

THE DEL MAR DAILY

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ALL THE NEWS WORTH TO PRINT IN THE SOUTHERN REACHES

THE SPARK OF ADVENTURE

THE ENTIRE SOUTHERN REACHES HAS WHIPPED ITSELF INTO A FRENZY OVER THE REPORTS COMING OUT OF THE COPPERBIND.

By: Larke Wendt

Reports of the feared Minotaur being defeated and thousands of ravens seen flying out from the Bonewood have the rumor mill turning at record pace! Reports of a black ooze attacking Pilgrims at river crossings are too much to be believed! But are these particular evil threats overshadowing the common folk and their struggles in the Southern Reaches?

I decided to find out for myself just who is looking out for the little guy in these turbulent times!

What I found in the heart of the Copperbind, along the Pilgrims Trail, in a cozy place named the Fang Rat Inn, was the most extraordinary innkeeper - no, person - I have ever encountered.



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HOOKS

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Here lives someone who is not only looking out for the little guy, but who I now suspect is leading the charge against all the evils of this world. Who is the keeper of the Fang Rat Inn? Why Winston Windstone, of course. It's just Windstone to his friends, and I am proud to say that he now counts me as one of those!

What I experienced during my short stay at the Fang Rat Inn cannot be put into words.

Of course, my editor in chief, Dryan Knowbottom, doesn't pay me to keep quiet, so I'll do my best to relay it to you, dear reader.

Speaking with Windstone over many squatchgroar ales, he told me

“every guest at the Fang Rat Inn has a story worth more than gold. Every story, no matter how small, can spark a grand adventure”

Windstone believes that heroes and their friends need only to look in the smallest places to start something great. He told me look around the room and see all of the shared storytelling buzzing throughout the inn. The specific joy that only comes from friends gathering around the table helping each other, contributing to the adventure, and win or lose, sticking together.

He pointed to a Scorchclaw dwarf drinking alone in the corner.

“There!” he said. “You are looking for the spark of adventure - it's right there!”

Windstone called over to a table full of adventurers, whispered something to their leader, and before I could even take another breath, the dwarf and the adventurers were drawing up plans for an incursion into the quarantined Scorchclaw Peak.

I watched Windstone talk to everyone at the inn, but especially those sitting alone or crying into their drinks. I saw him tear a piece off their bill, write a note upon it, and then place it on a board with a bent nail or small tack.

Heroes from all around the Copperbind know that when they aren't battling the big bads of this world, that they should stop at the Fang Rat Inn and pull a scrap down from the board.

My advice to every adventurer reading this: take heed of the innkeeper's smallest calls, for they may unravel into your greatest adventure, down unexpected roads you never thought to travel.

And to those dear readers who still question who is looking out for the little guy, well it's simple:

He goes by Windstone.