

Coin collectors of Wintermark,

These words come from the heart, and are not for the ears of those with wagging tongues.

I am Halvard One-Hand, Halvard thief, Halvard coward, Halvard sneak. So I am known amongst the Jotun, my people.

I and my banner have done many deeds that other Jotun will not. Information gathering, bribery, spying. All we do is for our tribe, but our tribe does not thank us. We have become wealthy through the trade of information but because we do not fight in the front lines we are reviled and spat upon and I feared we will become thralls to some powerful Jarl before long if we stay our course.

As our people sometimes have done when their honour is in question, I have called out to That Which Ventures From the Path, known to your three tribes as The Krampus. I am labouring under a curse, through which I hoped I can find a new path and redeem myself in the eyes of the Jotun; although it seems likely my talents would be more welcome in another tribe, as I will come to in a moment.

Under this curse, we have been taking certain herbal infusions and following signs they reveal to us, which have lead us to battered coins marked with the signs of That Which Ventures From the Path. We have bonded to them and they inflict upon us a trial. However we wish for more of them so that we can return them to it and fulfill our quest, thus finding our way and gaining its favour. All signs and portents we have seen recently show the auspicious number is thirteen, and we have only around half that.

The visions tell us that the dishonoured of Wintermark have set out on the same quest. It would seem we are competing for success in this same endeavour, so let me make you an offer.

It would seem the peace brokered between our great tribe and your three tribes that are one tribe has been broken. Our Jarls brokered this peace only so that the Jotun could grow strong and hale, and our armies are well rested, well supplied and well drilled. They will descend upon you like a thunderbolt, and while you still fight the Druj and Thule, can your Empire stand?

Meet me at Mournstead, in Liaths Ring, in Liathaven, during the Autumn equinox. Bring with you as many of the coins as you have gathered and we will negotiate a fair price. I should warn you that any less than seven will be useless to us. Depending on how many you bring, we can offer names, location, makeup and strengths of all the Jotun armies, names of notable figures in the Jotun along with physical descriptions and some detail about their deeds and reputation, plus some details of the initial invasion plans. This will likely not be quite so much information as you might gather if you had your own agents in Jotun lands, but I am confident you do not have such a network established. This is good information and you will reap the benefits on campaign should you accept our offer. Only thirteen of your people should come, any more and we will know you intend treachery. Your generals had this offer a season ago, but as the omens state you are a competitor of mine in this matter I thought it prudent to contact you directly as well.

Fair warning. Our contemplation of our problems in our tribe has led us to the decision to leave the Jotun for the Grendel, who actually value the gathering and brokerage of information. Consequently, this dossier will be going with us, but we are offering you the chance to purchase a second copy. Regardless of the state of our treaty, I guarantee you this meeting will be peaceful if you come in the same spirit.

Think about it.

Halvard One-Hand of the Jotun (for now)