

Letter 1

Dear friends

I hope this letter finds you safe. You will be pleased to hear that I am at our mutual 'strong friends' house. I followed your precautions, gathered up the most important looking books, and is doing my research from here.

It is a slow process, but I will keep you up to date with my findings as best I can. For now I will forward these letters to a friend in the town you said you were going to. If you have moved on as you said you might do, he will then forward them too. It is my sincerest hope that I can keep you informed this way.

May YOUR gods be with you  
K

Letter 2

My dearest friends

Together with our 'strong friend', we have managed to decipher the ledgers that I brought here. I was gonna work on the prophecy, but it has proven difficult to decipher.

But the ledgers. The ledgers are interesting. It is definitely pedigrees or breeding plans. I am not sure what the goal was or who dictated this. Was it community driven? Did they have a king? This culture baffles me. But clearly, for whatever reason they did this, it worked somehow. They had next to no stillborns. Almost all children reached adulthood. I am gathering from the fact that most seemed to live a long life, they had next to no diseases either. I know the Lifebringers priests are happy healing people today, but even they cannot keep a population this healthy and strong. But then...why did they all die? And why did many of them rise again as...zophies? Was that the word you used for this kind of unnatural creature?

With sincere hopes for your well-being  
K

Letter 3

Friends

I had to go back. There I just couldn't gather more from these books. And I am having severe problems with the prophecy. I am beginning to think it is a lack of knowledge of the culture these people lived in. So I've gone back to the village of these deads, to see if there were any clues to be gathered.

It looks like nature has 'removed' the gooey remains of the dead in the 4 months I have been away. For that I am very grateful. And I am adhering to your precautions, and sleeping in a tent outside town. Although I must admit there have been many a night where I have lost track of time going through houses, or simply reading and copying the vast library we found.

These books speaks of 'elves' and 'dwarves' and 'halflings', and the prophecy is of elven origin. Whatever that means. What are elves? A city? A land? Were these people elves? Or dwarves? I remember you mentioning Bran is a dwarf. I wish I had had the time to question this peculiar statement.

It is only pieces I have translated so far. And maybe it is dangerous to write them here. But if they can be of any help to you all, I trust this letter will find its way to you. The 'prophecy' seem to be more of a collection of prophecies and visions and....songs (?). So here is what I have:

I think these bits is from temple songs maybe. I am only giving you the lines I have translated so far. And they might not be the same song or poem:

“It’s a crowded room,  
With no one here,”

“I try to breathe, to forget”

“Blood to spill  
And [something here...I don't know] to shed  
The last one [still breathing? or maybe living?]  
Among the walking dead  
A doubled edged [weapon of some kind]  
Yours to wield  
An untimely death  
Your only [I'm sorry. I just don't know this word]”

It also speaks of a mighty ruler far up in the north, who will conquer this world but never be satiated. And I fear this is where it starts speaking of you. The four Heralds of Master Arvid, bringers of the End Times. The runes you bear on your weapons are in some way connected to him. But more than that...something you did? Or said? Or....forgot? I really don't quite understand the dual meaning of these elven words. If they are even elven?

I know I don't have to say this, but please be careful. Our mutual strong friend tells me no one has seen or heard from you since you entered....well...that town you were heading towards when we said goodbye. I hope these letters find their way to you regardless.

K

Letter 4

My friends

Something is changing. No. That's not true. Everything is changing. I feel it in my bones. Maybe I have overstayed my welcome in this dead town? Strong friend was here with supplies. He tells me there's still no news from you. Nor is there any news from any of our northern towns. People travelling there, don't return. And no one has come south to trade for months.

But not only that. Something is changing in me. When I wake in the mornings I can almost hear the whispers from the dreams I can't remember. And my bones. They ache...no they burn. It's getting harder to breathe.

I seem to be able to read the prophecy with more ease these days. But it's getting harder to remember the words I just translated. Disappearing from my memory like smoke. Or maybe it is me am disappearing? Maybe it is just my old age finally catching up with me.

May this letter find you all safe

Your friend

K

Letter 5

(the ink is smeared all over, like water has been splashed on this letter. And is also in another handwriting.)

I am sorry to tell you I found K dead in the odd library. He must have been dead for a few days. And he must have known he was dying, cause he left me instructions to bury him beneath a specific oak tree out in the woods surrounding the Dead Town. I have done so. And taken as many of the books back to my place as I could. I feel comforted by them, for some odd reason. Like he is still here, just in the other room, reading through them, taking notes.

Where ever you are, please send words. I dare not send any more, until I know for sure it is getting into your hands.

/Someone who housed you and your horses once