanks to Moradin for seeing this humble servant to a warm hearth. Even though it be the wee hours of the morn and this tavern be mostly empty, Bryn Shander is alive wit' trembling fear. Winter is ever a tough season for the folk o' leewind Dale but the winds blow fiercer than I recall and the people of Bryn Shander run low on supplies. The caravans arrival brought much needed goods to these folk, though as you know my column scarce even made it, thanks to the icy claws of the Frost Maid's servants. Gods be praised. After the chaos at the South Gate, we made our way to the Market Square and there amongst a number of townsfolk I found Dunavan, a good sort o' merchant, who was to secure the special crate that I'd brought up for those who Harp. Good Dunavan promised to make safe the goods at one o' his warehouses in Bryn Shander.

The stout ones who'd trekked North with me seemed to take interest in a Reghed Barbarian the people of Bryn Shander had sentenced to die from exposure. He was bellowin' something fierce, sayin' he was of the Elk Tribe and that an Ice Witch was rampaging in the North.

The Sheriff were there as well to see to the caravan safely settled and he spoke of the young Elk's thieving ways, even had the accuser come on up and accuse the young lad again; it was some merchant. She had an ill favored look about her and something about the trinket o' carved obsidian at her neck put some shivers down my beard. It seemed something smelled bad about the situation for those hearty travelers who'd braved the very claws of Yetis and Saber Cats demanded to bring the matter before the Speaker of Bryn Shander herself, Lady Duveessa Shang. A wee bit young though she be and the first female Speaker of Bryn Shander to boot, there be all sort of pressure upon her shoulders. I could hear the townsfolk about discussing whether or not she was fit to continue in her position, what with the situation in Bryn Shander breaking down as it was.

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D&D Encounters ~ Legacy of the Crystal Shard

TWENTY SIDED STORE



I made it my business to quickly speak with Helda Silverstream before packing off to find my Firebrandy and she spoke of a need of strong arms and stout defenders to accompany her North in the next few days to Kelvin's Cairn, to the Dwarves of Icewind Dale. I mentioned her need to those we'd traveled with, but they were all focused on finding the Speaker, so we parted ways.

Last scrap o' rumor I heard from the trapper who came in for a late night cap was that my previous guards had been successful and freed the son of the Elk Tribe. The trapper also said he'd not been able to catch game in weeks; that somethin' was picking his traps clean.

Father, I must end early, a sudden explosion has caught one of Dunavan's warehouses on fire! I'm not sure which, so I must go to make sure my goods are safe!

Borne