

*To my esteemed friend on the Trods,*

*I'm a broth ~~enfo~~ businessman from Temeschwar. I've worked with some of your band before, albeit a few years ago, maybe in Britta's time now. My siblings and I respect your dedication! Your path carries you a long way from the constraints of city life. You could disappear out there, if you wanted to. You could be in Upwold in no time, picking fruit for yourself. Then in Kallavesa, if you had a good fur coat, which I do. It must be very freeing.*

*Temeschwar is a wonderful city. But cities can be tight places. They can be controlling. They can be very cruel. They can punish their most loyal people for their pride. You barely get to see the sky, and sometimes you get fucked over by cruel rivals and you have to hide out in a cellar? It's no life for a loyal fellow like me, or my sibs.*

*You're a Guide, I'm told. You help people find their place in life. Humbly, I ask if you'll help me and mine find ours. It's a time of great need. We're all concerned for our futures. There's a lot of mixed signs about Temeschwar, a lot of mixed talk on the streets.*

*We'll be in the cellar of the Tulum Quill printshop.*

*Stay low, stay fast,*

*Volodymyr*

*P.S. Bring your needles - you might be able to help us with some tattoos, too.*

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