To the estimable inaugural Pathfinders of Kaer Maga:

Thank you from the bottom of my heart for restoring my lucidity from my regrettable moment of weakness. Due to the good graces of Master Dreng of the Absalom Pathfinder Guild, I’m now in the service as a constable for the Absalom shipping docks.

Giving away the sword that I used for so long and trading it for a truncheon has been quite liberating! Even though the most intractable problems I see nowadays are errant flayleaf shipments or sailors that have had too much to drink, I feel as though I’ve found my life’s work.

But enough about me! I’m writing this because of dark business that has been left undone. I retold my tale to Master Dreng, and he believes that this “Keeper” and Shadow Lodge business is related to disturbances up in a town in Ustalav called Carrion Hill. Compounding matters is that comunication has been lost with Mayor Heggiry, a key Pathfinder contact in the area.

I believe Master Dreng, in conjunction with the Church of Pharasma, would like you to mount a preliminary relief effort to find out the cause of the communication loss.

Regrettably, I have little other info to bestow besides the fact that the person who established the Kaer Maga Shadow Lodge called himself Keeper Crove. He had come upon a text called the Pnakotic Manuscripts that he was convinced would change the world.

Be careful, and may the Gods be with you.

Yours in esteem,

Kormiggon Sussworth