

Dear Friends

If you are reading this I am dead. You don't know who I am, just as I don't know you in the common meaning of the word. But I know something about your faith, since it is intertwined with my own - and with the bloody tracks left by the Slayer through our beautiful town. In short, you have appeared in my dream sights, visions I have evoked with the help of rituals, as part of my effort to solve the riddle of the murderous Slayer.

Some months ago, an expedition returned to Histlehold. Aside from gold they brought back the skull of a Symbarian king and the expedition leader paraded this distasteful trophy around many of the town's inns and taverns. Unfortunately the treasure-hunters also brought with them a horrible sickness, which claimed their lives one after the other - some just disappeared, others were hunted down by agents of the Iron Pact, another few turned into abominations and were killed by watchmen or brave residents. Gorax, the leader, went into hiding and took the skull with him.

Peoples' memories are short in the hold and since this new wave of murders began, carried out by the abominable "Slayer", no one has linked the bloody deeds to Gorax's expedition. However, my vision revealed some kind of connection; after many frustrating dream sights one thing is clear to me: there is some kind of association between the expedition and the skinning of our townsfolk.



Alas, I also realized that my own death was a  
crucial step towards solving the riddle. And so,  
my unfamiliar friends by faith, are you.

The how's and the why's are unintelligible to me,  
but hopefully you will be able to figure them out.  
If ever we meet in the world beyond you'll have to tell  
me everything about the events to come. Till then  
I can but ask you to forgive me for placing this burden  
on your souls. What's ahead of you I would not wish for  
my greatest enemy, let alone persons who likely would  
have been my friends, had I but lived to greet them.

Master Vernam