It was only a few days ago that Venture-Captain Sheila Heidmarch met with you and a few other seasoned Pathfinders in Korvosa to discuss the matter before you: the dismantling of a frost giant war camp. Lady Heidmarch was uncharacteristically uncertain about the mission and exceptionally generous with the traditional briefing buffet. Holding a ragged rolled parchment with dark stains, she addressed you all:

“Pathfinders, it is a rare and dire circumstance that brings us together today. Over the past few months, the Society has been made aware of an army being assembled by a giant known only as ‘The Storm Tyrant.’ Some of those efforts have been stymied by other heroes, but this unusual letter arrived at my estate just a few days ago that alerted us to a particularly grave development and a unique opportunity.”

Sheila unrolled the parchment and held it out to reveal large, inelegant letters written as though they were carved into a sturdier surface and pressed with ink to make an impression. The ink itself appeared to be dried blood.

Organized mortals,

The Storm Tyrant possesses an Orb of Dragonkind made of my bloodline. This must not stand.

His war effort trains in Skirgaard, high above the Usk River. Destroy this camp and the risen jarl. We can then negotiate further.

Naximarra

“Several agents reviewed the document, cross-referenced against old records, consulted experts in Magnimar, and managed to determine the location of this ‘Skirgaard.’ The village was founded roughly 150 year ago in the Mindspin Mountains by a frost giantess named Skirkalta, who was particularly ambitious among her kind, which earn her many enemies and exile from the Tusk Mountains. Toward the end of her life, she sought to cling to power and sought the aid of Urgathoan priests. For the past century, however, there are no mentions of her. If she is indeed raised as undead and asserting herself once more, that is dire enough news. However, it would seem that she is actively aiding this Storm Tyrant, who can allegedly control dragons.

“What is most worrying, however, is the source of this information. If records are to be believed, Naximarra is a red dragon. It is beyond unusual for such a creature to interact with what it considers to be a lesser being and even stranger for one to demand aid. And yes, the letter seems to be written in frost giant blood.

“I have assembled your team to attend to this matter. Other agents have been tasked with sabotaging the village. You will be in charge of purging the Urgathoan elements in the deepest reaches of the village. According to some admittedly aged and unreliable maps, a temple of Urgathoa stands on the path to Skirkalta’s tomb. If possible, ensure that the jarl is dealt with permanently.”

The Venture-Captain’s research turned out to be remarkably complete. While the other agents have begun the process of sowing discord in the village, your team was able to slip by the defenses and find yourselves on a cliff overlooking Skirgaard. The path raises toward a grand tomb entrance with the burning effigy of a giant in front of it. Before it stands a temple with motifs of a skull-decorated fly.