

Dear Maestro,

I've just seen my name in *The Pledge*. Why is my name in *The Pledge*? What have you been saying about me?

The shock has left me quite discombobulated - I'm afraid the play I'm writing is going to be a little while longer - writers block is a terrible thing.

It's going to be **great**, though - it's about a famous actress who had some links to the Armetto theatre back in my grandmother's day - Elisabet Scorrero de Tassato. I've been digging quite deep. On a suspiciously coincidental note, I was quizzed about her by some Civil Servants last week - it turns out the Minister for Historical Research also wanted to know about her. You're not trying to pull a fast one with my work, are you?

The basic facts are well known, however - and the story goes like this:

80 or so years ago, around 300YE, Elisabet was part of a gang of **very** respectable individuals who committed a series of particularly bloody murders. The victims were all Lineaged - There was a suspicion that the crimes were linked to a radical element of an organisation called the Society of the Purifying Flame, but there was no evidence to support this. Archbishop Benedict di Tassato was another high-profile suspect - the Actress and the Bishop, eh?

Elisabet's lover, one Bishop Mario, worked as a warrant officer for the city Milita, as an undercover agent. He was initially recruited to catch her and her accomplices, but the story says that he got caught up in the relationship with Elisabet. She, on the other hand, **reveled** in the bloodshed - or so it's said. Rumors tell that she bathed in the blood of her victims to keep young, or that she dined on their hearts, though that may all just be dramatic over-exaggeration for Temeschwari audiences.

It is also said that she wore a number of dramaturgical personas when she killed - all of them tokens of force and power. The three she returned to again and again were "Uassa - The Doctor;" "Leopold - the Beast" and "Couros - the Mountebank.

I've enclosed the latest sonnets, however, just as an assurance that I'm still working for you fine lot. They're good! I was seized by inspiration one night, following some particularly bloody dreams.

One last thing, Maestro - money's getting short. I don't suppose you could advance me a couple of crowns, could you? You can send the cash with Alisti - they're trustworthy.

Sincerely yours,

Roderigo Lucas di Four Rivers.