

*Captain,*

*I write in desperation. I have taken my ship, the Wanderer over Ice - on a voyage - inspired by the tales from the Freeborn and others exploring the Bay - and sought to explore for myself, out through the Gullet and north.*

*And I found strange things, no less - an island of bones, a lone survivor, strange mana crystals - and I returned to my ship to sail back to Kallavesa.*

*Yet we were beset. Strange things - killer whales in the water, yet somehow humans on board the ship. My crew, they spoke of a curse - they said we should never have taken the bloodied and broken survivor on that island with us, who keeps mumbling about rituals, family and skin. One by one they were taken by the sea-beasts, until it was just me and my passenger.*

*And now, we have run aground. I know where we are - Black Whale's Spine, in the Gullet, near enough to the shores of West Marsh in Kallavesa. So close to home! And yet, so far. Though we are stranded on shoals, I could probably fix the ship and get her moving again... save for the injuries I sustained when we crashed.*

*My leg is, shall we say, in a bad way, and my chest and stomach twinge with pain when I put the slightest effort into my activities. Even sending this Winged Messenger, I feel part of me ebbing away. I can keep myself alive - just. But I cannot fix this injury.*

*So here we are, two heroes, our voyage on hold, our bodies unable to stand. My crew lie below, and I call for aid, to you and other captains who might lend this Suaq a hand.*

*Please come to the Spine. I know in my gut that the Sentinel Gate will allow it. Bring a Physick, for Wisdom's sake, and if you can, a priest to give us the strength to finish this quest. And bring a blade, because I fear a shapeshifting beast could arrive any moment.*

*In Ambition,*

*Samuli the Boar*