

Harbinger Of A Greater Winter

Nest

Your folk know me as the whisper in the wind. The bringer of so othing, a gentle guardian of sleep. My voice, so calm before, now thunders across the land. Calling you to take heed, delivering news of hard times ahead.

Gather your children and flee to the far southern borders. North will be your home no more. Leave this region with haste, for the time of the scourge's coming is still unknown. Take heed of my warning, for too many past folk have perished, the folk I held dear. This doom is not the first to come, nor the last that I shall see.

Great masses of ice will appear, flow across these fertile lands and swallow all you once called home...