

A copy of a letter, written by the Iron Duke's Herald, Dancer at the Crossroads.
Can you meet his dreams of the impossible as you carry out your challenge?

Duke of Iron,

I have served your court with zeal for centuries, presenting challenges to those who seek them. I have seen human and orc alike succeed (and fail) against overwhelming odds. I have seen lone knights slay rampaging beasts. Mages speak with the stars themselves. Ancient wounds healed with words alone.

Time and again you, and those who challenge you, have shown me things I thought impossible. And I thank you.

But now, I must ask for respite.

I have seen the limits of what can be achieved, and this world no longer holds any surprises. Each challenge's outcome is clear before it has even been accepted.

Why must we turn our attention to the mortal, with all its limitations?

Why not seek new definitions of what is possible?

I know that bare hands cannot break stone

I know that an untrained fighter cannot slay an enemy champion

I know that the sun cannot be kept from rising

So I bid you let me retire, to dream of the impossible...