

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.

For three weeks Celimé has been blind, withdrawn and silent, unreachable. Luse refuses to see her after a few visits and works hard on his problem with Murain, who in a surprise move pulled his knights of the Ahn Sye Nokora back to his castle and ceased contact with all parties of Pellern. Moreover, scouts sent to his region have been disappearing. The battle proved a loss perhaps not worth taking.

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. What is worse is the Sel-Kai's strong demands for payment for loans owned, what money you had spent to try to feed whom you can. The party from Chelzaria brought back no good news, empty news, Count Harond already in touch with envoys with Sarnak.

You've not seen Wintessa or your brother since.

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