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During the season, there is word of a tall, deep-voiced Kallavesi stormcrow in all the lands of the Winterfolk which catch your ear for one reason or another. Descriptions of the man beneath the mask are not consistent, but the story is the same: he wishes to speak with those who feel they are, or who ever have been, Frayed.

What he offers is unclear, but some do listen. And toward the end of the season, you hear the word that he's heading for Anvil, to meet with those who, by hatred, by vengeance, by cowardice or by failing in their Virtue, have let their skeins Fray.

Perhaps it's you he's looking for.