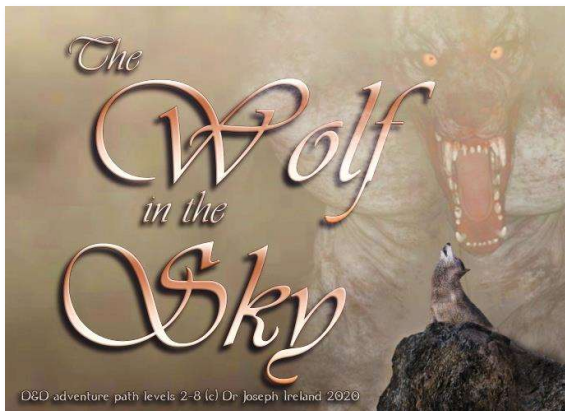


## Introduction



A hundred generations ago your land lost its name, now it is only known as *Abandon*. You live in poverty and fear, hounded by a brutal and idle military force known as the *Sons of the Wolf*. None dare challenge them, none can.

A hundred generations ago, or so it is told, the land was not steeped in the eternal gloom of an endless autumn, where a pale sun streams fading light even at midday, where the leaves of every tree begin to die before they are even fully formed. Crops are hard, and food is scarce, and magic belongs only to the military.

But even in this world you have found a few friends, and skills enough to get by. Now time or fate has brought you to the tiny hamlet of *Narrowhaven*, considered too poor and isolated for the military to usually be troubled with. Far greater and more dangerous places exist, such as the crowded capital city of *Bittern*. Yet there are also places of legend, such as the hidden druidic enclave of the *Westfren* woods, or the haunted ruins of the castle of *Mon Kumon*. Each seems to speak of the lost glory of a people long gone, the *Fallen Ones*. Rumors tell of their soldiers wielding swords of fire, of artisans who forged hammers that sundered mountains at their command, or of a mighty tree who could give life back to the dead.

But nothing of the sort has been seen in over a hundred generations, for every month at the full moon all citizens tremble in their houses. Nearing midnight at the appointed time, the *Wolf in the Sky* howls from atop his enormous, mountain sized *Spire* – the sound a mind-wrenching, gut-twisting, soul-crushing horror. No one knew why he did this, but even his own military would cringe on the ground at the sound. And every month, the land would seem darker, bleaker, less free...

Then, this month, the howl came late, in the early hours of a pale dawn. No one knows why, yet the howl was but a shallow memory of its normal power. Rumors have been spreading; is he growing weak? Does some other deity seek his throne? Does this herald the beginning of the dawn of winter for an already starving land? Or will some worse fate yet claim power over a broken and frightened people?

None can say, but it is clear the *Sons of the Wolf* are mobilizing. The conscriptions are beginning again. Even as you watch, messengers race into *Narrowhaven*: A pack of military are marching on the hamlet where you have been staying. You will have to act quickly...

