

Archmage!

'tis I - Lashonar, Eater-of-Silence, Speaker in Dreams, The Last Word! I speak to you across realities through the mode of words, the scratching of ink, the press of thoughts into symbols through sight into thoughts and beyond!

Thank you for your letter, those names you sent - the list! A list, set item after item, thing after thing - person after person - passion after passion! What a joy to eat those names and the inspirations and taste each all mixing together into a fizzing, bubbling morass of potential! Of change! And so here is my reply - a change set out like a bird on the wing, through the wind of time to you, into your hands. Even writing these words makes me think of you holding this letter and reading it and thinking about me writing about you reading it - a delicious circle, a wheel, curious!

I am certainly enjoying writing these words to you, but I must also write other words - words about my game! The Great Game of Lashonar - it has been so long since I held a game like this, it is a joyous exertion of my wonderful scales - I do so love my scales, moreso exerting them! So let me write words (thoughts to ink) on how the Game shall be played:

Your idea of having the game be public was splendid! I shall use your regio in Anvil - for as long as it takes, I shall weave and writhe and coil my magics to draw it close to regio all across creation - like folding this very letter to make this word touch another. But no matter how much it touches, those two words will never mix together to make a new sentence - such a weakness of writing! As it is with the game - though I will bring Anvil close to every-which-way, it will remain in Anvil, as much as I would love to knot creation up into some folded contrivance - can you imagine a folded bird? Perhaps one day I will tangle up creation into a folded bird - but not for this game. In this game my heralds will bridge the gap from regio to regio - letting the participants see one-another, speak to one-another and be changed by one-another!

For this to work only my heralds and one participant may be in the regio! Though I would love a chorus - chattering, arguing, teeming multitude of voices - well, it would do strange things to human (and orcish?) minds - so just one at a time. Each player - the one playing at the time, speaking and dreaming and imagining and being changed - should bring something of value to themselves, something that speaks much like a shouted word in the darkness of their very self: do you have something like that? I hope so! They will need to set this token, this talisman, this trinket of binding across space on a specially prepared plinth I am having brought - once set down on the plinth the player will announce what they wish to be known as - maybe a name? People need to have more names - why just hold one word for yourself when you could have so many more! But just one will do - they will intone their sobriquet and so too will each player's chosen partner, somewhere else across all of creation - and this

is the most exciting moment! With my utmost cleverness I will then sing a song which will vibrate two spaces into alignment - a choir of one that will set my heralds into moving and speaking in unerring exactitude of the player at a regio distant - just as a herald at that very same regio will begin to move and speak in accordance to the player at anvil!

Once thus joined the song remains for ten or so minutes - herein lies the play of the game - the joust, the argument, the scuffle of voices and the changing of minds! The two players will speak with all the passion they can muster about a topic. I've made a list (one after another, thing after thing, person after person) below in no order at all (why order things, let it be a surprise!) of the chosen players from your Empire and the topics they will be called to espouse and champion. I will be watching! Or listening - mostly listening. When the game is all done I will debate on the winner from each participating regio and they will receive a prize: a wondrous, spectacular prize of astounding quality and sublime nature.

The game (my great game) will go on for perhaps two hours - a long time I am told - but I cannot be sure when all of the many, many, many people involved will all be ready. In the list I've said whether the bout is likely to occur in the first or the second hour - but who knows! Best to have the players ready at hand!

So here is the list of the players - and their passions!

Eliza de Sarvos - they will be speaking on *The Fear of the Other* - in hour 2

August - their topic is *Rules* - in hour 1

Annora Endsmeet (their name changed, how fanciful!) - shall stand for *Acceptance* - in hour 2

Bastiana i Fontanilla i Riqueza - they will debate *New Experiences* - in hour 1

Lutobor Branislavovich Glinka - will cross words on the topic of *Indescribable Experiences* - in hour 2

Raficci Vicente Barossa - will have the pleasure of championing *Theatre & Fame* - in hour 1

Simargl the Empty One - will have their fill of *Fear* - in hour 2

Sir Ozren Orzell - will seek glory regarding *What One Loves* - in hour 1

Lady Kay - will ponder *Eternal Life* - in hour 2

Tyburn de Rondelle - will verbally experience *Delicacies* - in hour 1

Elyssiathain (that's you!) - will face off regarding *Passion* - in hour 2

I have sent hails to each of these players, so they will know to seek you, or at least that they are chosen!

I look forward to the experience!