

While you travel the Trods on your way to Anvil, you hear the story of a young Marcher woman heading to Anvil with what she says is a fallen star in her possession, looking to sell it (see this event's *Winds of Fortune*).

Though it seems nothing more than a curious little story at first, you find yourself thinking of the star-that-isn't-a-star sometimes. If you're not concentrating on something, while you're walking on the Trod, or if a conversation becomes dull, you find yourself wondering what exactly it is, and why it's important. And then, once you realise this is happening, you begin to wonder *why it's important to you in particular*. For reasons you can't explain, you're sure it must have something to do with you.

Maybe it's nothing. Maybe you're overthinking things.

On the other hand, maybe you aren't.