

Dear Friends,

I hope this letter finds you in good spirits, for I write to you with a heart heavy with concern. Just days ago, I chanced upon the disturbing story of a hunter from Bree named Rupert, who returned from the North Downs. His tale left me deeply troubled, for he spoke of experiencing a profound dread, the feeling that an ancient shadow had awakened in the dark hills.

As I pondered his account, my thoughts turned to you – valiant friends whose courage I greatly esteem. I asked Rupert to find you and share his story, something he has done if you are reading these words. I fear that this dark presence may pose a grave threat not only to those who dwell near the Downs but possibly to all who call Eriador home. I urge you to travel north to seek the source of this malevolence before it stirs further unrest.

You possess the valour and wisdom needed to confront this darkness. May your path be guided by the light of hope, and may you return with the knowledge and courage to face whatever lurks in the hills.

With the deepest respect and heartfelt worry,

Gilraen