

The Sundering Spring, 09

Longwalker,

My dreams have been troubled of late. The shadow of impending doom has grown over our homeland. I could not cast these dark thoughts from my mind, even in slumber. Your training upon the discipline of reverie has aided me greatly in the past however in these difficult times I have felt as if hope was but a word, not a reality. Perhaps I place too much upon my own shoulders.

This morning, however, I awoke feeling more refreshed and hopeful than I have in many months, for instead of dreams of ruin I dreamed of a light shining within the wasteland of my mind. This light showed me many things, places and people, however I can only but remember a few. What I can remember, I will relate to you now.

Light shown on deep caverns and tunnels, desecrated idols of ancient Dwarven heroes and Gods, abandoned chambers, and humans enthralled within thick chains working a massive forge. The light also revealed women and men of bravery and hope marching into these foul places. It was if these heroes were the light itself.

My vision revealed these people of good intention battling hordes of cruel Gray Dwarves bedecked in black iron armor and many riding atop vile spiders the size of the largest war stallion. The clash of arms, the arcane explosions, the cries for divine intervention, and the shouting of the combatants rang throughout the shrouded spaces.

Leading the Gray Dwarves was a foul creature of infernal blood mixed with that of a Duergar, a Durzagon, and his fury burned like the hellfire his ancestors spawned from.

I could not clearly see if he was defeated for the light of purity and hope that shined so brightly from those women and men who delved into that spirit crushing place burned my mind's eye.

When next I could see again this dream, this vision, showed me a group of shadowed humanoid figures huddled about a truly ancient Dwarven statue. All was silent as the grave. The figures had amongst them the Bloke and were placing it into a recessed spot within the statue's face. As the brick shaped Bloke slotted into place the cries of a thousand ancient Mountain Dwarf warriors sounded and I swear I could see spectral figures of Dwarven Defenders appearing amongst the cheering humanoids.

It was then that I awoke.

Uncle, this was no mere dream. I am sure of it. The blood of the Foshin runs within me; the blood of my ancestors who have achieved the discipline of reverie. I believe I have been shown a vision. A vision of hope, light, and, perhaps, a pathway to victory.

this faith has been rewarded for I have news of great importance.

My scouts around the environs of Firehammer Hold have reported to me just this morning that Isteval's Company was spotted leaving the Hold. They were much worse for wear, but their demeanor spoke of a great victory. You will be glad to know our old friend Jekk was indeed amongst them, though the report noted the Dwarf looked haggard enough to seem as if he had one foot within Kelenvor's Keep.

We now return to Daggerford and will begin preparations to repel the horde of Thayan Gnolls assembling within the Ardeep Forest.

A battle has been won, Longwalker, however this contest is not yet decided. Still, I have hope where I now realize none before existed.

May the light of Corellon find you,

Kelson

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