

**Letter #1:**

Dear Professor,

Hi, it's Ianmorn! It has been a long time since I've last stepped foot in your classroom. Are you doing well? I've heard Khlemsmar is in a tizzy, so I hope you are making it through that okay.

Although my purpose for writing isn't simply pleasantries, I actually have a question regarding some classic Bardic legends. Do you recall the tale of Beleford (or was it Belerus)? I remember learning of him a few years ago. He was something along the lines of a bardic gladiator who could change his garbs at will, making each of his fights more of a dazzling display. Do you know what I am trying to recall at all? Well if you do, I'd love it if you could give me a more detailed recount of his tale, or even a book detailing his adventures. More importantly however, would you know by any means what type of enchantment could achieve such an affect? I recently came into a large sum of gold and would absolutely adore acquiring something like that.

Sincerely, Ianmorn

**P.S.** Do you happen to know any artist in Khlemsmar? I need some sketches of possible outfits to try out. Tell them I have a lot of gold to throw their way. If so, tell them to send a letter my way.

**Letter #2:**

Dear Father,

Sorry I haven't gotten back to you in quite a long time, This pigeon is *untrained* and I feared he would never make it to you.

I'm sorry to hear of the current state of Khelmsmar and I am admittally hoping things have cooled down a bit. I'm holding on to the hope you and the prince are still alive.

I'm woefully sorry to admit something horrendous. Last night, Henry ran away. I have no idea how he got out, we were literally in a magical barrier. We used the highest of our magic to locate him, and he wasn't in a many mile radius. Something is wrong. I have no idea how he got so far so fast. Something is seriously wrong. I have not given up looking for him though, I have some ideas.

Also, someone from Khelmsmar dropped by. He wasn't as kind as I remember, we even got into a parley after he insulted Henry. That was upsetting. Although, it was nice to see an old friend, despite the tussle.

**Letter #3 (Received):**

Ianmorn,

I'm glad to hear from you, I trust you're staying safe in the war? I was sorry to hear off what happened to your father, terrible fate indeed. I hope your family can afford to pay the ransom when this is all over. Either way, in response to your inquiry.

Beleford! Was there ever a greater gladiator? Some of the eggheads hear at the college have claimed that he didn't really exist, but if that were true, where did all these fantastic songs come from? The changing clothes are

quite a simply enchantment in the grand scheme of things, I would guess he used some sort of Andalucian enchantment perhaps coupled with a hyper-lydian counter-melody.

If you wouldn't mind sending some gold, I could have some of the enchanters try to work something like that, though they are staying busy recently I'm sure they could spare some time. I would be careful sending too much money by bird though, since this siege started not every letter has made it across the river safely.

I've enclosed a pouch for the gold, it will make sure it gets here safely. ~700 gold should be enough for the materials and a little bit of labor cost from the grad students here.

**Message #1:**

Hey Jaroon! It's Ianmorn. How is Khelmsmar, is my father alright? Have you found your own place? I can always send gold if you need.

**Message #2 (Received):**

Hello, Khelmsmar is a very dangerous ego. Except your parents were arrested by the raids party recently, it may be dead but I have two faiths.

**Encounter #1:**

\*As Ianmorn drops off to sleep, a disturbing dream takes hold. You're back in the caves of the Low road, in the battle against the Grells, but it's going badly. All around you, your friends lay scattered like ragdolls, unmoving and glassy eyed. Your legs scramble fruitlessly against the ground as you're drawn closer and closer towards the Grell, every inch your limbs losing feeling.

Suddenly, a blinding radiance bursts through the cave. Striding towards you, his simple robes blowing in a sweet smelling wind is the old man from your visions, Grimathune. With a wave of his hand he dismisses the grells and brings life to your fallen allies. With a smile and a compassionate look, he stoops down and curls your fingers around a small smooth stone."

When you awake, gripped tightly in your left palm a small opalescent white stone. Prettier than most, but otherwise unremarkable at first blush. As you turn it through your fingers though, a sense of arcane mystery emanates from the rock.

**Encounter #2:**

"As you look back at the castle, you feel a tug at your mind, as if remembering something from a dream. There's something important inside there, you're sure of it. Out of the corner of your eye, you see an old man turn the corner around the house and disappear."

"Following him around the corner, he seems to have disappeared. So has the rest of the village. You are standing in a forest clearing. After a moment you recognize it to be the same clearing from your vision some weeks ago, only now instead of snow, the grass is bright and verdant, and between the fresh sprouting pines along its edge, small baby deer can be seen playing mad games of tag. Ahead of you is Grimathune, looking slightly less haggard and old than before."

“You have done well, the forces of winter have been driven back with some alacrity by you and your companions. So, in part by your hand, the great wheel of celestial seasons moves on towards spring. I don’t doubt that more and greater wars will be fought to keep the icy grips of the dead queen from holding still the turn of time, but that is not why I have summoned you from your mortal body.”

I am god of not only Spring, but also of Knowledge and Rebirth. So far you have done little in the way of collecting and preserving knowledge. Also you have done little in the way of rebirth. The souls of all those who die without my blessing are not able to accompany me on my great procession of life.

On the matter of rebirth, you know what to do, but on the matter of knowledge I must give specific instructions. In that castle near your sleeping body, there is an artifact of immense importance. The warlord there is not using it its full potential, not exercising his precious knowledge for noble goals.

My champion, I need you to claim the kings crown for the dawn. Capture it by any means necessary and bring it to my humble servant in the mountains. Will you do this for your god, the bringer of dawn and the giver of life?

I see you are tired, as are your companions, I can rectify that, you need only agree to bring the crown to Aldyn in the mountains.”