

# Shatterdawn

## 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.”*

***“I sang a song of courage and watched by brothers die.  
They heard my song of courage and now here their bones shall lie...”***

**Last verse of *Stones and Bones*, a dirge sang by Gravlin Stonecaller right before he passed out from drink and his fall killed our pack mule.**

**Of the Giants’ Graveyard:** It is said that far north of the lands of men, deep in the Wildlands is a narrow valley, hidden from ages long past, a place spoken of in but a handful of songs and legends, most of which are not the common tongues elf, dwarf or man, but the guttural speech of Giants! I have done my best to retell that which I learned through a chance meeting with a rather ancient and I might add drunken Stone Giant Skald named Gravlin Stonecaller on one of my many forays into the Wildlands. The Giants’ Graveyard is the best translation I could conceive for the name of this battlefield, this place of wanton slaughter.

*Here ten score Stone Giants battled a thousand of their lesser kin. Near a thousand great giants met there fate in that cold stone valley for no other purpose than the greed and hunger of their now dead kings Drom Lord of the*

*Stone Giants and Unglar King of Hill Giants. It is the darkest stain on a race that could have been walking gods had not our own deep seeded evil shone through that day and cleft forever the kinship between these two races. I sang the songs of courage and my brothers slew our lesser kin by the score until the hard packed ground was red with blood and choked with the bodies of the slain. I sang until my throat was dry as dust and most of my brothers had fallen to the waves of our enemies onslaught, even our great king had met his fate in that accursed place. When the dust of battle settled less than a score of either army still stood and most of those would not see another sunrise. We all Hill and Stone alike turned our backs to that blighted hole and wandered away. All of this for ownership of what cannot be owned. A giant can no sooner own the hills and mountains that are his home as a fish cannot own the water in which it swims, but Kings will have their way and giants will die. It is the same even now, if not in a lesser form, for from that day on no one giant of either race has ever again been able to unite all of his kin under one rule, we are but lesser tribes of a once great nation. I have returned to this place of death but once in my many years and the pain it brought me was nearly unbearable. I will say only this, a necromancers dreams does not hold the amount of bones that choke that twisted valley. The remains of my kin stand waist deep to a man and weapons, armor and untold treasures glitter like sunlight on the icy caps of mountains in that sea of bleached white bone, yet none of it shall most likely ever leave that place because their former owners still wander there in ghostly forms.*

**-Exert from *Trek of the Wilds volume I* by Odi Silvertongue-**