

The Dark Claw tribe - my tribe - was not the largest. We never were. But damn it, we were the proudest! Other tribes would call us savages for our feral canine features. They would underestimate us, thinking us weak, and this would seal their doom. For the spirit of the Old Grandfather spoke through me, guiding us to victory. I was my tribe's revered Moonspeaker - a spiritual and battle-hardened leader. Now I am the last remaining Dark Claw.

Of course, this was before the prophesized Sundering. I take the blame for this myself. The signs were there from the beginning, and I failed to recognize and act on them. I carry the burden of this knowledge until the end of my days.

At first, I thought perhaps the spirits had abandoned me, preferring to take the souls of my brethren. But the Old Grandfather and other primal spirits are still present. Perhaps the spirits have seen it fit for me to fulfill some greater purpose of which I am as yet unaware. Whatever the case, I know it is my purpose to discover.

And who am I? I am Crag, the Burdened One.