

Cut or tear off this strip to have a completely IC document

*The following letter was waiting for you upon your arrival at Anvil. It was sealed plainly with a reddish wax. The messenger knew nothing about its origins, just that it had been passed on further down the road.*

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Ave, I hope this letter finds you prosperous.

You may not remember me: it has been many seasons and news has arrived of a malady of memory across your shores. To this end let me reintroduce myself:

I am Amika Acciai, sixth child of the House of Acciai, or in Imperial - the House of Steel - I am a priest of the Way, trained by Sumaahese and Imperial masters in the Temple to the Way in Nemoria. I speak plainly here as I trust the courier that carries this letter beyond Asavea and to lands where secrecy is not so fraught. I beg, however, that you show vigilance in any response tendered - times are dangerous for believers here.

I write to you first to extend my thanks and the thanks of others whose courage and wisdom is guiding our efforts here. With the shipment of white granite, a little luck and a fair amount of coin, we have established a place of worship beyond the eyes of the Kraken - though still within its grasp.

We - those priests not cowed by suppression and the laity I have been able to gather - have constructed a suitable site within the caves beneath the *Île de Felucca* - homeland of my family. These ancient caves once served smugglers - and now they serve the Way and our human destiny. There is a small cove that, when the sea is calm, allows access by boat. It is of a small size and furnished mostly with our own pride, but our ambition offers all the comfort we need.

The second tidings I bring is less joyous - I write a warning but worry it is too slow in the sending, let alone the journey across the ocean - but more recent events have driven me to action:

In Nemoria, the Temple of the Seven Virtues has been unsafe for believers for many weeks now - it was that the few faithful courageous enough to worship before the crowds of idolaters who oft gathered outside they were simply met with jeers and degrading treatment by the soldiers placed there - but now the soldiers are gone and worship is forbidden to foreigners, slaves and prole. The lack of recompense for the defilement of the Black Bull has led some zealots to seek their own remonstrations - wherever they find believers beyond the call of those who might defend them.

I formerly sought to debate on behalf of the Way in the forae - but no longer, I have retreated to *Felucca* in permanence to avoid the rhetoric of my detractors and the thinly veiled threats of violence. But, I fear, there is something more at play:

The Temple - and the land it stands upon - has been purchased by the House Traposdo - I know little of them, save they are prosperous in dyes and spices. Portilum Traposdo is behind this and he styles himself a follower of the Way - though at first I thought them an ally, I have heard them profess at the grand forum, and while they spoke of Virtues, the Labyrinth and our Destiny, they spoke of little in depth and always alluded to qualities of the gods or Plenum as being evidently Virtuous. I sought to

visit the Temple, which *Portilum* is seeing rebuilt, to attend a 'mystery' they were to hold - but I found myself refused due to my low birth. I have heard that instead of liao, those in attendance debauched with wine and other adulterants of the senses.

Finally, our efforts here in Felucca are stymied by a lack of liao - to guide and grow our congregation, of coin - to support our priests and help keep our secrets, and white granite - to aid in expanding the temple itself. We are proud, but we are wise - all of us being low-born and attending to congregants of even smaller means means the fruit of the Way's glory may soon wither upon its vine without the generosity of others. The journey is far, and the risk to any that might smuggle these things to us great, but those who would make it would be the sparks that one day, I hope soon, will engulf Asavea in a firestorm of change.

Walk with Virtue,

- Amika Acciai, *Île de Felucca*