

To the Honourable and Virtuous Avisena i Kharizmi i Guerra,

I am Lucero Mithril-Shield of the Hierro Clan. Your name is still remembered fondly among our people as one who dealt with us fairly and honestly. Since we left, conversation has been difficult. There has been little will among your people, and less will among the Jotun, to make contact. Now I believe that the time is right for us to talk again.

Myself, two companions of the Corazon and Escuta tribes, and a small group of bodyguards have entered Segura under cover of night and are currently staying at the Zamora Parador in Yellow Chase. We have not harmed anyone there, and we are paying a good price for their services and for their discretion, although we did make it clear that if they did not accept the price we would lock them in the basement of their house with food and water until we were finished. Forgive our bluntness, but these are times of war, and we cannot risk ambitious warriors deciding to test their mettle against us. Anyhow, all of that aside, we know of your Sentinel Gate. If it should see fit to bring you to us, we would be willing to talk.

We would welcome companions who you might bring with you. We have fond memories of the Freeborn and would favour them, but if you could bring any Imperial Orcs to discuss matters of Virtue that would also be interesting. Whoever you vouch for will be well-received among us, but please take note that we will tolerate no rats, cockroaches, Navarri, or other vermin.

I shall keep this brief and hold what other words we have until we are face to face. Hopefully we can manage to do something productive here.

Virtue Guide You,

Lucero Mithril-Shield of the Hierro

Ashborn Trosk,

The Sovereign Lord of the City of Locks requires a service of you. A distinctive knife has arrived on the shores of your Empire, and based on my intelligence, has likely made its way to Anvil. The knife has red veins running through it, and bears an aura that encourages those who wield it to consider the benefits of treachery and betrayal. You are to find this knife and destroy it. A casting of Words of Ending at the 20th magnitude should be sufficient, as should handing it to the Thrice-Cursed Court, who even if they do not destroy it will jealously refuse to give it to anyone else. Do this and we will discuss an appropriate reward for your service. Fuck this up and I will end you.

From the desk of Basileus Flint, Sovereign Lord of the City of Locks

Ashborn Trosk,

You will probably have received or will soon receive a letter from my master. It will give you certain instructions. I will attend the Hall of Worlds at 7pm on the Friday of the Summer Solstice. Meet me there and I will offer you a slightly different opportunity that may be of great benefit to us both.

Regards,

Basileus Brazen

Agrippa,

If you are reading this, I am dead or as close as makes no difference. You were interesting, at least for a time. You knew how to talk to me, and were clever enough not to. Regardless, you are one of the few who ever bothered to learn the Net of Gulls. I would value it if you could perhaps look into the matter of my murder? It was definitely Basileus Kade, or Flint, or whatever they call themselves these days. They are so drearily predictable in their betrayals.

Of course I cannot reward you for this service, being dead and all. But perhaps it will be an entertaining distraction from the mundanities of life. Or perhaps it's all part of my master plan, and you are the pebble that will set off the avalanche. Or perhaps I'm not really dead at all! Wouldn't that be fun? Just know that this is an opportunity to prove your cleverness. Others will doubtless be looking for whatever proof there may be. Cooperate with them, or deceive them, as suits you best.

Be Seeing You,

Mazen

While trading in Betovering, one of your crew came to you with a strange story. They had been drinking in a local tavern, and had been dared to try out one of the local narcotics. Being a courageous citizen of the Empire, and also being somewhat intoxicated already, they readily agreed. Apparently the night took a strange turn from there, involving a love affair between members of two rival street gangs, a mysterious market that set up out of nowhere and quickly disappeared, and a bet involving something to do with balancing a dagger on the tip of one's nose. Anyway, in the morning they ended up in possession of an extremely sinister knife, and they absolutely don't want it any more because it's weird. They gave it to you, and consider themselves well rid of it.

You should have ribbon 34414, Sinister Knife, in your pack, along with an attached physrep. If you do not, please ask the God staff about it.

This is an OOC document and should not be referred to IC. Feel free to make whatever IC notes you wish.