

## The Death of the Western Provinces

At first no one believed that the lively town of Glory Gane, once the home to cheerful music halls and clattering eating houses, would ever wither. In the days before, noblemen came in laughing groups of twenty strong to demand ale after ale from smiling innkeepers.

Yet with every passing month, another inn shuttered. Along the wide, paved streets, humans and Elven workers carried their sparse belongings on oxen or sad-faced horses, starting the long journey back to their native lands. The surrounding mountains, once littered with livestock, are still and cold.

Snows have come too early, and the remaining residents have taken to the fields to pull the last dandelions away from starving mules – released to find their own slow death. *Yaddar*, the residents whisper amongst themselves. *It is Yaddar who has taken our sons and left our daughters broken. It is Yaddar that makes travelers fear our town.*

In the provinces, the fear of Yaddar has grown. His armies straddle the Western Lands, and eye the regions to the East. The Western Lands do not fear him. Why fear when the worst has already occurred? The towns are plucked and flattened. The tiny guilds that continue to fight know their swords are like pins thrown at a great giant. But still they fight on, unwilling to give up the last hope of freedom.

The guilds are secret, and buried deep above the highest ring of the Cold Mountains. Rada Heart has heard only rumors and gossip, mouthed carefully in the empty streets.

She has one goal, and that is to find the Guild of the Sacred Soldier. When the weakest weapon in Yaddar's arsenal destroyed her home, it left her without friends or family - only the solemn vow to join with anyone who would agree to arm a slender young girl, and teach her the ways of combat.

Bay Anapol  
World Description