

*This letter arrived soon after your coming to Anvil, carried by a courier from Astolat.*

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*While Summer slowly dies like falling leaves  
The year's true labour calls us anew  
But once Winter's chill brings us under eaves  
Travel's again something we will do.*

*In we'll bring the bounty of the fields  
And then to the red-hot forge's surface tread,  
Together we will see what Virtue yields  
And what lessons have been learnt when all is done  
and said*

*- Jess Pride,*