

To Bloodcrow Rakkar, of the Free-Beating Hearts, Southpine, Skarsind,

I hope this letter reaches you - that the name and location I was given for the Winged Messenger were accurate. If this is a ruse... then They already know who I am.

I don't remember all that I've done. I know that Night magic has helped with that. I also know that, at the time, it was the only way. I think, probably... I think I regret it now, because I understand the true meaning of what they talked about. But perhaps I don't, not yet.

I was told you share some of their views - that you work against Them. Is that true? I fear Them - They can kill multitudes in the blink of an eye. An army marches here - hundreds fall. Two rituals? A pile of mana? Millions dead. Should They have the right to decide that? I don't know. I don't think so.

I suppose I want help. But I don't know what help. Words, perhaps. Words to tell me that I'm not crazy - or at least, that my thoughts are not wrong. I want to help, I want to fight back against Them, but I am only one person. We were more, once. No longer. I wish I remembered their faces.

If you can send Words, I would like that. I have sent some mana to pay for them. It's not much, but it should be enough for a reply. If I can help, then tell me how. I can't make auras like Them - but I have a little Autumn and a little Night, and I have travelled so far in secret. Do you have Words you want me to share?

Please do not tell Them I exist. I beg you. I would die, and I am not ready for the Labyrinth.

Yours,

*Lamiscarre Weaver*

formerly of House de Lusignan

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