









PLAYER HANDOUT #1

Greetings and good tidings my friend,

I hope the great service you've done me still lasts in your memory, as it does in mine. I, Welstern Vrindolvus, owe you my life and my livelihood for rescuing me from those horrible servants of the Overlord. There isn't a day that goes by that I don't ponder what would have become of me if it weren't for you and your company of heroes. I trust you enjoyed the dinner held in your honor. Without your resourcefulness and bravery, I would most certainly be dead.

It is this resourcefulness and bravery that has me contacting you now. I have once again found myself in a dangerous situation, specifically threats upon my life. As a stranger in Bet Rogala, I have no one to turn to for help, or at least no one whom I could expect discretion from. As luck would have it, my young valet got word that you were in the city waiting out the storms. I ask for your help in this matter, or at the very least to meet me at my embassy to hear me out. I'm sure that your heroic nature will indulge me once you hear of my plight. I will accept you this very morning if you are so inclined. Furthermore, I am in need of embassy guards to augment my rather small detail. This would only be for a short time, as I expect reinforcements any day now. In this endeavor, if you could lend assistance, and counsel, to my young charge I would be most appreciative.

Please inform my valet of your intentions. I can only hope that you will see fit to once again assist me, and the country of Cosdol.

With high regards, Emissary Welstern Vrindolvus

PLAYER HANDOUT #2

...and Celetyr went forth and culled all that was tainted in his lands, delivering his people free from abominations...

Your efforts do not go unnoticed We are quite aware what you intend By continuing on you do great insult to your noble lineage Do not mix with those that have vile sap for blood Because even we will not to be able to save you

You have been warned

PLAYER HANDOUT #3

...and one among them strove to help the forest devils. Moving under cover of night like a thief, the traitor released the accursed tree people. As horn blew and drum beat, Celetyr stole upon the blood traitor enacting his treacherous plan.

Desecrator! Do you not heed good warnings? We know of your plan to meet with the half-breed abomination Who are you to defy your true blood? Swift and heavy is the punishment for race traitors Your judgement is at hand