

Winter locks Pellern now, the new year of 6054 of the Third Era of Ire little to celebrate. The shadows did not die... they linger.

Three weeks, thirty days of blindness, only to find sight slowly returning, yet everything hazed your only sense sound. Somewhat ironic as you begin to remember more of your past, as a babe with your mother focusing on sound, using it to guide you when it was dark, be your eyes... and now? Why it has returned you are unsure, but it has, and while your eyes do not speak words, you have been traumatized by being able to feel your way with concentration. It unnerves and disorients, always resulting in head trauma that lasts for days.

You cannot shake sadness. It keeps with you always, from the last moment on the battlefield to now. It seems to take any and every good news and shake free the glitter to show it for what it really is. Word of Bryce is his cell is the deepest in the Directorate Headquarters, yet they stall on his trial under pressure from their own public, groups within Sarnak's Ministry of War challenging what appears to have been the work of the Ministry of Agriculture and the Ministry of Security in collusion for their own strength. The letter from Vedesis was short and begged destruction lest it fall into hands that could use it as a reason to march north, a situation that seems stronger he said – a summer to fear.

Pellern is in misery, Tent City a ghost town, only the last stragglers barely clinging for life, the rest dead or fled into the snow that has sunk the city into an island, stranded from the world. Many townsfolk starve, food desperately short. What is worse are the wolves, black and almost as large as horses said to roam and stalk the outskirts of Pellern feasting on the unfortunate and even guards and knights sent to deal with them.

The last day of 6053 is marked by the holy day, Death of the Last Breath. It truly feels like that.