



Tales of the Black Bard

These are the words and thoughts of Odi Silvertongue, a half-elven wandering, warrior poet who in his many years has traipsed across the known world of Shatterdawn in his own roguish bohemian style gathering, tales, songs and scars along the way. They should in no way be taken as "true fact" as the Black Bard has a tendency to "color" himself in a better light than his less than savory reputation affords him in many of the known kingdoms of this vast realm. As Odi is found of saying "Take from a tale what truths you will and leave the rest a little better than you found it."

"Look at all those stink'n goblins, must be near a thousand!"

"Good that means there is plenty to go around."

-Overheard exchange between two dwarven barbarians at the battle of Raven's Ford-

Of the naming of the Redflow River: The great river that flows from the southern most tip of the majestic Mistcloak Mountains and cuts across what is now the border between the kingdoms of Relk to the north and Bahr-Ith to the south. This river has played a large roll in the history of the northern isle. In the first and second age it was once called ***The Fortune River*** because the valley that is its source was once rich gold and gem deposits. Many a dwarf has traveled up its banks with lust for its riches in his heart. This name held even after most of the valley had been sapped of its treasures and now is dotted with abandoned mines and vacant ghost haunted ruins of the many boomtowns that served as homes to the now long dead fortune seekers.

The name of the river changed following the Battle of Raven's Ford, when less than two score of dwarves and dale men, (one of whom later became the first king of the now divided human kingdom of Bahr-Ith / Relk) slaughtered a massive goblin horde that numbered near a thousand strong. So much killing was done on, near or in the river that it was said to flow red with the blood of the slain. This "Red Flow" causing the name change of the river as well as earning a name for the small ford where the majority of the fighting took place. The oldsters say that, so littered with bodies of the dead was the small ford that the ground was black

with carrion birds feasting on the slaughtered. Still to this day many a flock of ravens or murder of crows linger in the trees near the ford, as if some long breed memory of the carrion feast that was, has been past on for generations.

The Redflow is still to this day the sight of many small bloody skirmishes between the folk of the divided kingdom, Relkinen rivermen are known to “mistakenly” shoot Bahrithians thinking them “bandits” and Bahrithian soldiers commonly raid the Relkien settlers along the river in the guise of slavers or bandits. Most of this unrest is due in part to Duke Rofin Karn, the bastard son of the king of Bahr-ith, who’s hatred for the people of Relk runs deeper than the depths of the great river.