Jean Valois, by the Grace of Suran and the Holy Paragons, to the Virtuous Crusader Mordecai of Zephaniah's Lament, health and greetings.

I have returned under cover of old friends to prevail upon those knights who would follow me in leaving my mad father's service, even though it mean exile. He has slighted enough that would not take it, and a number of knights and their retainers are committed to join me.

Alas that we have a great threat to us. In the moment of my defeat at your hands, the Cult of Kavor, the Moon God, turned their eye upon me. Their gaze is fearful and constant — and now it lies upon all those I have spoken to in the Valois demesne. Should any of us move to leave again, the rest will be arraigned within hours. So should we move, we must have a means of escape.

An ally introduced me to a pair of Imperials who trade by sea out of Ruenda. They will provide my allies and I with passage in return for payment in "liao", which they trade to I-know-not-whom in Kalino. This is a crime for which they would be killed if it were known, but this "liao" commands a high price among those who use it. They also say that they know how to get by the Sheriffs and the officers who oversee shipping so that we may all escape together to Feroz and make our way to you.

I cannot give him this "liao", and I cannot afford the fee he asks. But for the honour you have done to me in the past, I beg this help of you. Give to him this "liao", however much he asks, and when my loyal knights and I are able to escape, we will serve your cause under your terms: I for my respect for the Holy Paragons and my wish to learn more under the guidance of those like yourself, and they for their fealty to me and their hatred of my father. If you would have us, we would go where you command and fight fiercely for your cause.

I hope to see you again in the months to come. Please aid us, and we will swear our lives to you.

If any other statement is made to you regarding these matters, disregard it, for all that I have said is the truth.